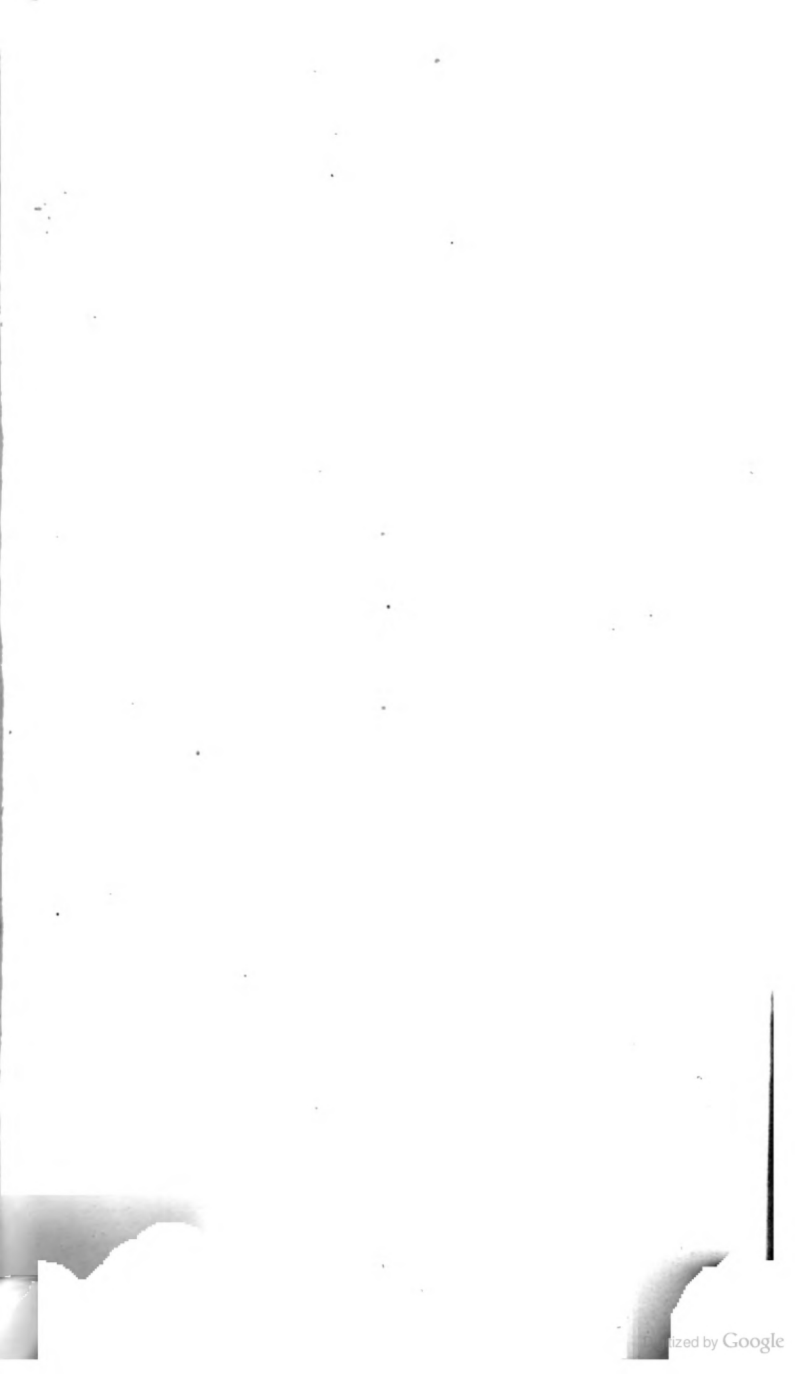


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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OPHIR, THE LAND OF GOLD.

THERE are few things more amusing to the genuine geographer than the statement which is so oft repeated in certain critical papers, that little or nothing remains to be discovered on the face of the earth. We have before us at the present moment the probable solution of an inquiry which has puzzled Biblical geographers more probably than any other record of the same character in the whole scriptural narrative, and which may not impossibly revolutionise a large portion of a continent. Ophir was the region which supplied the Holy Land with gold of the most precious quality (Job xxviii. 16, Isa. xiii. 16), and if, as it seems likely, it should turn out that Ophir was a region on the south-eastern coast of Africa, at the foot of whose long littoral chain of mountains gold has for some time past been known to exist—a point to which we have not failed frequently to call attention in connexion with recent important explorations, and the extensive deposits of coal and iron found up its rivers, especially the Zambesi—there will be the same attraction to the spirit of adventure and enterprise which has colonised whole regions of Australia, California, British Columbia, and New Zealand, and a new future will be opened to a long-neglected and most promising region of rivers, lakes, and mountains.

Many countries in the East were named after their first Biblical founders, descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, as Cush, Sheba, Asshur, Lud, Aram, and others, and it has been supposed that Ophir derived its name from the son of Joktan, and great-grandson of Shem (Gen. x. 29), although some read the word as simply expressive of "dust." Hence it was that the Rev. Ch. Forster, in his "Historical Geography of Arabia," vol. i. p. 167, taking into consideration that it was the celebrated voyage to Ophir which first brought the glory of Solomon to the knowledge of the Queen of Sheba, and that the descendants of Joktan settled for the most part in Arabia, identified Ophir with a site called Ofor or Ofir, in the mountains of Oman, near the sources of the Oman River, and on the eastern side of the Arabian peninsula. But as Solomon's fleet had to navigate the Red Sea, whether, on arriving at the Straits of Bab-el-Mandel, it turned eastward, to Oman or to India, or westward, to Africa, there is nothing surprising in the fact that it came under the notice of chiefs at that time residing on the coasts of the Erythrean, whether to the east or to the west, and that such cognisance had little or nothing to do with the further destination of the fleet, or can be made to constitute of themselves sufficient grounds for establishing deductions as to that future destination.

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It being recorded, in reference to the voyage to Ophir, that "Solomon had at sea a navy of Tarshish" (1 Kings x. 22), and that "Jehoshaphat made ships of Tarshish to go to Ophir for gold" (1 Kings xxii. 48), it has been supposed that, although the fleet was historically known to have been assembled in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea, and in the land of Edom, and that his Phœnician neighbour and ally, Hiram, King of Tyre, sent in this navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon, that the said fleet doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and reached Tartessus in Spain or Tarsus in Cilicia, two places which would have been so much more easily reached by the Mediterranean, and one of which is, indeed, within a brief sail from Tyre. The whole difficulty appears to have arisen from it being probably intended to be conveyed that the ships were built on the Red Sea, of timber from Tarshish or Tarsus, just as the ships of Egypt are in part to the present day, for there is little or no timber on the Red Sea or in Edom.

Michaelis, for example, is one of those who argue ("Spic. Geog. Hebr. Exteræ," p. 98) that Solomon's fleet, coming down the Red Sea from Ezion-geber, coasted along the shore of Africa, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and came to Tarshish, which he, with many others, supposes to have been Tartessus in Spain, and thence back again the same way, and that this conjecture accounts for their three years' voyage out and home, and that Spain and the coasts of Africa furnished all the commodities which they brought back.

Others have not hesitated to carry Solomon's fleet round from Spain to Tarsus, and even to Joppa, the chief grounds for this supposition being the very remarkable statement of Herodotus, that Necho II., King of Egypt, the Pharaoh-Necho of Scripture, whose enterprising disposition appears from his project to unite the Nile and the Red Sea by a canal, despatched some vessels, under the conduct of Phœnicians, with directions to pass by the Columns of Hercules, now called the Straits of Gibraltar, and, after penetrating the Northern Ocean, to return to Egypt; that these Phœnicians, taking their course from the Red Sea, entered into the Southern Ocean, and on the approach of autumn landed in Libya, and planted some corn in the place where they happened to find themselves; that when this was ripe they cut it down and departed. Having thus consumed two years, they in the third year doubled the Columns of Hercules, and returned to Egypt. He adds, this relation may obtain attention from others, but to me it seems incredible, for they affirmed that, having sailed round Libya, they had the sun on their right hand.

It seems certain, however, that this voyage was accomplished from this very statement, for the mariners would have the sun on their right hand after passing the line, a fact which never could have been imagined in that age, when astronomy was in its infancy; and hence it has been supposed that this was the voyage made "once in three years" by Solomon's fleet, under the conduct also of Phœnician mariners. If they only reached Sofala, however, in lat. 20 deg. south, they would be placed in the same position with regard to the sun whether they doubled the Cape or not. Assuming this latter fact to be the case, it seems strange that the knowledge and the record of it should have been so completely lost in the time of Pharaoh-Necho, only two centuries after Solomon, as that

Herodotus, whose information and accuracy appear from this very account, should say that Libya, evidently meaning the circuit of it by the sea, was thus for the first time known. Heeren explains the loss of the said records in the desolating ravages of the Babylonian conquerors and the protracted siege of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar, which followed shortly after the time of Solomon. It seems likely, indeed, that Necho had heard of such a passage, and believed that the Phoenicians knew how to find it, and Mr. Sharpe, in his "*History of Egypt*," p. 59, explains that when Necho, being warned by the priests, abandoned the idea of an inter-oceanic ship canal, he ordered his pilots to see whether the fleets might not be moved from sea to sea by some other channel; and for this purpose his mariners set sail on a voyage of discovery from the Red Sea, coasting Egypt and Ethiopia, with a view to circumnavigate Africa. They spent nearly three years on the voyage. They twice landed and laid up their ships, sowed the fields and reaped the harvest, and then set sail again. In this way they came round to the well-known Pillars of Hercules, the Straits of Gibraltar, and thus brought the ships safely into the mouth of the Nile, declaring to their disbelieving hearers, what to us is a proof of the truth of the whole story, that as they were sailing westward the sun was on their right hand. The voyage was too long to be repeated, but it was a noble undertaking on the part of Necho for the increase of commerce and geographical knowledge. That it was not much frequented during many subsequent ages, appears, indeed, from the notice taken by Pliny ("*Hist. Nat.*," ii. 67) of the few who had accomplished it, and it was, we know, after his time unused and forgotten till recovered by the Spaniards, A.D. 1497.

The knowledge of the site of Ophir appears to have passed away with the loss of the records of these voyages along the southern coasts of Africa, and it has remained ever since a puzzle for geographers. Some writers, reasoning from the etymology of the word, which is supposed to mean "dust," have inferred almost every place where "gold dust" is procured in abundance. Others have rested their conclusions upon the similarity of the name in Hebrew to that of other countries, as, for instance, Aphar, a port of Arabia, mentioned by Arrian in his "*Periplus of the Erythrean Sea*," and, as we have seen, in that of Ofir in Oman. Others, again, have, by a transposition of the letters of the Hebrew word, even made out Peru!

It was one of the beliefs of Columbus, adopted, probably, to influence those to whom he appealed for aid in his projected voyage of discovery, that Ophir lay in the New World. The remarks of Columbus on Ophir and El Monte Sopora, "which Solomon's fleet could not reach within a term of three years," are to be found in Navarrete, "*Viages y Descubrimientos que hicieron los Españoles*," t. i. p. 103. In another work the great discoverer says, still in the hopes of reaching Ophir: "The excellence and power of the gold of Ophir cannot be described; he who possesses it does what he will in this world; nay, it even enables him to draw souls from purgatory to paradise." That is, we suppose, by paying for masses ("*Curta del Amirante, escrita en la Jamaica, 1503*," Navarrete, t. i. p. 309, quoted by De Humboldt, "*Cosmos*," vol. ii. p. 501).

By such or similar methods of investigation the following countries,

among others, have been proposed: Melindah on the coast of Africa, Angola, Carthage, St. Domingo, Mexico, New Guinea, Urphe, an island in the Red Sea, and Ormuz in the Persian Gulf. Bochart ("Geo. Sac.," ii. 27) thinks that the Ophir from which David obtained gold (1 Chron. xxix. 4) was the Cassanitis of Ptolemy and Stephanus, on the coast of Arabia; while that visited by the fleet of Solomon was Taprobane, now called Ceylon. Pegu is the place selected by Maffæi ("Hist. Ind.," lib. i.). Others decide in favour of the peninsula of Malacca, which abounds in precious ores, apes, and peacocks; others prefer Sumatra, for the same reason. Lipenius, relying on the authority of Josephus, Theodoret, and Procopius, who call Ophir "the golden land," "the golden Chersonese," says that the children of Joktan peopled all the countries bordered by the eastern seas, and that Ophir includes not only Sumatra and Malacca, but every coast and island from Ceylon to the Indian archipelago.

It appears certain that Solomon sent direct to Ophir, wherever it might be, for gold, and that, whereas it had been hitherto procured from thence by David and others through foreign merchants, Solomon fitted out a fleet to obtain it at first hand—the fleet which assembled in Ezion-geber, or Berenice, which is beside Elath, on the shore of the Red Sea; the former being supposed to be represented by the modern Akaba, the latter, also known as Ailah and Ælana, by extensive mounds of rubbish, a little to the north of Akaba; that it was navigated by Israelites aided by Phœnician mariners; that they went to Ophir and fetched from thence gold and brought it to Solomon (1 Kings ix. 26-29); that they brought in the same voyage algum, or almug-trees, and precious stones (1 Kings x. 11), silver, ivory, apes, or rather monkeys, and peacocks, or, according to some, pheasants, and to others, parrots, or guinea-fowl; and that gold in great abundance and of the purest quality was procured from the same place (1 Chron. xxix. 4, Job xxviii. 16, Ps. xlv. 9, Isa. xiii. 12, Eccles. vii. 18).

The chief reason why India, or islands in the Eastern Ocean, have been identified with Ophir, lies in the fact that all the productions said to have been brought from that region were procurable from those countries, and peacocks only from the said countries, and not from Arabia or Africa. Bochart, unable to discover a Hebrew root in the word *thūkyīm*, which occurs in 1 Kings x. 22, and with a slight variation in 2 Chron. ix. 21, and which has been translated "peacock," rather arbitrarily proposed a transposition of letters, by which he converts the word into *Cuthyim*, denoting, as he supposes, the country of the Cuthei, which, in an extended sense, is applied, in conformity with various writers of antiquity, to Media and Persia, and Greek authorities are cited to show that peacocks were carried west from India to those countries, and even to Babylonia. But even if peacocks had been numerous in Media and Persia at the time in question, how were they to be furnished to a fleet which was navigating the Red Sea and Southern Ocean? and as for the land of the Cuthei or of Cush, writers remove it to Africa along with the migrations of the Cushites.

Others, again, have sought in *thūkyīm* an exotic word, signifying "tufted" or "crested," and have, therefore, supposed that a "crested" parrot or pheasant was meant. Parrots, though many species are in-

digenous to Africa, it has been remarked upon this subject, do not appear on the monuments of Egypt; they were unknown to the West till the time of Alexander, and then both Greeks and Romans were acquainted only with species from Ceylon, destitute of crests, such as *Psittacus Alexandri*; and the Romans for a long time received these only by way of Alexandria, though in the time of Pliny others became known, but this does not apply to either the Israelites or Phœnicians. Again, as to pheasants, the pheasant of the South, or Francolin, and the true pheasant (*Phasianus colchicus*), are likewise without prominent crests. The strongest grounds for doubting the correctness of the translation of *thūkyīm* or *tūkiyyīm* lies, however, in the fact that the allusion made in Job xxxix. 13, "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks?" is to the *wings* not to the *tail-coverts*, which would unquestionably have been alluded to had peacocks been meant.

The feathered tribe, Burton remarks ("Lake Regions of Central Africa," vol. i. p. 270), are not common in Eastern Africa, and birds are characterised by sombreness of plumage, which, however, Livingstone describes as undergoing a change in summer. An exception, however, occurs in what the same writer designates as the "polygamous bird," or ostrich, in small green parrots with yellow shoulders, in hoopoes, larks with jet-black heads and yellow bodies, sun-birds, green pigeons, horn-bills, small bustards, doves, and a variety of other birds. Among all of which the parrot, whether "crested" or not, would unquestionably have been the most likely to have been selected for exportation, and would be more suitable to Job's description than even a crested guinea-fowl.

Monkeys abound in Eastern Africa. "Near the settlements," Burton says, "the white-necked raven and the common chil of India (*Falco cheela*) attest the presence of man, as the monkey does the proximity of water." The nyani, or cynocephalus, the same traveller states to attain the size of a greyhound, and, according to the people, there are three varieties of colour—red, black, and yellow. They are the terror of some districts, and even set the lion and the leopard at defiance. The *Colobus guereza*, or tippet monkey, the "polume" of Livingstone, is a very pretty species, and is much admired on account of its polished black skin and snowy white mane. It is a cleanly animal, ever occupied in polishing its beautiful garb, and may well have been selected for exportation as a pet.

The algum, or almug-tree, has been the subject of as much discussion as the "*thūkyīm*." If we are to understand from Solomon's request to Hiram (2 Chron. ii. 8), "Send me also cedar-trees, fir-trees, and algum-trees out of Lebanon," that it was a growth of Syria as well as Africa, the representative of the Al muggin of 1 Kings x. 11, 12, and Al gummin of 2 Chron. ix. 10, 11, must be sought for in some tree analogous to the fir and cedar, as the celebrated thiyne wood (*Thuya articulata*, or *Callitris quadrivalvis*), a close-grained wood, admirably adapted, as described in Holy Writ, for works of ornament, or for the construction of musical instruments (1 Kings x. 12). It has, however, been more generally identified with sandal wood, which grows along the whole coast of East Africa, from Delagoa Bay to Mozambique, and is also to be found in great abundance on the opposite side of the Mozambique Channel, on the north-west end of the island of Madagascar, whence it is exported to China. Mr. Lyons M'Leod says: "Besides the common sandal wood,

which is yellowish white, I have a specimen of red sandal wood from the Zambesi, which is very beautiful, not unlike the handsomest specimens of Bermuda cedar, but still having the scent of the common sandal wood, and a specimen of which may be seen in the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society." The list of plants collected by Captain Grant between Zanzibar and Cairo, and published in the appendix to Captain Speke's work, "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile," shows that a considerable number of valuable and fragrant timber trees used by the natives in the construction, among other things, of musical instruments, grow in Eastern Africa.

Gold-dust is described by Livingstone as an object of traffic with the natives on the Zambesi; it has been found all along the eastern chain of mountains, and there is no reason, therefore, why it should not be found in the country between the Zambesi and the Limpopo. "The entire eastern side of the basin of the Nile," Dr. Beke remarks, "appears to be auriferous, the gold collected in various parts of it since the earliest ages being brought down by the tributaries of that river; so that there is reason to consider the 'Mountains of the Moon' as a meridional metalliferous cordillera, similar in its general characters to the Ural and the corresponding great mountain ranges of America and Australia. It is from this portion of Africa, as I have explained in my work, 'The Sources of the Nile,' that the 'gold of Ophir' of the Hebrew Scriptures was obtained. Whenever the discovery shall be made in Eastern Africa of some of the chief deposits of that precious metal, the influx from all parts of the civilised world to the 'diggings' in the 'Mountains of the Moon' will be such as to occasion a more rapid and complete revolution in the social condition of these hitherto neglected regions than could be caused by commerce, by missionary labours, by colonisation, or by conquest; as we have witnessed in other quarters of the globe, where the *auri sacra fames* has collected together masses of the most daring and energetic of human beings. We shall then, too, doubtless see in Eastern Africa, as in California and in Australia, the formation of another new race of mankind."—"On the Mountains forming the Eastern Side of the Basin of the Nile," p. 15.) Although Dr. Beke has not hit upon the exact site of the gold of Ophir (Manica), he has done so so approximately, that it is to be regretted he has not been equally successful in his many conjectures regarding the "*Origines Biblicæ*" and the course of the "Blue Nile." As to the long range of hilly and, in parts, mountainous country which borders Eastern Africa from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, the Lupata or "Spine of the World" of the Portuguese, being Ptolemy's "Mountains of the Moon," there may be much diversity of opinion, especially since the discovery of ranges of mountains bordering the Albert Nyanza.

As to precious stones, they are met with in most metalliferous ranges of mountains, and abound most where there are primitive, crystalline, or igneous rocks, just as are met with in the mountains of Eastern Africa, and around its great lakes. The same country is the true home of the noblest of the elephant kind, the long-eared, powerful, tusked African species, and the herds met with by Livingstone in the Upper Shire, and by Baker in the Albert Nyanza, sufficiently attest to this having been, from time immemorial, the land of "ivory" *par excellence*. There is

nothing, then, in the produce noticed in Holy Writ as brought by the navigators of Solomon and Hiram from Ophir, when fairly and properly considered, that militates in any way against that hitherto unknown region being in Eastern Africa; on the contrary, there are many features in the record which of themselves lead to that conviction.

It is true that though gold is not now found in Arabia, that the ancients ascribe that precious metal to its inhabitants in great plenty (Judges viii. 24, 26; 2 Chron. i. 15; 1 Kings x. 1, 2; Ps. lxxii. 15). This gold, Professor Lee thought, was no other than the gold of Havilah (Gen. ii. 11), which he supposes to have been situate somewhere in Arabia, and which Forster identifies with the region between the Lower Euphrates and the Bahrein Islands. Diodorus Siculus also ascribes gold mines to Arabia; and the same writer testifies to the abundance of precious stones in Arabia, especially among the inhabitants of Saba—the principal city and nation in Yemen, or Arabia Felix, and the supposed home of the Queen of Saba or Sheba; but so it might also be said of almost every great country or region of Asia, where gold more or less abounds. Without other corroborative testimony, such a circumstance is then, in itself, of little value—the more especially as Arabia is not a country of ivory.

Some have been led to suppose, from the presence of the last-mentioned produce among the objects brought from Ophir, that though situate somewhere on the coast of Arabia, it was rather an emporium, at which the Hebrews and Tyrians obtained gold, silver, ivory, &c., brought thither from India and Africa by the Arabian merchants, and even from Ethiopia, to which Herodotus (iii. 114) ascribed gold in great quantities, elephants' teeth, and trees and shrubs of all kinds, than a place where these different articles of commerce were themselves obtained. But this is at the best a mere hypothesis, by which to get over the difficulties of the question by an ingenious and plausible, but not a trustworthy, solution.

On the other hand, Quatremère ("Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript." vol. xv. pt. ii., 1845) agrees with Heeren ("Researches," vol. ii. pp. 73, 74, trans.) in placing Ophir on the east coast of Africa, and explains "thūkyīm" to mean not peacocks, but parrots or guinea-fowls. Ptolemy speaks (vi. 7, § 41) of Saphara as a metropolis of Arabia. This spot has been, with every probability in its favour, identified with Sofala, which appears to have been the port of Ophir. Sofala is, indeed, described by the Arabian geographer, Edrisi (ed. Jaubert, vol. i. p. 67), as a country rich in gold; and so it was subsequently described by the Portuguese after Gama's voyage of discovery. The letters *r* and *l*, so frequently interchanged, make the name of the African Sofala equivalent for that of Saphara or Sophara, which is used in the Septuagint with several other forms, as Oufir, Soufir, &c.—Egyptian names for India—for the Ophir to which Solomon's and Hiram's fleet wended their way.

Humboldt remarks in his "Cosmos" (Otte's trans., vol. ii. p. 498): "In the enumeration of the elements of an extended knowledge of the universe, which were early brought to the Greeks from other parts of the Mediterranean basin, we have hitherto followed the Phœnicians and Carthaginians in their intercourse with the northern tin and amber lands, as well as in their settlements near the tropics, on the west coast of Africa.

It now, therefore, only remains for us to refer to a voyage of the Phœnicians to the south, when they proceeded four thousand geographical miles east of Cerne and Hanno's Western Horn, far within the tropics, to the Prasodic and Indian Seas. Whatever doubt may exist regarding the localisation of the distant gold lands (Ophir and Supara), and whether these gold lands are the western coasts of the Indian peninsula or the eastern shores of Africa, it is, at any rate, certain that this active, enterprising Semitic race, who so early employed alphabetical writing, had a direct acquaintance with the products of the most different climates, from the Cassiterides to the south of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, far within the tropics. The Tyrian flag floated simultaneously in the British and Indian Seas. The Phœnicians had commercial settlements in the northern parts of the Arabian Gulf, in the ports of Elath and Ezion-geber, as well as on the Persian Gulf at Aradus and Tylos, where, according to Strabo, temples had been erected, which in their style of architecture resembled those on the Mediterranean. The caravan trade, which was carried on by the Phœnicians in seeking spices and incense, was directed to Arabia Felix, through Palmyra, and to the Chaldean or Nabathœic Gerrha, on the western or Arabian side of the Persian Gulf." It is to be remarked, in connexion with this old line of commerce for spices, which would of itself indicate that Solomon's fleet was not intended for Indian trade, that incense, spices, and silk, which are especially Indian produce, are not enumerated among the products of Ophir.

As it was with Aradus and Tylos on the Persian Gulf, so it appears to have been with Ophir, and Ethiopians left their traces behind them in this celebrated land in temples or buildings, which, in their style of architecture, appear to resemble those still met with on the Nile, and which in remote times were probably met with on the Mediterranean, and even at the temple of Jerusalem itself, where were the two huge propylæ known as Jachin and Boaz (1 Kings vii. 21).

This is what has come to us through the records of the Royal Geographical Society (Proceedings, vol. x. No. iv.), taken from the *Cape and Natal News* of August 2, 1865, and which has also been published in a recent number of *Notes and Queries*, by Mr. George Thompson, who justly opines that the ruins in question may mark the site of Ophir: "We have heard that the Rev. J. L. Dohne, near Durban, has been informed by a German missionary of the discovery of the ruins of ancient cities in the southern part of Africa, and we presume the following account from the *Eastern Province Herald* relates to them:

"Some time ago, a party of travellers, some of whom were connected with the Berlin mission, went on a tour of exploration in the country between the Limpopo and the Zambesi; and here is what they report: The country from where we started on our tour of discovery is situated in the Leydenbur district, the free territories of the Bafedis, whose chief is Sekukune (a Basuto chief), the son of Sukwaie, and where there has been a mission station since the year 1864. We started on our expedition with ten trustworthy and well-armed Bafedis, and five carriers for our little luggage, and took our route north-east to the Limpopo River; two "Knoapnenzen" served us as conductors to take us to the ruins of Bunjaai—of which we had heard long ago from some eye-witnesses, who were willing, but only required the permission of their chief, Serabane,

who was on friendly terms with the natives living near the ruins. Serabane at first positively refused, as he said it would cost his and our lives if he should take us to the ruins, but at last he agreed to let us and his people go there, but on our own risk. One of the conductors had been born and brought up in the neighbourhood of the ruins, and only latterly went to Serabane.

“ ‘On our journey we heard some very interesting particulars about them. They were continually frightened to take us any farther, but at last agreed to take us to the neighbourhood of the ruins, and then leave us to our own fate to find our own way. Why Serabane should refuse, and his own people be so frightened, I am at a loss to report; at any rate, the Bunjaai must be a sacred place, as it is forbidden by punishment of death to take any white man there, kill any game, or even damage any of the trees or shrubs there.

“ ‘Respecting the ruins themselves, so much is certain, that there are two places on which Egyptian ruins are standing. The smaller place is situated south of the Limpopo, called Bembe there. There even have been water-works, the water flowing out of an animal's head cut out of stone. Many stories are connected with this holy place; but more important is the real Bunjaai, situated on the Salis (Sabia?) River. This town must have been “several hours” in circumference. There are one or more pyramids, also sphinxes, parts of grand buildings, as well as many marble tables full of hieroglyphics, and for the history of Africa certainly very valuable. There is one underground passage, about half a mile long, full of such tablets with hieroglyphics. This passage has many saloons on each side. The entrance to the one is done very artfully: after pushing a large stone plate aside, you enter into a large saloon. For what purpose this place must have served we could not ascertain, but very likely it had been their burial-ground. Although we should have liked to see these ruins, we found it impossible for us to go any farther this time—and only two days' journey from the smaller ruins, as the natives through whom we had to pass were diseased by the small-pox and fever, and our natives would not go; so we had to return, arriving six weeks after at the mission station at Vitalatlolu. The natives living near the ruins are called Kwarri-kwarri. The country is very unhealthy through the continual fever. Cattle cannot live, as there is a fly called tsetse, which kills them. Plenty of game. A large marble hill.’ ”

The account here given, meagre and unsatisfactory as it is, and apparently translated from the German, or penned by some one not practised in writing in English, is by no means entirely new to geographers. It is known, for example, that on the first arrival of the Portuguese discoverers on this coast, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, they found existing in the interior a large kingdom called Mocaranga, which reached to the coast, along which it extended from the northern portion of Delagoa Bay to the mouths of the River Zambesi, being bounded on the north by that river. This kingdom was fast falling into decay, and appears to have been the remains of a much greater one, which was partially destroyed or broken up at some remote period by the invasion of a warlike people known as the Lindens.

At the principal places along the coast the Portuguese found Arab settlements established, which appeared to be under the dominion of a

sultan at Kilwa, to whom they all looked up to as their common local head, while the Kotba, or prayer on Friday, was offered for the head of the Arab family, who at that time was Kansu el Ghauri, one of the Mamluk sultans of Egypt. The Sultan of Kilwa was reported to be immensely rich, in consequence of the vast quantity of gold which he obtained from his dependency of Sofala.

In the course of a few years the Portuguese made themselves masters of these Arab settlements, and thus the Portuguese kingdom of Algarves was formed. The enterprising Portuguese of those days, having obtained a footing on the coast, soon pushed into the interior, for the purpose of discovering the gold and silver mines of the country, whilst the natives, instructed by the Arabs, did all in their power to baffle the enterprising Europeans. It was during this struggle that those settlements on the Zambesi, such as Senna and Tette, were formed, of which we have heard so much in Dr. Livingstone's last work, "*The Zambesi and its Tributaries*," as also other settlements, from some of which they were driven to the coast by the natives. The Portuguese priests, however, did not cease for a long time pushing into the interior—witness Zumbo, far up the Zambesi, at the junction of the Loangwa River—and they were at first successful in making proselytes to the Christian faith, but were eventually banished in consequence of their endeavouring to get the government of these semi-civilised kingdoms into their own hands.

The discoverers and colonists learned that the kingdom of Mocoranga was very powerful, and the neighbouring vast territory under Monomotapa more powerful still. They also heard of people who had formerly inhabited these countries who were far advanced in civilisation. Besides the information thus obtained of the state of civilisation then and formerly in that vast continent, rumours reached them of the remains of cities built of large blocks of well-hewn stone. Some of these cities were said to remain until this day, and the ruins bore inscriptions (hieroglyphics?) which neither European nor Arab was able to decipher.

When Mr. Lyons McLeod was consul at Mozambique, he did all in his power to obtain information about the Sofala district, which he to all appearance correctly identified from the Portuguese records with the Biblical Ophir. His labours, he says ("*Travels in Eastern Africa*," vol. i. p. 208), resulted in the governor-general of the province publishing an official account of the mines known to the Portuguese in that and the surrounding districts, which have been so much neglected by the Portuguese residing there.

This account gives a long list of gold, silver, copper, and iron mines which have been worked, but are now entirely neglected, as the country is destitute of labour, the Portuguese having drained it to supply the slave-trade of the Brazils, Cuba, and America. These mines still have attached to them the names of the discoverers, and those of kings who reigned there when the mines were first opened. It is to be observed, in connexion with this report, that Dr. Krapf also relates ("*Missionary Intelligencer*," vol. iii. p. 88), that when on the coast opposite to Zanzibar he met and conversed with some natives of Moenemoezi, several of whom had travelled to the western coast of Africa, and one of them asserted that he had been in the country Sofala in quest of copper. Mr. Cooley remarks upon this ("*Inner Africa Laid Open*," p. 21), that "thanks are

due to Dr. Krapf for this piece of information, the meaning of which, however, he has totally mistaken. The word *Sofalah*, lowland, is pure Arabic, and fitly describes an alluvial maritime tract so depressed and level, that the land itself is not seen from ships at anchor in the roadstead a league distant from it. The country so called had commercial importance while *Monomotapa* flourished, and the gold mines of *Mañisa* were active. Its celebrity, indeed, rested wholly on the gold-dust which passed through it from a country far to the west-south-west; but it never had copper, and the name given to it by foreign seamen cannot be supposed to have been known generally among the natives. It is very unlikely that people habitually resorting to *Kilwa* and *Zanzibar* should ever cross the country of the *Makūa* tribes or the *Maravi* to visit *Sofalah*, and least of all for copper, which is not to be found there. It was not *Sofalah*, then, that was spontaneously named by the native of *Moenemoezi*, but *Zavale*, as *Lovale* is called farther east (just as we have *Zambēze* for *Luambūge*); and the account was, that he travelled to the western coast, and at *Zavale*, on the way, procured copper."

The official report of the Portuguese governor-general* contains, however, a list of mines formerly worked in the country around *Sofala* in which copper are included, and there seems, therefore, no reason for supposing that Dr. Krapf was misinformed, or mistook *Sofala* for *Zavale*. In the same report, it is stated that five hundred leagues from *Señã* or *Senna* there are the remains of large edifices, which indicate that they were once inhabited, but by whom is not known. This confirms the statement of *Barros*, who states, in his description of the ruins of the city of *Zimboë*, that there are the remains of a fort built of well-cut stones, having a surface of twenty-five palms in length and a little less in height, in the joining of which there appears to have been no lime used. Over the door or entrance of this fort is an inscription, which some Moors, well versed in Arabic, could not decipher, nor were they acquainted with the character of the writing.

Around this edifice there are other erections similar to it, having bastions of stone uncemented by lime, and in the middle of them there are the remains of a tower, at least seventy feet in height. These edifices are called, in the language of the country, *Zimboë* or *Zimboé*, which signifies a royal residence. Mr. Lyons McLeod was also told at *Mozambique* that the Arabs could not decipher the inscriptions to be found at *Zimboë*. There seems every reason to suppose that the ruins called by the rude informants of the German missionaries from the country of the *Bafedi*—*Bunjaai*—is the same as the *Zimboë* of *De Barros*. Diversities of dialect and pronunciation among races far separated would account for the different etymology. Only in the former we have an account of pyramids, sphinxes, and the usual Ethiopic constructions with hieroglyphs. The so-called tower, seventy feet in height, may, however, be the pyramid, or supposed pyramid; the sphinxes some uncouth sculptures; and both descriptions speak of undecipherable inscriptions. There seems, indeed, to be little doubt but that they are one and the same place. *Barros* thinks that the country of

* *Boletim do Governo-Geral de Provincia de Moçambique*, December 12, 1857.

Sofala ought to be that designated by Ptolemy Agy-zimbo. Zimboë, the name of the royal residences there, certainly offers a nearer affinity to the latter part of the Greek version of the name of the country than that given by the "Knoapnenzen" guides of the German missionaries—Bunjaai—and there is still a remnant of a once powerful nation called the Zimbabwes to be found on the banks of the Zambesi or Zimbese, which would itself appear to retain in its name the memory of this strange and long-forgotten city and people.

Bruce, in the third volume of his *Travels*, tells us, when speaking of the Portuguese traveller, Covilham, who was detained in Abyssinia, and communicated thence with the King of Portugal, that, in his journal, the said Covilham described the several ports in India which he had seen; the temper and disposition of the princes; the situation and riches of the mines of Sofala. He reported that the country was populous; full of cities, both powerful and rich; and he exhorted the king to pursue with unremitting vigour the passage round Africa, which he declared to be attended with very little danger, and that the Cape itself was known in India. He accompanied this description with a chart which he had received from the hands of a Moor in India, where the Cape and cities all around the coast were exactly represented.

Lieutenant Wolfe, R.N., in his account of the celebrated exploration of the shores of Eastern Africa by Captain Owen, in his Majesty's ships *Leven* and *Barracouta*, published in the third volume of the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," describes Sofala as being at that time a paltry fort with a few miserable mud-huts, the Portuguese having no influence beyond their guns. The bank off Cape Bazaruta is also described as the site of "the famous pearl fishery of Sofala, and hence these jewels are supposed to have been carried up the Red Sea, together with the gold of Ophir." Mozambique, which at that epoch was fast sinking into insignificance, is also described as "a mart for slaves, and a small quantity of ivory and gold-dust." The northern shore of the main was the only part cultivated for the maintenance of its population, the Arabs supplying the rest. The Portuguese jurisdiction did not extend ten miles in any direction; the natives traded with them, but would not suffer them to enter the country. So also of Quillimane it is said: "The riches of this place formerly consisted principally of grain, with gold and silver; but the introduction of the slave-trade has changed this seat of peace and agriculture to one of war and bloodshed, and Quillimane now does not supply itself with corn for its own consumption."

Mr. Lyons McLeod, in arguing for the identity of Ophir and Sofala, says, that from time immemorial it has produced in great abundance gold, silver, pearls, precious stones, apes and monkeys, and also guinea-fowls, which is supposed, by some authorities, to be the true meaning of the word in the original text, which has been translated in our version "peacock."

Finally, adds the same writer, "We know how the Arabs constantly called places 'after their own names'—what so natural as to call this rich country after the name of their own land? This they positively did; for they call to this hour the river leading from the Ocean to the Manica Gold Mines—which are the great mines of the country—the river Sabia; and the large district adjoining Sofala, lying between the rivers

Sabia and Sofala, has been ever since Europeans appeared on that coast, and is now, called Sabia; which all persons versed in Arabian history are aware, is synonymous with Saba, Sheba, or Yemen—names alike applied to the south part of Arabia, from which the Arabs would naturally start for Africa.”

The Manica gold mines here alluded to are further described as being situated in a valley, enclosed in an amphitheatre of hills, having a circuit of about a hundred miles. The spots containing gold are said to be known by the barren and naked aspect of the surface soil. The district is now called Matuka, and the natives who obtain the gold are Botongos. They dig in any small crevice made by the rains of the preceding winter, and there find the gold in dust. They seldom go deeper than one or two feet at the most from the surface, and, on digging five or six feet deep, they reach the rock. There are other mines still farther from Sofala, being about four or five hundred miles distant, where the gold is found in solid lumps, or as veins in the rocks and stones. In the still portions of the rivers, when they are low, the natives frequently dive to obtain the lumps of gold which have been washed down into these holes and gullies in the beds of the rivers. They will sometimes join together in hundreds, and deflect a stream temporarily from its course, to drain these holes, and obtain the rich deposits which they contain. With such natives what could the Portuguese not do if they would only exert themselves?—but they tell one that the natives are lazy and stupid brutes. On the other hand, the Moors induce the natives to work and obtain gold for them; and so it is very apparent who are deserving of the degrading epithets applied to them by the degenerate hybrid race of Canareens who lord it over them. Mr. Lyons M'Leod adds, that although this country is situated between the equator and the tropic of Capricorn, in the cold season the mountains surrounding the mining districts are covered with so great a quantity of snow, that, if the natives are caught there at that season, they perish from the cold; but, in the hot season, the sides and summits of these mountains enjoy a serene, bracing, equable temperature, while it is hot in the enclosed valleys.

The Rev. Father João dos Santos, who resided at Sofala, and published a “History of Eastern Ethiopia” in 1684, a translation of which is met with in the sixteenth volume of Pinkerton’s “Voyages and Travels,” describes that region as a small maritime kingdom of Eastern Ethiopia, dependent on the sovereign of Quiteva, situate between the river Cuama (Zambesi) and Mount Manica, in $20\frac{1}{2}$ deg. of southern latitude. It extends along the sea and the banks of a river, a league in width, which flows through the country called Mocarangua, by Zimboé, the capital and residence of the King of Quiteva. The king has dominion over the whole of this country, as well as the river of Sofala, whence the inhabitants carry on uninterrupted commerce with those of Manica, who make return for the merchandise they take in gold-dust. At this time the fortress of Sofala, a square building, was surrounded by a good wall flanked by four bastions well mounted with artillery. It was begun in 1505, by order of Emmanuel, King of Portugal, under pretence of making it a magazine for merchandise, and completed by Doña Catalina in 1580—the translator says 1558. This fortress was under the Governor-General of Mozambique. Dos Santos further describes Sofala as

the garden of Africa, abounding in oranges and lemons, the vintages two-fold, and sugar cultivated by the Kaffirs. When describing the manners and customs of the court of the Quiteva, the same writer again alludes to Zimboó, but this time as a mountain covered with a large forest, "which is the place of sepulture of the kings." When Don Sebastian succeeded to the throne of Portugal, we are further told, he sent an expedition to Sofala under Francis Baretto, who, "penetrating into the kingdoms of Macoronga and Manica, discovered mines of gold in those countries, of which, by his prudence and valour, he made himself master." Baretto is described as on this occasion entering the town of Zimboó without resistance, but, as he had not a sufficient force to garrison it, he gave it up to pillage, and, after setting it on fire, continued his march towards the kingdom of Manica. The people of Manica are also described as having divers methods of extracting the gold and separating it from the earth with which it is blended, the most common of which was to open the ground, and proceed towards the spot where, from certain indications, ore was supposed to abound. With this view they excavated vaults, sustained at intervals by pillars, and, notwithstanding they made use of every possible precaution, it often happened that the vaults gave way, and buried the subterranean sappers beneath their ruins. When they reached the vein in which the gold was found mixed with the earth, they took the ore as it was, and put it into vessels full of water, and, by dint of stirring about the water, the earth was dissolved and the gold remained at the bottom. They also took advantage of heavy rains, which carried away the loose earth, and thus laid open the spots where gold was embedded in the ravines. This account of the processes employed by the natives to procure the gold by no means agrees with that given by Mr. Lyons M'Leod, and is probably more or less an invention.

After Baretto had possessed himself of the gold mines of Manica, he directed his course, at the head of his forces, into the country of Mongas (which Dos Santos avers to be incorrectly called Monomotapa, after the name of its sovereign), in order to make himself master of the silver mines of Chicova, for which purpose he ascended the River Cuama, or Zambesi, from Senna. On his way he was successful in several engagements with the King of Mongas, but failed to discover the mines; a party left in the country for that purpose were also not only frustrated, but obliged to withdraw with severe loss. The nations on the left bank of the Zambesi were described as being at that time the Zimbas, or Muzimbas (before mentioned), and the Mumbas, and they were so strong as to be enabled to hold their country successfully against the encroachments of the Portuguese.

Here we have, then, an account of both gold and silver mines in the territory of Sofala; and if Manica, or Matuka, as it is now called, is where placed by Livingstone, in the mountain country south of the Zambesi, it is the southerly continuation of the renowned Lupata, or "Spine of the World," of the Portuguese, and the elevation may fully account for the presence of snow in winter-time. But we find in Purchas's version of João dos Santos a further curious statement:

Near to Massapa is a great hill called Fura, whence may be discerned a great part of the kingdom of Monomotapa, for which cause he (the king) will not suffer the Portuguese to go thither, that they should not covet his great country and hidden mines. On the top of that hill are

yet standing pieces of old walls and ancient ruins of lime and stone, which testify that there have been strong buildings—a thing not seen in all Kaffraria, for even the king's houses are of wood, daubed with clay and covered with straw. The natives, and especially the Moors, have a tradition from their ancestors that those houses belonged to the Queen of Saba, who carried much gold thence down to the Cuama (several rivers will be seen in Livingstone's map flowing from what is marked as the "Gold Region" of Manica by the Luenya into the Zambesi) to the sea, and so along the coast of Ethiopia to the Red Sea. (It will be remembered, in connexion with this African view of the home of the Queen of Sheba, that the Abyssinians claim descent from a son of Solomon and of the said queen.) Others say that these ruins were Solomon's factory, and this Fura or Afura is no other than Ophir, the name being not much altered in so long a time. This is certain, that round about that hill there is much and fine gold. Further, says the same writer, the ivory, apes, gems, and precious woods (which grow in the wild places of Tebe, within Sofala), whence they make almaidas, or canoes, twenty yards long of one timber; and much fine black wood (ebony) grows on that coast, and is thence carried to India and Portugal. As for peacocks, I saw none there, but there must needs be some within land, for I have seen some Kaffirs wear their plumes on their heads. As there is store of fine gold, so also is there fine silver in Chicova, which are rich mines. Livingstone says, however, in his "Missionary Travels" (p. 604), that he saw no indication of silver at Chicova, the extent of which seems, however, to be much curtailed in modern times; and "if it was ever worked by the natives," he adds, "it is remarkable that they have entirely lost the knowledge of it, and cannot distinguish between silver and tin." As to the old stumbling-block—the thūkyīm—Livingstone notices, in his work on the Zambesi (p. 177), a second variety of guinea-fowl on that river, which would meet the reading "crested," for it has a pretty black feathery crest, and is a much handsomer bird than the common one, and has fine light-blue spots. It is the *Numida cristata* of naturalists, and *Khangra Tore* of the natives. As to elephants, Dos Santos says that the number in this country "is prodigious; so much so, indeed, that the inhabitants are obliged to pursue and make frequent hunting-courses after them to preserve from their ravages the lands which they sow with rice and millet." Lyons M'Leod also says: "In the whole of this territory elephants are found; and it has been estimated, from the enormous quantity of ivory produced, that the natives at one time must have killed from three to four thousand of these animals every year."

The iron from Sofala, the latter writer tells us, has been long celebrated for its malleable qualities, and has been carried to India for many ages by the Arabs, where it has always found a ready market. The pearl oyster is found along the whole of the coast. At Inhambane the natives obtain it along the beach, without even going out of their depth; while the Bazarutto Islands, near the mouth of the Sabia River, have been long celebrated for the pearl fishery carried on there. It was from these islands that the pearls, Mr. M'Leod adds, which accompanied the gold, and ivory, and precious stones to the court of King Solomon, were doubtless obtained.

The Portuguese flag is still kept flying at the Bazarutto Islands, "but for what purpose, except to keep others from benefiting by the

pearls which they neglect, one cannot imagine." On both banks of the River Sofala, and from that river northwards, the same writer says, to the southern bank of the Zambesi, the country is one mass of mineral wealth; gold, silver, copper, and, towards Tette, even iron and coal are found in abundance. Livingstone has, indeed, fully corroborated the latter fact, as we have had occasion to detail at length.

The town of Sofala, which is built at the mouth of the river of the same name, is in actual times divided into two portions, one of which contains the Moors or labourers of the small settlement, and the other the governor and his subordinates, together with their slaves, "who may, collectively, be well styled the drones, for they live by taxes and duties levied on the more industrious Moorish community." The Portuguese half of the town is, as well as the Moorish, dirty in the extreme, and the appearance of the houses by no means corresponds with the high-sounding titles of the occupants. The old fort of Don Pedro da Nhaya remains to this day "a monument of the bygone glory of the nation, and a reproach to the degeneracy of the present race." There is a church dedicated to "Our Lady of the Rozario," the walls of which are built of rough stones, while it is roofed with palm-leaves. This church was formerly rich in gold and precious stones of great value, but "the priests who sold their fellow-beings into slavery did not hesitate to rob the temple of their god." "Of labouring Moors, groaning slaves, and degenerate everybodies, there are said to be twelve hundred and twenty-five persons." The military establishment of Sofala is composed of from thirty to thirty-five soldiers, sent from Mozambique for misdemeanours, and to these are added a few Moors and Kaffirs, who are shut out of the fort at night and do double duty by day. Sofala is, however, admitted on all hands to be admirably suited for commerce; and nothing but the baneful influence of the slave-trade could have reduced it to its present state—a melancholy contrast to the flourishing settlement it must have been when adorned with Ethiopian cities, and visited by the fleets of Solomon and Hiram, or even to what it presented as an Arab settlement when first subjected by the Portuguese in 1505.

Whether from Sofala itself, up the Luenya tributary to the Zambesi, or, what is still more likely, from Natal or Delagoa Bay by the territory of the Transvaal Republic, which already stretches to the banks of the Limpopo, it is impossible but that more enterprising races than the Portuguese, whose claims only extend to a few points on the coast, will soon spread over the rich mineral regions of Manica, so favourable from their elevation to European constitutions, and thence to the banks of the Zambesi. There is room between the Limpopo and the latter river for a new colony, with a future before it, as the resuscitation of the Ophir of the Bible, that is unrivalled by almost any other tract of land throughout the whole continent of Africa—and that more especially from the discovery of coal and iron, as well as from the other commercial resources of the land. It would be but in strict accordance with justice, that the people who first contributed so largely towards extirpating slavery in their own colonies, should spread over the interior and enjoy the benefits of neglected and once flourishing lands, the entrance to which has been so long sealed by the slave-trading practices of a few degenerate Portuguese colonists.

SNOWED UP.

BY MRS. BUSHBY:

PART VI.

THE SPIRIT'S PROPHECY.

I.

THE WAR ON THE SPANISH MAIN, AND THE EARTHQUAKE AT CARACCAS.

THE continental part of what was once called Spanish America, as divided by the Spanish government, comprehended the viceroyalties of New Spain, or Mexico; Santa Fè de Bogota, or New Granada; Peru, Buenos Ayres, or the province of Rio de la Plata, and the captain-generalships of Guatemala, Venezuela, and Chili. These territories were, before 1810, governed by chiefs named by the King of Spain, who acted independently of each other. The viceroyalties, &c., were subdivided into provinces, which were again divided into departments.

The inhabitants of South America had long been dissatisfied with the arbitrary power exercised over them by the Spanish viceroys and governors, with the court of Madrid, and with the restrictions and hardships under which they laboured. They had frequently applied for redress of their grievances, but their applications had always been treated with contempt; it was not, then, to be wondered at that from time to time revolts were planned, and even attempted to be carried out.

So far back as in the middle of the last century, a Canarian, named Leon, formed a conspiracy in Caraccas, which, however, was discovered, and Leon was condemned to death.

In 1780, an insurrection broke out in Peru, at the instigation of Tupac Amaru, who after a contest with the Spaniards, which lasted for three years, was hailed Yuca of Peru. But his conduct did not conciliate the people, and the Spaniards, more feebly opposed than at first, regained their power. Tupac Amaru, and others of the principal revolutionary leaders, were put to death in a most shocking manner.

A conspiracy broke out in New Granada in 1781, and yet another in Caraccas in 1797, but both were quelled by the Spaniards.

Notwithstanding the discontent of the South Americans, they might long have continued subject to the tyranny of Spain had not the bonds which united the New and the Old World been loosened by Napoleon Bonaparte, who invaded the mother country, seized the royal family, and endeavoured to place his brother on the throne. The confusion which these events produced in Spain left the South Americans at a loss how to act. Instead, however, of taking advantage of that moment to throw off the yoke of their oppressors, they remained faithful to the cause of Spain, and contributed largely to carrying on the war with France; but though they preserved their allegiance to the imprisoned king, they wished to adopt some measures for their own security, and determined to follow the example of Spain in forming *juntas*, or bodies of respectable individuals, for their government.

La Paz, the capital of one of the districts in the department of Charcas, set the example of providing for its own security, and in the year 1809 formed for itself a suitable government. Quito and Santa Fè de Bogota followed the example. But these juntas were soon suppressed. The Viceroy of Peru sent a numerous body of men, commanded by Goyeneche, against La Paz; its army, under the command of Generals Lanza and Castro, were defeated, and the conqueror, Goyeneche, proceeded immediately to execute the patriots, many of whom were put to death in a barbarous manner. The junta of Quito was also destroyed by force of arms, but the patriots did not yield until the Spanish president had promised that all past events should be forgotten. Regardless, however, of this promise, numbers of the patriots were arrested, and three hundred of them were murdered in cold blood!

Spain was at that time divided under the authorities of the junta of Seville, the junta of Asturias, and the Regency, the members of which were assembled at Cadiz. Each required the South Americans to submit to its authority, and denied that of the other. Uncertain which to acknowledge, hating the despotism of the form of government then existing in South America, and fearing for their future fate, the inhabitants of many of the provinces determined to govern themselves, and to obtain by force that redress of their grievances which reasonable representations had failed to procure for them. The Spanish governors were deposed, and a supreme junta was established at Caraccas in 1810; but their acts were still published in the name of Ferdinand, and all possible aid was offered to Spain for the continuance of the war against France.

Juntas were likewise appointed in 1810 at Buenos Ayres, Santa Fè de Bogota, Chili, and Mexico. On hearing of these occurrences, war was declared against the South American governments by the Regency; this, and the cruelties practised by the Spanish governors and chiefs, entirely alienated the minds of the people, and stimulated them to a general insurrection. Thus commenced the war in Spanish America, which soon spread over an extent of sixteen hundred leagues.

The junta, or congress of Venezuela, published the act of independence on the 5th of July, 1811; and similar declarations were made in various parts of the continent.

When Joseph Bonaparte found that the South Americans continued to furnish Spain with money to carry on the war against France, he sent out emissaries, or agents, to excite them to revolution; but these agents were not well received, as the South Americans did not then much wish for rebellion—merely for redress of their wrongs. In 1810 and in 1811 the English offered their mediation between Spain and South America. But the Cortes of Spain would not listen to the conditions they proposed, alleging that England only thought of her own advantage, since freedom of trade between Great Britain and Spanish America was one among the conditions.

While this affair was under discussion by the Cortes, and the South American deputies were in vain waiting for justice, the patriots were gaining important advantages in the New World. They had acquired possession of the whole territory which comprised Buenos Ayres, Venezuela, and New Granada, with the exception of a few fortified places and

some provinces ; and the Mexican patriots, who were led by a warlike priest, named Hidalgo, were successful in the interior of Mexico.

Such was the political situation of South, or Spanish America, when Ferdinand was restored to his throne. His absence had occasioned these civil contests ; his return ought to have restored tranquillity, and might have done so, had he acted with prudence, and adopted conciliatory measures. But in his decree of 1814, announcing his return, he *ordered the insurgents to lay down their arms*, and soon after equipped, at Cadiz, an army of ten thousand men, which he sent out against them under the command of General Morillo, and they appeared on the coast of Venezuela in April, 1815.

Great alarm was now spread among those who had been fighting for their independence ; all hopes of reconciliation were abandoned, and the revolt against the authority of Ferdinand VII. dated from this period.*

Morillo arrived at Casapano, proceeded to Margaritta, from thence to Caraccas, and the following August he besieged Carthagena, which capitulated in December. The royalist army invaded several provinces, and soon after the battle of Cachiri was fought, in which fell the best officers and troops who had supported the congress of New Granada. In consequence of this defeat, the congress separated, and the few remaining troops took the road to Los Llanos.†

Morillo entered Santa Fè de Bogota in June, 1816, and more than six hundred of the patriot chiefs, governors and officers, were shot, hanged, or exiled, among whom were the celebrated botanists, Caldas and Lozano.

At Caraccas, a junta had been established in 1810, among whose first acts were decrees to abolish the slave-trade and the tribute paid by the Indians, and to establish freedom of commerce and agriculture. All the provinces of Venezuela joined in the revolution except Maracaybo and Guayana, which remained faithful to the royalists. The patriots gained repeated victories under General Miranda, and all was prosperity at Venezuela until the fatal earthquake of the 26th of March, 1812, in which the towns of Caraccas, La Guayra, Mayquetie, Merida, and San Felipe, were totally destroyed ; Barquisimato, Valencia, La Vittoria, and others, suffered considerably, and nearly twenty thousand lives were lost.

This catastrophe happened on Holy Thursday, when the churches were crowded. Many churches, also the principal barracks at Caraccas, were demolished, and numbers of patriot soldiers perished in the ruins. The loss of private property was also great, so many houses, several of them with costly furniture, being overthrown and totally destroyed.

This tremendous earthquake gave but slight warning of its fearful approach. The oscillations of the earth were feeble, and the hollow sound seemed to come from the depths far below the surface of the earth. Yet these indications did not escape the observation of persons who were habituated to this kind of phenomenon. Reports of the coming danger

* Outline of the Revolution in Spanish America. By a South American. Published in 1817.

† Llanos is equivalent to the words pampas, savannahs, meadows, steppes, or plains. The country between the mountains of the coast and the left bank of the Orinoko constitutes the llanos of Cumana, Barcelona, and Caraccas.

spread like wildfire, but too late for the doomed inhabitants to save themselves, had salvation been possible.

In that fatal moment the cries of "*Misericordia—tembla, tembla!*"—"Mercy—the earth trembles!"—were everywhere heard. The most timid attentively watched the actions of dogs, goats, and swine; especially the swine, for these animals, endowed with delicate olfactory nerves—though one would not think so from the filth in which they often wallow—and accustomed to turn up the earth, gave warning of approaching danger by their restlessness and their cries. Whether their keenness in regard to detecting a coming earthquake be attributable to their being placed nearer the surface of the ground, and thus enabled to be the first to hear the subterranean noise, or whether their organs receive the impression of some gaseous emanations that issue from the earth, cannot be decided; but their appreciation of danger is a known fact.

At the end of violent earthquakes, the herbs that cover the savannahs sometimes acquire noxious properties; an epidemic disorder then takes place among the cattle, and a great number of them appear stupified, or suffocated by the deleterious vapours exhaled from the ground.

The city of Caraccas was founded in 1567 by Diego de Losada. It is situated in a high valley, and is celebrated for its coolness and the salubrity of its charming climate; near it are the lofty mountains of Avila and Silla. La Guayra, the seaport of Caraccas, a hot and confined place, lays at the foot of the Silla, and close upon the sea. The road from it ascends all the way to Caraccas. The cultivated region of the valley, and the gay fields of Chacao, Petare, and La Vega, form an agreeable contrast to the imposing aspect of the Silla. At Caraccas are to be found both the fruits of the temperate zone and the productions of equinoctial regions. The temperature is equally favourable to the orange-tree, the plantain, the sugar-cane, the coffee and the apricot, the peach, the apple, and the strawberry. In his personal narrative of "*Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent*," Baron Humboldt praises the hospitality of all classes of the inhabitants of Caraccas, and mentions that he found there several men distinguished alike by their taste for study and the elevation of their sentiments; and several families, the ladies of whom, as well as the gentlemen, were conversant with French and Italian, and had considerable musical talents.

The loss of troops and the ruin of the city of Caraccas were not the only evil consequences of the calamitous earthquake of 1812. The royalists, and those of the priests who were discontented with the patriot government, took advantage of the awe the earthquake had occasioned to inspire superstitious terrors into the people's mind, and to persuade them that the Almighty had denounced his wrath on the revolution. At this time, also, the royalists under Monteverde were successful, notwithstanding the efforts of Miranda; and Caraccas, Cumana, and Barcelona fell into the hands of the royalists. The republican army was disbanded, and Miranda, who was on his way to Carthagena, was seized, and thrown into prison. About a thousand patriots shared the same fate.

Such was the state of affairs when Venezuela was retaken by the patriot, General Bolivar, in 1813.

Don Simon Bolivar, one of the most distinguished characters in the revolution of South America, was a native of Caraccas, where he was

born in July, 1783. His father was Don Juan Vicente Bolivar y Ponte, a colonel of militia, and a member of the nobility. Simon Bolivar was not only of high birth, but of fortune and good education. He went to Spain at an early period of his youth, and obtained permission to travel in France and Italy. When the revolution in Caraccas commenced, he was appointed, along with Don Lopez Mendez, to solicit the protection of the English for the new government. Bolivar, not approving the policy of the congress of Venezuela, lived in retirement after his return from England, until the danger that threatened his country, subsequent to the earthquake at Caraccas, called him from his seclusion. Aided by Arismendi and Admiral Brion, he carried all before him, and his services were so great, that he was called the "Libertador de Venezuela."

There is another South American celebrity who ought not to be passed over even in this slight record of the War of Independence, General San Martin of the army of Buenos Ayres, the conqueror of the royalists in Chili.

In thirteen days his army effected its passage over the Andes, where they had a hundred leagues to cross, through defiles so narrow as not to admit two persons abreast, along the giddy verge of frightful precipices, while the severity of the climate seemed to combine with the ruggedness of the passage. San Martin had also to transport artillery, baggage, and provisions for thirty days. The army lost only a few blacks, and five thousand horses and mules. The splendid victory of Chacabuco, which took place soon after, raised San Martin to the pinnacle of glory, and gave a new aspect to the affairs of South America.

"In twenty-four days," said the general, "we have terminated the campaign, we have crossed the most elevated mountains of the New World, and given liberty to Chili."

San Martin was elected by the principal inhabitants of Santiago supreme director of Chili; but he declined the office, which was then offered to, and accepted by, General O'Higgins, whose family, as his name denotes, was of Irish extraction. His father had been Viceroy of Lima, and he himself had been educated at the establishment of the Jesuits at Stoneyhurst, in Lancashire.

It is strange that, after nearly half a century of non-interference on the part of Spain with the republics of South America, the former power should, on some shallow pretext, again attack them. The recent bombardment of Valparaiso by a Spanish admiral can in no way benefit Spain, but may revive the long slumbering spirit of revenge for old wrongs, added to new ones, in those lands which were once so ill governed by the Spanish monarchy, and which it never again can hope to subjugate, though it may provoke them into retaliation.

II.

THE PATRIOT LEADERS, AND THEIR HOSTESSES AT CLAIR HALL.

VERY different was the peaceful life which the two patriot chiefs were leading in the small West India island upon whose shores fate or chance had thrown them, to the turbulent scenes they had but lately quitted, and to which they were again so soon to return. They were not patriots merely in name, but were both really imbued with the

warmest and purest patriotic feelings—those noble feelings which elevate the soul and the thoughts above the selfish, narrow-minded pursuits, which it cannot be said *animate*, yet guide and engross so many among mankind!

It was not urged on by the ambition to rule—the cold-blooded, greedy, grasping wish to acquire fresh dominions, that the patriots of South America engaged in all the miseries of war; it was not to despoil their neighbours, and enrich themselves by rapine and robbery—no, it was to cast off the galling yoke of unjustifiable oppression, to resist the tyrants who essayed to grind them down to the earth, who strove to fetter every thought, and to force an entire and wide-spread people to lick the dust before their feet. And these oppressors were intruders—emigrants from a distant land, who only came to acquire wealth for themselves at the expense of the population they pretended to govern, and whose cruelties, misdeeds, and worthlessness deprived them of all title to respect.

The War of Independence in South America was a just and hallowed one; and, after long struggles, their arms were crowned by success, and they emancipated themselves from the thralldom of Spain. Two great and glorious wars have been fought in the New World—though not with equally fortunate results—the War of Independence in the earlier portion of this century, and the recent war for independence in the Confederate States. Both have been called rebellions.

“Rebellion—foul, dishonouring word!” could apply to neither of them. They should both rather be called the war of heroes, battling for their country, their homes, and their rights; and as such the luminous and truthful pages of history will represent them, while it wreathes around them a bright galaxy of names—Bolívar, Paez, San Martín, Arismendi, in the distance; in the foreground, Stonewall Jackson, Lee, Stuart, Beauregard, Longstreet, and a host of others which have floated before an admiring world.

But unavoidably removed for a time from the excitements of their military career, the two patriot leaders gave themselves up to excitement of quite another kind. They had both fallen in love. Don Alonzo Alvarez could speak, and think, and dream of no one but the beautiful Adela St. Clair, while Colonel Mentilla was, if possible, still more deeply smitten by Linda’s fascinating manners, and charming, ever-varying countenance.

Poor Linda was in a state of positive enchantment. The gorgeous sunsets, the clear moonlight, seemed more glorious than ever; the rich tropic flowers wore a more brilliant hue; the breeze, sweeping over the waving, rustling canes, made delightful music, but yet not so delightful as the low mellow tones of a voice that occasionally ventured to speak to her of love. And when that voice fell so softly on her ears, sometimes her face was lighted up with brilliant smiles, sometimes her deep-blue eyes were suffused with tears, and Colonel Mentilla longed to kiss away the crystal drops that slowly trickled down the fair girl’s flushed cheeks.

But Linda and her admirer were not often alone together—at least, they thought not half often enough. There were two claimants to the colonel’s society, who were both more pertinacious in seeking it than he liked or desired. Good Mr. St. Clair, knowing what a high position

Colonel Mentilla held in his own country, and believing that he was quite wrapped up in its politics, often came, to his own inconvenience, and to the colonel's secret chagrin, to deliver him from listening to that "dear little Linda's girlish prattle," as he said, and to plunge him into war statistics and details, which trial of his patience sometimes caused the gallant colonel to anathematise, in his own mind, both the war and the opaque old gentleman who so inopportunately entered into discussions relative to it.

The other thorn in the poor colonel's side was Adela. Blinded by her wild fancy for the handsomest of their South American guests, and also, perhaps, partly by her own vanity and the consciousness of her rare beauty, it never entered Adela's mind that Mentilla could think more of her sister than of her. His manners were so very courteous, and he was often so complimentary, according to the usage of Spaniards, and those of Spanish descent, that Adela mistook these mere habits of society for especial admiration of herself and interest in her.

She compared him with his friend, Don Alonzo Alvaez, whose attentions were quite troublesome to her, and though she thought Colonel Mentilla was much more delicate in his way of showing his attachment to her, she sometimes did wish that he would not be so timorous and reserved, but speak rather more to the point.

"I wish I could turn over Alvaez to Linda," she said one day to her aunt; "he absolutely pesters me; he might see that I do not care a straw for him. I wish he would just leave the field a little open to that charming colonel."

"But perhaps the colonel does not wish to take it," the aunt ventured to say.

"Not wish to take it!" exclaimed Adela, with a sneering smile. "Ah! that shows how much you observe what is going on about you, Aunt Dora."

"Well, I don't pretend to be very observant," said the aunt, humbly, "but I am not quite blind, either."

"You are as blind as a bat," thought Adela. But she did not pass this sentence on her aunt aloud. She went on to say, "Can't you arrange a little card-party some evening soon, and set that shadow of mine, Don Alonzo, down to whist? Ask Hector Graham, and his uncle and aunt. Mr. and Mrs. Craft are both very fond of cards. Alvaez won't be able to make his escape for two good hours, at least. You or papa must fill up the whist-party. Hector, of course, will stow himself away in some corner with Minna. Ask the attorney-general, that agreeable bachelor who is Linda's declared suitor, and manage to engage them at chess, and leave Colonel Mentilla and myself free. We will betake ourselves to the gallery, and what a pleasant tête-à-tête we shall have!"

"But suppose," suggested Aunt Dora, "that Don Alonzo won't play whist, and that Linda won't play chess; what will become of your tête-à-tête?"

"It will be your fault, Aunt Dora, if my nice little plan is not carried out. You must manoeuvre a little to arrange your guests as I want them to be placed."

"Well, you must help me, Adela dear!" said her good-natured aunt. "You know I am rather stupid, and I am not accustomed to force people to do anything they don't like."

"How can I help you? It won't do for me to seem to be seeking a little private chat with Mentilla; he is so very fastidious that he might not like this, ardently as, no doubt, he wishes the opportunity of speaking to me alone. Let me see. Ah! now I have it! When the whist is going to begin, I will sit down and take a hand—that will secure Alvaez, he is sure to propose to be my partner—and when I have played a little time I will get up, say I am tired of the game, and hand over my cards to you. Alvaez cannot in common decency refuse to play with you; he will be caught in a nice trap."

The girl laughed, showing her fine teeth, which were like two rows of glistening pearls.

The aunt laughed too, but on leaving the room she shook her head, and muttered to herself,

"You may manœuvre as much as you please, my poor dear Adela—you won't get the handsome colonel. Next door to a fool though some people are so good as to think me, I can see what's what, and I see very clearly that Linda is *his* favourite."

Acting under Adela's orders, her aunt invited the little party to tea, and tried her best to dispose of her guests according to her niece's wishes. But who ever managed in any party, large or small, to arrange people according to a prepared programme? Mr. Craft did not make his appearance, sending a message by his wife and her nephew that he had packet letters to write to England. No packet letters were written by him, however, as a mustee damsel could have testified, with whom he spent a pleasanter evening probably than he would have done at the whist-table, unless the play had been high and his winnings large.

The attorney-general, Mr. Dunville, drove to Mrs. Rivers's in his pretty phaeton, which he would fain have had Linda to accept along with its owner; but his brow clouded when he found the two South Americans there, and apparently so intimate with the young ladies of Clair Hall. Linda was very distant to him, and, in a fit of the sulks, he offered to join the whist-players. Adela pretended to be anxious to play, and, of course, Alvaez begged to be her vis-à-vis; but Mr. Dunville would not allow this; he thought it would leave Linda and his rival, the colonel, too much alone together, so he insisted on Mr. St. Clair, his sister, and Hector's aunt making the whist-party.

Adela was very angry, and, in her vexation, she whispered to her aunt, as she was sitting down to the card-table,

"You have managed things nicely, indeed! I am so annoyed!"

"I am very sorry you are annoyed, my dear, but really I could not help it," replied the good woman, struck with remorse.

In her earnest wish to exculpate herself, she answered by no means *sotto voce*, and Mr. St. Clair turned upon her, asking what it was she could not help, and why Adela was annoyed.

Mrs. Rivers was easily fluttered and thrown into a state of embarrassment. Quite out of countenance at having been overheard, she stammered,

"Oh—I believe—I think—she—she wished to play cards."

"Well, we can have a round game," cried Hector, laughing at poor Mrs. Rivers's confusion; "there are enough of us for that. We can

play at speculation, or old maid, and then we shall discover which of our fair friends is doomed to single blessedness, for some folks say there must be at least *one* old maid in every family."

"But that is not true," cried his aunt. "I had six sisters—there were seven of us—and we all married."

"That is certainly a most extraordinary fact," replied Hector.

It was put to the vote whether there should be a round game or not; but the suggestion was negatived, Colonel Mentilla and Don Alonzo both pleading for some music in preference to cards, or a stroll by moonlight.

"Oh!" said the attorney-general, spitefully, "your Spanish friends, Mr. St. Clair, doubtless care for no game at cards but Monte."

"Monte is a frightfully gambling game, I believe," replied Mr. St. Clair, "and I do not think either of my South American guests are gamblers."

"A stroll in the moonlight! How delightful!" thought Adela. "If I can only secure Mentilla for my companion, and palm Alvaez off upon Linda."

Hector busied himself in tying a pink silk handkerchief over Minna's head, assuring her in the most authoritative manner that he would not allow her to go out bare-headed, as she wished to do. Adela placed a lace veil on her head and shoulders to resemble somewhat a Spanish mantilla, and while she was standing before a mirror, gracefully arranging its folds, she started, for she beheld in it Colonel Mentilla bending over Linda, who had thrown a slight scarf over her shining hair—he had actually fastened its ends under her pretty dimpled chin!

"But he could hardly do otherwise," she said to herself, "as that stupid Alvaez is standing with folded arms yonder staring at me."

She turned round, and Don Alonzo sprang forwards, congratulating her on the exquisite manner in which she wore the mantilla which became her so much.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "if I were only a Troubadour, I would sing verses in honour of your surpassing beauty!"

They all prepared to sally forth.

"Where's the guitar?" asked Hector.

"At home, to be sure—at Clair Hall," answered Miss Minna. "You don't suppose we carry a guitar about with us, like a set of wandering minstrels."

"Well, I have got a *cane flute* in my pocket, happily; *faute de mieux*, some one of us must play on that. I bought it from a negro-boy the other evening, who had just manufactured it. Of course he had been stealing a bundle of canes from the windmill."

"Shall we lead the way, colonel?" said Adela, taking a desperate resolution and going up to Mentilla.

"Certainly, señorita, if you wish it; but—but my friend, Alvaez, will be disappointed."

"Oh, he won't care, I'm sure—he can walk with Linda; he will find her more lively than I am; but, perhaps, I ought not to inflict my dullness upon you."

What could the poor baffled colonel say? He could not tell the young lady that he wished her at Jericho, and would infinitely have pre-

ferred walking with her sister ; so he was forced to make some civil speech, repudiating the idea of *her* ever being dull, and to walk smilingly by her side. She perceived that he was *distract*, but attributed this to his being undecided whether to seize that moment for a declaration of his feelings, or to wait for some other opportunity. She spoke calmly and gently to him, expressed the great pleasure herself and her family had experienced in his society, of the deep interest they would henceforth take in his country, and the success of the cause he espoused, and hoped, almost in a trembling voice, that he would think sometimes of them and of Clair Hall. Adela always said "we" and "us," so there was nothing bold or unfeminine in what she did say.

"Think of you!" he exclaimed. "By Heavens, señorita, Clair Hall and . . . and its dear inmates will never be absent from my thoughts. When I leave this lovely island, as I must now do soon, I shall leave my heart behind. . . . I——"

Adela's heart beat so loudly that she could scarcely catch his low accents.

What was that which interrupted the interesting scene, and, as Adela thought, the avowal of love he was about to make?

It was not a blast, but a shrill sound from Hector's cane flute ; it could just pipe two notes, and Hector made vigorous use of these. Colonel Mentilla turned hastily round, and beheld the musician rushing after them.

"Did you not hear the bugle-call?" he exclaimed. "We are going to the bell-apple harbour, and want you two to help us in a serenade we are going to get up there."

"Whom are you going to serenade?" asked the colonel, laughing.

"Ourselves—and the pigeons up yonder," pointing to a pigeon-house at no great distance, "and any living creature that may hear us."

Adela rather wondered at the alacrity with which her lover, as she fancied him, accompanied Hector to join the rest of the party, from whom she and the colonel had somewhat strayed ; but she assured herself he was obliged to *appear* satisfied, though the interruption must have been very provoking to him.

"Music hath charms, you see," cried Hector, flourishing his cane pipe ; "it has brought the runaways baek."

Adela coloured deeply, looking conscious and confused ; while Mentilla bent his eyes inquiringly on Linda, as if to ask what *she* thought of his having deserted her.

Hector settled them all according to his own pleasure in the bell-apple harbour, at the entrance of which stood two splendid mahagua trees, but its flowers—the palest primrose tint in the morning, bright yellow under the noonday sun, and a rich brownish hue in after-part of the day—were hanging almost shrivelled up, as if exhausted by the heat and glare of the past hours. Hector severed poor Adela from Mentilla, and delivered her over, an unwilling victim, to Don Alonzo Alvaez, who gladly arranged a small bench for her and himself.

"Linda," said Hector, "make room for Colonel Mentilla by you, or he will have to ensconce himself on the floor ; Minna and I will take these two rickety old chairs, and, if they give way, I trust some of you will come to the rescue."

Hector had perceived Colonel Mentilla's admiration of Linda, and,

willing to do as he would be done by, he was determined to place him in close proximity to that young lady.

"Now," said Hector, the self-constituted master of ceremonies, "we are going to sing. Talking is sometimes a bore—music seldom is. Do any of you know a hymn to the moonlight?"

No one confessed to any such knowledge, therefore a popular air was fixed on, and sang in chorus, to their own satisfaction at least.

"But really we ought to take some notice of yon splendid moon, and as none of us know any musical address to her, I will, with permission, read to you by her light a poem which was written the other day by a young lady of our acquaintance."

"By you?" asked Colonel Mentilla, in a whisper of his neighbour, Linda.

"Oh no—not by me," she replied.

"Hush, hush, in that corner!" cried Hector. "I am going to lift up my voice, though not in the nasal twang of one of our Methodist parsons, yet I don't like to be disturbed any more than these gentry do. The lines I am going to recite or read are in honour of the Queen of Night:

Now, 'tis moonlight's softest hour,
When fairies leave their elfin bower
To gambol on the dewy green,
By mortal eyes alone unseen ;

When sea-nymphs from their coral cells
Ascend, in cars of motley shells,
To wanton 'midst the waves above,
And hail the sacred hour of love ;

When spirits floating in the air,
The balmy breath of evening share ;
And every sprite, and nymph, and fay
Awakes to joy, till dawn of day.

Now, they glide in mazy round—
Now, with airy footsteps bound—
Sporting beneath the bright moonbeams,
Where'er their sparkling radiance gleams.

Hark ! mingling with the sighing breeze,
What wild, unearthly sounds are these,
Now swelling high like choral strain,
Then sinking, murmur'ing low again ?

List ! 'Tis the spirits' vesper song,
Borne by the gentle gale along,
And myriad voices joining there,
Arise from ocean, earth, and air !

Hail to thee ! Hail to thee ! Queen of Night !
Hail to thy mild and hallowed light,
That brightly beams,
Or faintly gleams,
From thine azure throne, great Queen of Night !

Hail to thy clear and tranquil ray !
Oh ! dearer far than gaudy day.

We own thy power,
And love thy hour,
Thou goddess of the silver ray !

Ever to thee fresh hymns we'll raise,
 Ever unite to chant thy praise;
 Be still our guide,
 Nor darkly hide
 Thy glories from our ardent gaze!
 Now, when the world is sunk in sleep,
 We our moonlight revels keep,
 And merrily play,
 Or gaily stray,
 Where Fancy wills, till daylight peep.
 Come, let us dive to Ocean's caves,
 Or lightly skim its dark-blue waves;
 Or wander o'er
 The rocky shore,
 And the smooth and sparkling sand it laves.
 Come, let us mount to airy halls,
 Where'er the voice of pleasure calls;
 Above, below—
 Fearless we go—
 No danger daunts, no dread appals.
 Then hail to thee! Hail, oh Queen of Night!
 Hail to thy mild and hallowed light,
 That brightly beams,
 Or faintly gleams
 From thine azure throne, great Queen of Night!

We owe our thanks to Adela for this effusion to moonlight," said Hector, when he had finished half reading, half reciting, these verses. "She ought to be the poet laureate of our important island," he added.

Adela was warmly complimented by both the South Americans, who, as in duty bound, begged copies of the little poem.

"And now," cried Hector, blowing a sort of flourish on his cane fife, "this is the retreat. We must go in to assist at the *petit souper*, which doubtless good Mrs. Rivers has ordered for us. I hope the attorney-general's savage humour will have been cooled down; he looked, before we made our exit, as if he would have been cannibal enough to have eaten off your head, Linda, and another head in the room."

III.

AN OFFER REFUSED.

THE time for the departure of the South American chiefs was drawing very near. Their little vessel had undergone all the repairs obtainable at the small island on which the hurricane had driven them; and willingly as they would have prolonged their stay, and loth as they were to tear themselves from the young hostesses who had made such havoc on their feelings, they never dreamed of throwing aside the claims of duty, and were ready to resume their perilous position among those who were fighting for liberty in their country.

But the spirits of both gentlemen sank as the day of departure approached, and the spirits of Adela and Linda St. Clair sank also.

They had not made confidantes of each other; something unaccount-

able to both seemed to have prevented their opening their hearts to each other. It was, probably, that Adela had perceived how much Linda liked Colonel Mentilla, but, fancying *she* was his favourite, did not feel inclined to pain her sister by making this communication to her; while Linda, on her part, suspected Adela's penchant for the handsome colonel, but well knew that he did not care for her, and felt it would be awkward to undeceive her.

"He will go—ah! too soon—from us both," she said to her sympathising aunt; "and there is no need to mortify poor Adela by telling her how she has deceived herself."

"Well, my dear, I don't know if it is right to let her go on deluding herself," replied Mrs. Rivers. "Adela puts me in mind of a volcano. You will say it is an absurd comparison, but you see, Linda dear, she is all ice and snow without, and fire and flames within."

"Cheto fuor, commoto dentro, as the Italians say," remarked Linda. "But this is a new character for her; she used to be always so quiet, and seemed to be quite above all human passions."

"Yes, until the human passions scorched her. There was nobody for her to care about here. She called all the men stupid and common-place, not worth a thought, and she says now that Colonel Mentilla seems to belong to a higher order of beings than they do."

"And so he does," replied Linda, warmly. "Oh, Aunt Dora, he is perfection!"

Mrs. Rivers smiled.

"Well, my poor child, it is natural you should think so, but it is unfortunate that two sisters have fixed their affections on one and the same person. I only hope Adela won't commit some act of folly."

"Adela! Nay, aunt, she is too sensible, too reasonable for that."

Don Alonzo Alvaez was in despair at the idea of leaving the island without having come to some *éclaircissement* with Adela, but he sought in vain for an opportunity of speaking to her alone, therefore he determined to address himself to her father, and accordingly, demanding a private interview with the old gentleman, he made his proposals for the eldest Miss St. Clair.

Great were the surprise and annoyance of Mr. St. Clair. It had never entered his mind that his South American guests could have formed any attachment to his daughters, though, if he had not been very blind, he might have seen what was going on. He, of course, thanked Don Alonzo for the high compliment he paid Adela, but in courteous, yet decided terms, declined his offer. He said that the very unsettled state of the Spanish Main would make it unadvisable and unsafe for any lady to go there at that time; that he, Alvaez, would not be in a position to protect a wife, and that she could not even accompany him in the small vessel in which he was to return to La Guayra.

"No, my friend," he added. "You had better wait until more settled times; then, if, as I hope, your party triumph, and you escape the dreadful chances of war, and you still remember Adela, come back to us, and, should she be still unmarried, I shall give my consent to your union, although your being a Roman Catholic and she a Protestant is a great drawback, I confess."

Don Alonzo asked permission to speak to Adela, and hear his doom

from her own lips ; but Mr. St. Clair said he would rather she were left free to act as she pleased.

"If she cares for you, she will remember you, and think of no one else ; if she does not, her loss will not be great to you. I intend taking my daughters to England next year, and it is possible that they may marry there ; at the same time, it is very possible that they may return unmarried. No one can look into the future."

This was cold comfort for the enamoured Don Alonzo, but nothing more was to be extracted from the old gentleman.

The interview ended, Alvaez flew to Mentilla to complain of the manner in which his proposals had been received ; and much shocked and concerned his friend was, for he felt that Mr. St. Clair would be quite as inexorable in regard to his adored Linda.

"This is a sad finale to our happiness here, Alvaez," said Colonel Mentilla. "You love Adela, I love Linda. What is to be done? Can we carry them both off?"

"No, no, no!" cried Don Alonzo, his proud Spanish blood mantling to his cheeks. "What! steal the old man's daughters? Reward his hospitality by *such* an act! You cannot seriously contemplate it for a moment, Mentilla."

"But to leave my Linda, perhaps for ever, to know that she may become another man's wife—oh, Alvaez, this is too much to bear!"

"Would we had never come here!" exclaimed Alvaez—"never beheld these syrens; it would have been better for us. But now we must only nerve ourselves to the task of parting with them—for a time, at least. If we live and conquer, they may yet be ours; if we fall on the field of battle, it will be better for those we love to be safe in their father's house."

"True!" replied Mentilla. But schemes were floating in his brain which he did not choose to communicate to his friend—schemes that the slightest imprudence on his own part, or that of any one to whom he might confide them, would assuredly mar. "No!" he said to himself—"I will not seek any assistance from Alvaez; I will entrust my plan only to her, without whose co-operation it cannot be carried out."

IV.

SCHEMES CARRIED OUT.

AND what was Colonel Mentilla's mysterious plan? *That* was to be told only to Linda; and, in order to have a few minutes' uninterrupted conversation with that young lady without eavesdroppers—for in West India houses, where everything is arranged for coolness, and doors are generally thrown open, privacy is not easily attainable—he managed to convey to her a little billet, entreating her to take an early walk with him the following morning. People rise early in tropical climates, and the family at Clair Hall were generally up betimes. Adela was always the latest of the young ladies, and she, moreover, spent a good deal of the early morning at her toilet; Minna usually busied herself before breakfast with her birds and her flowers; while Mr. St. Clair always went to the boiling-house or the field to inspect the operations necessary

to carrying on the work of a plantation. So the coast would be clear for Linda and the colonel, if she would deprive herself of an hour's sleep.

Poor Linda would have deprived herself of many hours' sleep for the pleasure of a walk with the patriot colonel, and she scarcely closed her eyes all night, haunted by the fear of being too late in the morning.

Before the stars had entirely faded from view in the blue vault of heaven, or the first early streaks of dawn had tinged the eastern sky, Linda was up and dressed. The young ladies had each her own room, therefore no one was disturbed by her movements. She passed softly and quietly through a dressing-room, at that particular time unused, which opened into her own room, and which led, by a short flight of steps, to a sloping lawn, where grew some very large tamarind-trees. Letting herself out by a low gate, which was never locked, she advanced cautiously towards the road, stooping to shelter herself from observation close to the pigeon-pea-bushes which grew on the side of the path; she had not proceeded far, however, when she discerned, standing behind a cocoa-nut-tree, and almost seeming to be part of its trunk, a tall figure, which immediately issued forth and joined her.

"My darling Linda! Thanks for this extreme kindness," exclaimed Colonel Mentilla. "I have much to say to you; where can we go to be altogether unobserved? To the sea-shore?"

"No; oh no, the fishermen will be out presently; the shore is not a quiet retreat at early morning."

"Under the orange and shaddock trees in the garden, then, with the 'forbidden fruit' to remind us of a lost Eden?"

"No, the watchman will hardly have left the garden yet, and he is a very garrulous old man. Let us go to the haunted forest, no one will intrude upon us there. But we must walk fast."

Colonel Mentilla offered her his arm, and, leaning on it, Linda exerted herself to walk faster than is usual with West India ladies, or West Indians of either sex. The early morning air, however, was cool, almost chill, therefore their quick pace was not inconvenient to the damsel or her admirer.

When they reached the forest, Linda felt a shuddering pass over her. An apparition there had predicted evil hanging over them to her father, and if he had not really seen an apparition, he had dreamed then of coming ill. The deep silence, the almost darkness of these primeval woods, frightened her, and she clung closer to her companion.

"Do not let us go far into the forest," she said, scarcely speaking above her breath; "they say that the spirits of the dead walk here, and it would be terrible to encounter any of them."

"But, dearest, the dead do not show themselves by day, you know; if they revisit this world at all, which I do not believe, the faintest glimmer of light in the horizon, the earliest crow of cock, warn them to return to their silent abodes. Ah! it is not the dead that we have to fear, but the living, my Linda!"

They sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, near the entrance of one of the forest glades, and Mentilla told Linda of the proposal Alvaez had made for Adela, and how it had been refused by her father.

"These are most disheartening tidings to me, dearest Linda," he said.

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"If your father refuses Alvaez for his eldest daughter, it is not likely he will accept me for his second one."

"But Don Alonzo did not tell papa—he *could* not do it—that Adela cared for him, and that it would break her heart to be altogether separated from him. Now, if you really love me as much as you say you do, Diego"—(it was the first time that she had called him by his christian name)—"I will tell papa that I never, never will marry any one but you, and he won't be so unkind as to forbid our thinking of each other."

"Thinking of each other, no; he cannot forbid thought—but he can destroy *my* happiness, my Linda, if not yours, by preventing us from being united to each other."

Linda sighed deeply.

"I have a little plan, dearest," he said, "which will set all to rights for us, without causing your father any uneasiness, or putting him to the pain of refusing *your* wish, for, of course, he would think no more of refusing *my* petition than the one hazarded by Alvaez."

Colonel Mentilla then went on to tell the young girl that he was so deeply distressed at the idea of parting with her without having any claim upon her for the future, that he prayed her to agree to a private marriage. The Roman Catholic priest at the little town of —, he said, he had no doubt would officiate on the occasion, and a little persuasion might induce her kind aunt to be present at the ceremony. It might be kept a profound secret until he could return to claim his bride, but he would have the happiness and the solace of knowing that she was bound to him by indissoluble ties, which neither distance nor absence could sever. He pressed Linda to agree to his proposal.

The poor girl was quite overcome by contending feelings, and for a time could only answer by tears. At length she murmured:

"No, no, Mentilla; devotedly as I love you, I cannot deceive my good father. I cannot enter into a clandestine marriage."

"Then you do *not* love me, Linda; I have been cherishing a vain dream—you will not sacrifice a mere chimerical idea of duty to ensure my happiness. And I must say farewell—farewell, perhaps, for ever! If I were to be severely wounded in battle, I could not expect you, free and unfettered, to unite yourself to a wreck; I would not ask it. I would never see you more. Were you my wife, I know that you would cling to me through good and through evil; and, with you as my guiding star, what should I not be able to do?"

Poor Linda was half distracted. Here was that charming Colonel Mentilla, who had won so many hearts and turned so many heads, pleading to her in that earnest, low, melodious voice which seemed to penetrate her inmost soul, and, on the other hand, was her duty to her kind father—her sense of propriety, and her fear of doing wrong. She wrung her little hands and wept bitterly.

"Linda, my darling!" whispered Colonel Mentilla, "my future fate is in *your* hands. If you refuse my prayer, I shall go away dispirited, wretched, overwhelmed with sorrow and disappointment—not fit for the part I have to sustain in the service of my country. If you accede to my request, my heart will be lightened of a heavy load, my arm will be nerved to exertion, and please God I shall return to you, one of the

liberators of my country, to place my lovely wife at the head of the society in my native land."

"I have no ambition to be a great lady," said Linda, rallying a little; "it is only of *you* I think."

"So much the more pleasing to me, dearest," he replied. "But if you fully reciprocate my feelings, why throw me off for a mere punctilio?"

"It is not a mere punctilio—it is the difference between right and wrong that influences me."

"Let us refer the question to your good aunt," said the gallant colonel; "if she thinks it wrong, I will yield my dearest wish. If she does not disapprove, will you consent to what I entreat of you?"

Linda hesitated a few minutes, and then gave him the promise he required.

He thanked her in the most passionate terms, and they left the haunted forest on their return home. Gaining the house by different approaches, they succeeded in making good their entry without being observed, and half an hour afterwards Linda emerged from her chamber as if she had not been long up, for she had taken off her dress and put on her dressing-gown before she called her maid, and the colonel took a stroll to the beach, where he saw a shark dragged on shore, and superintended the destruction of that monster of the deep, which, happily, formed a safe subject of conversation at breakfast.

In the course of the day the colonel rode over to the little town close to which Mrs. Rivers resided, and in the harbour of which the small vessel that had brought the South Americans to the island was lying, getting ready for its departure to Curaçoa and back to La Guayra.

Colonel Mentilla lost no time in disclosing his project to Mrs. Rivers, and though she was at first startled by it, and inclined to oppose it, he managed to talk her over. She was an exceedingly well-meaning, but rather ill-judging woman, and romantic to the last degree. Mentilla urged his own and Linda's strong affection for each other—the comfort it would be to them both, on parting, to know that they were bound to each other by ties which no one could break—the happy future he hoped to provide for her charming niece, the position in which he would be able to place her—with many more advantages than she could have if she married the attorney-general of the island, whom she positively disliked—and the certainty that Mr. St. Clair would be satisfied with his daughter's union to him when it was made known.

"But Adela! what will she say?" remarked Mrs. Rivers.

"I presume she has nothing to say in the matter," replied the colonel. "We will not let her into our secret, nor Minna either; so no blame can fall on either of them."

"But Adela is so jealous of Linda," blurted out Mrs. Rivers.

"Jealous! How?"

"Oh—well—you see Adela thinks you admire *her* more than Linda, and that—that Linda tries to win you from her."

"I am very sorry," said the colonel, gravely, "that Miss Adela has adopted such an idea. Upon my honour, Mrs. Rivers, I have not been playing a double game. From the first moment that I beheld Linda, I

felt that she was to be my destiny. And now my fate is in your hands and hers. Yours, I may say, altogether, for the dear, confiding girl will be guided by your opinion."

He continued to plead with the good lady until his eloquence prevailed; objection after objection was overruled, and at length, to her own surprise, she found herself arranging the secret marriage with him. He repaired to the little town, and called on the Roman Catholic priest, a jolly, good-tempered, round-faced Irishman, who was noted for telling a comical story well, and liking a good dinner. The colonel imparted his wishes to him, and, at the same time, offered him a handsome fee for his services and his silence.

Mr. O'Grady made a wry face at first, afraid of getting into trouble; but on hearing that the young lady's aunt was cognisant of the matter, he allowed himself to be persuaded to perform the ceremony, only stipulating that Mentilla should attend mass at the Catholic chapel the next day, which would be Sunday, should take the sacrament, and go through the duty of confession.

The colonel smiled at the idea of confession; he was not a very rigid Roman Catholic, but he was willing to do anything in order to remove any scruples of conscience which might assail the worthy priest.

It was then settled that Mr. O'Grady was to hold himself in readiness for a summons to Mrs. Rivers's house, as the ceremony could not take place in the Catholic chapel, and that he was never to betray the secret of the private marriage.

Aunt Dora, on her part, undertook to bring Linda to her house unaccompanied by her sisters. For this purpose she wrote Linda, entreating her to come to her for a day or two, as her daughter Julia was unwell and out of spirits, and she wanted one of her cousins to help to amuse her. She did not ask Adela, she said, as she, being the eldest daughter, it was necessary for her to remain at home, on account of her father's guests, the short time which was to elapse before their departure. And Julia liked Linda better than Minna, so she would not trouble Minna.

Linda read the note aloud to her sisters. Minna found great fault with her aunt for her selfishness in sending for Linda to amuse that stupid Julia the very last days that their pleasant South American friends were to be with them.

Adela could scarcely conceal her joy at getting rid of Linda, whose absence would leave the handsome colonel entirely to her society, at least when she could escape Alvaez, and she waited with some anxiety to know if Linda would go or refuse the invitation; very glad she was when Linda wrote her aunt that she would come the next morning.

That next day Colonel Mentilla, with exemplary patience, remained the whole day at Clair Hall, and actually drove Adela out in a low phaeton in the evening, while Don Alonzo and Minna rode on horseback. But on the Tuesday the colonel declared that it was necessary for him to go to see about the schooner, and make some arrangements with the former mate, now the captain; he thought they would require to engage one or two sailors for their voyage back to the Spanish Main, and perhaps a cabin-boy.

Adela listened with great attention to this, and inquired somewhat minutely what would be the duties of a cabin-boy.

"Are you coming, Alvaez?" asked Colonel Mentilla.

"No; *you* can do all that is wanted, and I would rather spend our last hours in the island here."

Mentilla was thankful for this resolution on the part of his friend, and set off with a heart vibrating between joy and apprehension—the apprehension lest anything unforeseen should occur to frustrate his happy hopes.

But nothing did occur. And that very evening Priest O'Grady united him and Linda St. Clair in the presence of Mrs. Rivers and an elderly black woman, who had been Linda's nurse, and was much attached to her, but who now lived as a confidential servant with her aunt.

The lovers were married, and the wedding-ring used on the occasion was one which had belonged to Linda's great-great-grandmother, and had been carefully preserved in the family. It had come into Linda's possession on account of her name, *Rosalinda*, which had been that of the defunct dame, on whose wedding-ring were engraved these words:

This and the giver
Are thine for ever;

showing the attention paid to correct rhyme two hundred years ago.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

HOAR Mount that risest from the western deep,
With granite shoulders, and fern-waving hair,
Like some tall giant doom'd sea-watch to keep,
Spoken to stone, mute, fix'd for ever there!

Or thou dost look, so beautiful while grand,
Wooing the gales, and towering o'er the foam,
An islet of enchantment, where a band
Of ocean-nymphs and mermaids make their home.

I cross the pebbly ridge where, long ago,
Ere Christ was born, the old Phœnicians trod,
Bearing their shining store;* wild ocean's flow
Sounds now, as then, loud anthems unto God.

The sun smiles out; I climb the massive rocks
Smooth'd by the blasts of ages, and in dread
Hang o'er the billow-lash'd, huge, granite blocks;
Soul feeds upon the grandeur round her spread.

* Twice a day, at low water, the visitor can pass to St. Michael's Mount dry-shod. Across this periodic isthmus the Phœnicians used to transport the tin obtained from the Britons, making the Mount a kind of depôt for this metal.

Yet here the lichen, creeping, loving, grows,
 And in the chinks the heath-flower waves its bell,
 The wandering bee her shrilly trumpet blows,
 Heard in the pauses of blue ocean's swell.

Loneness doth kiss her sister Quiet's brow;
 Amid the ferns the timid rabbit feeds,
 And on the iron cannon, rusting now,
 The linnet twitters, nor my footstep heeds.

I reach the craggy summit, seaward gazing;
 O bay of beauty! green encircling hills!
 O sun upon the crystal waters blazing,
 Each wave a cup that liquid emerald fills!

Capes stretch away into the outer deep,
 And one is lost in haze,* like memory dying
 And fading in the past; ships onward sweep,
 And some are idly at their anchors lying:

Lying on moving glass, where each white sail
 Is traced in shadow: hark! the organ's sound;†
 The sea-gull screams its treble, like a wail,
 While bells from distant towers are dying round.

Here once sweet Gordon mourn'd;‡ here Britain's Queen
 Stood on the rocks—a throne, a throne sublime!
 And Cornwall's Duke gazed raptured on the scene;
 Their names the Mount shall keep all future time.§

The waves beneath are ever rolling, beating,
 Their ceaseless voice a mournful monotone;
 Slow they advance, again in foam retreating;
 Great Ocean's heart, why dost thou ever moan?

St. Michael's Mount! who gazes from this height,
 On loveliness, sublimity, and peace,
 On Nature in a trance of full delight—
 Nature whose glories ne'er shall dim or cease—

Will feel an inward fire unfelt before—
 The glow of admiration, and will muse
 On Him who shaped far hills and winding shore,
 The sea, the sky, with all their varied hues.

Ay, he will think, our souls to exalt and please,
 God hath indulged choice dreams of beauty here,
 And stamp'd them on creation; scenes like these
 Reflect Heaven's love, and glorify our sphere.

* The Lizard Point.

† The chapel on the summit of the Mount contains a fine organ, and here, at one of the angles on the tower, is the famous *St. Michael's chair*, the old legend attached to the latter being, that whichever of a newly-married couple first sits in this chair, he or she will maintain the mastery over the other for life.

‡ Lady Catherine Gordon, wife of Perkin Warbeck, the pretender, was held prisoner for some time at St. Michael's Mount.

§ Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort visited the Mount in the autumn of 1846. A brass plate, the shape of the Queen's foot, has been inserted in one of the stones of the small pier where she landed. The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales took place in July, 1865.

ABOUT "PROGRESS BY ANTAGONISM" IN FRIENDSHIP
AND LOVE.

A CHAPTER ON ELECTIVE AFFINITIES.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

THE elder Humboldt, in one of those Letters to a lady-friend of which at least two translations have found a welcome in our land, referring to and accounting for her relaxing intimacy with a former "inseparable," makes the remark: "It must have been difficult for friendship to connect you two; for it ever demands unity of character in respect to the main points, and it is almost vain for persons so obviously different as you describe your friend and yourself to have been, to become, or at least to remain, very much attached."* On the face of it, this absolute judgment might seem open to contradiction by a thousand well-known examples, seemingly to the contrary; but a great deal depends upon what is really meant by unity of character; and something at least on anomalies and idiosyncrasies in individual character itself. We find Schleiermacher once and again, in correspondence with one of his lady friends, touching on the paradoxical intimacy he cherished, while living at Stolpe, with the younger Schlegel. "As to my not loving Friedrich Schlegel, do not allow Jette to persuade you that this is so. That she should believe it, is but natural. She knows that Friedrich's character and mine are utterly heterogeneous, and she does not think it possible that any one can love a nature quite unlike his own. . . . She knows that he is wanting in taste and feeling for much that I appreciate very highly, and she believes, therefore, that he is wanting in heart altogether, and that it is his intellect only that has attracted me, though I do not see this myself. But I am quite clear about my own feelings in this case. For his intellect alone I love no man,"† &c. Again, some months later, to the same, and about the same: "Jette, I know, raises objections on account of the great dissimilarity in our dispositions,"—and after enumerating a number of Schlegel's defects, "but these," he continues, "are only outward appearances, which are, indeed, very different from the outward expressions of my character; but it does not follow that the inward divergence between us is proportionately great. I admit, however, that the latter also is considerable; but great similarity of character is by no means necessary for friendship."‡ One is so often weary of one's self, remarks Madame de Staël, that a resemblance of that self would never tempt affection, which requires a harmony of sentiment, but a contrast of character; many sympathies, but not unvaried congeniality.§ Relations are very apt to hate each other just because they are too much alike, according to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes,—it being so frightful,

* Letters to a Lady, by the Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, Dec. 1, 1825.

† Schleiermacher's Letters, No. clx., To Eleanore G—, June 8, 1802.

‡ Ibid., No. clxxiii., Sept. 10, 1802.

§ Corinne, l. xvi. ch. i.

he considers, to be in an atmosphere of family idiosyncrasies—to see all the hereditary peculiarities intensified by concentration, so that every fault of our own finds itself multiplied by reflections, like our images in a saloon lined with mirrors. And that pleasantest of American physicians, philosophers, and poets, all in one, characteristically and quasi-professionally adds: "Nature knows what she is about. The centrifugal principle which grows out of the antipathy of like to like is only the repetition in character of the arrangement we see expressed materially in certain seed capsules, which burst and throw the seed to all points of the compass." A house, he explains, is a large pod with a human germ or two in each of its cells or chambers, which opens "by dehiscence of the front door by-and-by," and projects* one of its germs one way, and another another,—all to secure their emancipation from household identities, and afford them scope in opposite directions for the elective affinities of attraction by antagonism.

The author of a clever essay on Women's Friendships, finds at once a reason for the confessed fact that women are not good friends with women in their want of diversity of character—upon which very diversity it is that the very strongest friendships are built. The best friends, he goes on to say, are not mere reproductions of one another; they are rather each other's complement. They are united, he argues, not by an accidental identity of tastes, or powers, or pursuits, but by the assimilation, through the affections, of intellectual and moral differences. It is not so much, says the essayist, that the character of either is changed, as that the characters of both are enlarged; our friends are added to, and become a part of ourselves, and we in turn are added to, and become a part of our friends. "An absolute resemblance is fatal to such a union; it leaves no room for the process of mutual adaptation. To bind people together, there must be different though corresponding angles in their characters—recesses in which the salient points of each may find shelter, projections which may fit into and fill up the recesses. Without these they will be like pebbles in a wall, cemented by the force of interest, habit, or circumstance, but having no coherence of their own."†

One of Dr. Johnson's stately and sonorous *Ramblers* is devoted to an epistolary exemplification of connubial felicity—(the Doctor himself might have penned these polysyllables)—in one paragraph of which the complacent husband thus pictures his relation to his *placens uxor*. "Though our characters, beheld at a distance, exhibit this general resemblance, yet a nearer inspection discovers such a dissimilitude of our habitudes and sentiments, as leaves each some peculiar advantage, and affords that *concordia discors*, that suitable disagreement which is always necessary to intellectual harmony." There may, he observes, be a total diversity of ideas which admits no participation of the same delight, and there may likewise be such a conformity of notions, as leaves neither anything to add to the decisions of the other. "With such contrariety there can be no peace, with such similarity there can be no pleasure. Our reasonings

* See "Elsie Venner," ch. xi.

† "It is just this variety in which women are deficient. In all other respects they are of the stuff that friends are made of, and many of the qualifications for friendship they possess in a far higher degree than men."—*Saturday Review*, xviii. 176.

[the pattern penman's and his wife's], though often formed upon different views, terminate generally in the same conclusion. Our thoughts, like rivulets issuing from distant springs, are each impregnated in its course with various mixtures, and tinged by infusions unknown to the other, yet at last easily unite into one stream, and purify themselves by the gentle effervescence of contrary qualities."*

Adam Smith, in his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, discusses at large the question of diversities in taste and in feeling, on the part of a pair of friends. We can much more easily, he remarks, overlook in our friend the want of correspondence in taste as to a picture or a poem, or in opinion as to a system of philosophy, than the want of such correspondence in feeling as to a misfortune that has befallen us, or an injury that has been done to us. "Though you despise that picture, or that poem, or even that system of philosophy, which I admire, there is little danger of our quarrelling upon that account. Neither of us can reasonably be much interested about them. They ought all of them to be matters of great indifference to us both; so that though our opinions may be opposite, our affections may still be very nearly the same."† We often find Horace Walpole urging a reflection to this effect upon his reverend friend, Mr. Cole: "You and I differ radically in our principles, and yet in forty years they have never cast a gloom over our friendship."‡ Again, a month later: "I was sorry you said we had any variance. We have differed in sentiments, but not in friendship. Two men, however unlike in principles, may be perfect friends, when both are sincere in their opinions as we are."§ And once again, twelve months after: "I should be truly sorry if I did lose a scruple of your friendship. You have ever been as candid to me as Mr. Baker|| was to his antagonists, and our friendship is another proof that men of the most opposite principles can agree in everything else, and not quarrel about them."¶

According to La Bruyère, social pleasure between friend and friend is fostered by the co-existence of similarity of taste in matters moral, and of some discrepancy of opinion in matters scientific; and he gives the reason why. "*Le plaisir de la société entre les amis se cultive par une ressemblance de goût sur ce qui regarde les mœurs, et par quelque différence d'opinions sur les sciences: par là, ou l'on s'affermir dans ses sentiments, ou l'on s'exerce et l'on s'instruit par la dispute.*"** Swift was capital friends with Sir Arthur Acheson, to and about whom many of the Dean's sprightliest verses were written—especially note-worthy among them being the *Grand Question Debated*; whether Hamilton Bacon should be turned into a Barrack or Malt-House. But in a summary of rhymes with reasons for the Dean's not building on Drapier's Hill, occurs this objection to becoming the knight's next neighbour:

* The Rambler, No. clxvii., Oct. 22, 1751.

† Adam Smith, *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, part i., sect. i.

‡ Walpole to Rev. William Cole, Sept. 16, 1777.

§ Same to same, Oct. 19, 1777.

|| A propos of a Life of that gentleman, just finished by Horace, and forwarded by him for the inspection of his clerical correspondent.

¶ Walpole to Cole, Oct. 26, 1778.

** *Les Caractères de La Bruyère*, ch. v.

Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
 It forms a union in the mind :
 But here I differ from the knight
 In every point like black and white :
 For none can say that ever yet
 We both in one opinion met :
 Not in philosophy, or ale ;
 In state affairs, or planting kale ;
 In rhetoric, or picking straws ;
 In roasting larks, or making laws ;
 In public schemes, or catching flies ;
 In parliaments, or pudding-pies.*

For the amount of discord compatible with intimacy is a question of degree as well as kind ; and Swift's humorous exaggeration, if taken literally, would go far to show cause why intimacy between such a pair should be impracticable.

Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocos ;
 Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi,

says Horace.† It is likeness which makes the true love-knot of friendship, says Owen Feltham ; for, as he argues, when we find another of our own disposition, what is it but the same soul in a divided body ? " We are then mutually transposed into each other ; and nature, which makes us love ourselves, makes us for the same reason love those who are like us."‡ With a difference, however ; which psychologists like to study and account for.

It is remarked by Mrs. Schimmelpennineck, that he who selects his friend for possessing a reduplication of his own qualities, or of his own temperament, increases indeed the force of those qualities and temperaments in volume and in power, but does not add to his original resources by the introduction of any new element ; nor does he obtain the help necessary to obviate the evil or supply the defects of his own organisation : whereas he who chooses his friend, not indeed it may be on phrenological calculation, but by instinct of the heart and mind, and finds in him powers antagonistic to his own, will experimentally learn that such a friendship is affluent in resource, and efficacious in checks to evil.§ A great philosophical poet has a stanza to the purpose :

True friends though diversely inclined ;
 But heart with heart and mind with mind,
 Where the main fibres are entwined,
 Through Nature's skill,
 May even by contraries be joined
 More closely still.||

In reference to Miss Yonge's mediæval story, "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest," it has been remarked that such a character as Christina, whose most prominent attributes are gentleness and refinement, may at first sight appear little adapted to exercise the influence she is there re-

* Swift's Poems: The Dean's Reasons for Not Building at Drapier's Hill.

† Ep. xviii. l. 1.

‡ Feltham's Resolves: Of Assimilation.

§ Autobiography of M. A. Schimmelpennineck, vol. i. p. 257.

|| Wordsworth: At the Grave of Burns.

presented to have exercised over the rugged natures among whom she is placed—she the dove, in the nest of a bird of prey. But judicious criticism holds Miss Yonge to be right; there being in human nature a strange affinity for opposites, like the attraction of positives for negatives in electricity. "Natures like those of Eberhard and Ermentrude would be attracted to Christina by her very unlikeness to themselves; and, after the manner of untutored minds, . . . would probably invest her in fancy with higher qualities than she actually possessed." So again in sketching the characters of the two brothers, Christina's sons, Miss Yonge has availed herself anew of the affinity of unlikeness.*

Goethe's philosophical Captain discourses suggestively on the strikingly marked affinities of alkalis and acids: their being of opposite natures he takes to be, very likely, the secret of their effect on one another: they seek one another eagerly out, lay hold of each other, modify each other's character, and form in connexion an entirely new substance. There is lime, for instance, which shows the strongest inclination for all kinds of acids—a distinct desire of combining with them. And a companion speaker in the same tale of *Elective Affinities*† observes, that this is the way in which we see all really deep friendships arise among men; opposite peculiarities of disposition being what best makes internal union possible.

Pope comments on the very observable dissimilitude of manners between Achilles and Patroclus, in Homer's portraiture of the two friends: such friendships, he says, are not uncommon, and the reason he professes to have frequently assigned—that it is natural for men to seek the assistance of those qualities in others which they want themselves.‡ Rousseau tells us of a certain friend he made at Venice: "Je sentis que c'était l'ami qu'il me fallait. . . . Nos goûts n'étaient pas les mêmes; nous disputions toujours. Tous deux opiniâtres, nous n'étions jamais d'accord sur rien. Avec cela, nous ne pouvions nous quitter; et, tout en nous contrariant sans cesse, aucun des deux n'eût voulu que l'autre fût autrement."§ St. Clare and his brother, in the most popular of American novels, fast friends as they are, and twin brothers too, are represented as having been made by Nature opposites on every point: in physique, each a perfect contrast to the other; while as to habits and thoughts, "they were always abusing each other's opinions and practices; and yet never a whit the less absorbed in each other's society: in fact, the very contrariety seemed to unite them."|| In another work Mrs. Stowe introduces her description of the chumship between Edward Clayton and Frank Russel by the

* "Ebbo is proud, practical, and warlike, while Friedmund is of the poetical or poetico-religious temperament. Scarcely could two characters be more dissimilar, but it is skilfully contrived that the strength of each is the proper supplement of the weakness of the other."—*Sat. Review*, xxi. 633.

† The distinction in temperament of the two brothers, as defined above, may remind the reader of the parallel instance, in Scott's "Monastery," of Halbert and Edward Glendinning.

‡ Wahlverwandschaften, c. iv.

§ "That is still better if applied to Providence, which associates men of different and contrary qualities, in order to make a more perfect system."—Pope's annotations on book xvii. of his translation of the *Iliad*.

§ Les Confessions, 2^{me} partie, livre vii.

|| Uncle Tom's Cabin, ch. xxiii.

remark, that whereas it is supposed by many that friendship is best founded upon similarity of character, observation teaches that it is more commonly a union of opposites, in which each party is attracted by something wanting in himself.* Tickler's incidental *obiter dictum* in the *Noctes*, when the Shepherd is dilating on his dogs and their affinities, that he "thought there had been no friendship among dogs," instantly brings down upon him the Shepherd's assurance, "Then you thoct wrang—for they aften loe ane anither like brithers, especially when they are no like ane anither, being indeed in that respect just like us men; for nae twa human beings are mair unlike ither, physically, morally, and intellectually, than you and me, Mr. Tickler, and yet dinna we loe ane anither like brithers?" To which affectionate appeal, of course long Timothy cordially responds with a ready "We do, we do, my dearest Shepherd."†—Miss Cornelia Knight, in her account of the close attachment between Père Jacquier (who in his youth had intrigued with Cardinal Alberoni, and lived with Voltaire and Mme. du Châtelet) and so differently constituted a being as Père le Sueur,‡ tells us they agreed so perfectly because they had the same general views and the same goodness of principle, with diametrically opposite dispositions. "Le Sueur had all the judgment, patience, and exactness necessary for the great work they had in hand, and Jacquier all the genius, fire, and penetration. In their social intercourse, this opposition of qualities kept them from interfering with each other's way of life, and the loss of such a friend as Le Sueur was never repaired to the survivor."§ Mr. Lockhart's delightful record of the loving companionship between Sir Walter Scott and William Erskine, includes the remark that their case was no contradiction to the old saying, that the most attached comrades are often very unlike each other in character and temperament.|| Sir Thomas Fowell (then Mr.) Buxton, writing home from London in 1823, reports progress: "You cannot think how affectionate Wilberforce was when I called on him yesterday. I think it odd that we should suit so well, having hardly one quality in common."¶ But then they had intensely in common the one absorbing resolve to agitate for negro emancipation.

Lord Cockburn says of Jeffrey and his fast friend for life, Robert Morehead, the simple, humble, pious, benevolent Rector of Easingham, that no two creatures of the same species could be more unlike; but in mutual regard they were entirely one.**—A judicious French critic observes of Alfieri and Ugo Foscolo, that the resemblances of their respective characters were too pronounced for the two men ever to become intimate: "Ce n'est pas la similitude des esprits et des âmes, c'est leur

* Dred, ch. ii.

† *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, vol. iv. p. 95.

‡ Both reverend fathers are, or once upon a time (hélas!) were, known in England, as the best of contemporary commentators on Newton.

§ *Journals*, &c., of Miss Cornelia Knight, vol. ii. p. 241.

|| And as regards Scott and Erskine, "the mere physical contrast was as strong as well could be"—a point worth notice, inasmuch as Erskine is said to have been the only man in whose society Scott took great pleasure, during the more vigorous part of his life, that had neither constitution nor inclination for any of the rough bodily exercises in which he delighted.—*Life of Scott*, ch. liv.

¶ *Life of Buxton*, ch. viii.

** *Life of Lord Jeffrey*, i. 60.

contraste qui fait naître et perpétue l'amitié."* Richardson's Miss Howe attributes her cordial intimacy with Clarissa, in a main degree, to their radical differences in character.

Professor H. Reed, in his observations on the intimacy between Falstaff and Prince Hal, adverts to the common impression that the sympathy of friendship, or even of companionship, is proof of similarity of character: that men become friends and companions only because they are alike; and that no friendship can be permanent unless it be founded upon strong and complete resemblance of character and disposition. That there must be some kind of congeniality, he admits as undoubtedly true, but contends that, with certain resemblances of mind and feeling, there may be a dissimilarity, which, so far from being a hindrance to the strength of friendship, will engender a more real and abiding affection, because the two parties are not minutely and identically alike. The reason for this congenial influence of a certain unlikeness in character, the Professor takes to be perhaps simply this, that one party, wanting some quality of mind or feeling, and conscious of that want, has it supplied by the differently constituted character of the friend or companion. And he illustrates his position by citing the friendship of Hamlet with Horatio, who "resemble each other in the excellent moral purity and manliness of their character," but are utterly unlike in many points of intellectual constitution and habits of feeling. "Hamlet is full of philosophy, of poetry; meditative, sensitive to the highest degree,—the equipoise of his nature disturbed by what befalls him; on the other hand, Horatio has not a particle of the poetical† or philosophical constitution or temperament; he is one of the most matter-of-fact persons conceivable, with strong and genuine feelings, but with those feelings imperturbably adjusted and balanced; and it is exactly in this particular that he is the appropriate friend of Hamlet, as Hamlet himself feels,"—taking Horatio for his chosen friend, because he finds in his sober-minded, judicious character something that makes up for his own infirmity of over-sensitiveness. So argues Professor Reed in his Lectures on English History;‡ and in the after series on Tragic Poetry he resumes the argument, and expands the illustration: "The friendship of Hamlet and Horatio is one of those—such as may be observed in actual life—founded not only upon sympathies, but upon harmonious contrasts of character—the qualities of one party happily felt as supplying something wanting in the other." The Prince, conscious of his own disposition—imaginatively apprehensive, deeply meditative, overwrought with speculation and poetry—"feels that he has a better friend, a safer counsellor,"§ in a confidant of Horatio's "more of an antique Roman's" make.

A strict similarity of character, Mr. Carlyle argues, is not necessary, or perhaps very favourable, to friendship. To render it complete, he says, each party must no doubt be competent to understand the other, and both be possessed of dispositions kindred in their great lineaments; but the pleasure of comparing our ideas and emotions is heightened, when

* Philarète Chasles, *Portraits Contemporains*.

† Query,—not a particle of the poetical in the man who speaks as Horatio speaks in the very first scene of the first act of *Hamlet*?

‡ Reign of Henry the Fifth. (Lect. vii.)

§ Lectures on Tragic Poetry, iii.

there is "likeness in unlikeness." "The same sentiments, different opinions," Rousseau conceives to be the best material of friendship: reciprocity of kind words and actions is more effectual than all. Luther, it is added, "loved Melancthon; Johnson was not more the friend of Edmund Burke than of poor old Dr. Levitt."* And as Luther and Melancthon, among the foremost Reformers, were mutually attracted, so of the minor brethren were Ecolampadius and Farel—of whom D'Aubigné says that seldom have two men come together of more opposite character: one all gentleness, the other all impetuosity; yet from the first moment these twain felt themselves bound together for ever.† Gibbon professes to have often wondered how two men, so opposite in their tempers and pursuits as Lord Sheffield and himself, "should have imbibed so long and lively a propensity for each other."‡ But why should he? The paradox has so long been almost accepted for a truism. —John Howard's biographer tells us of the intimacy, from boyhood, between that philanthropist and Price, that, as schoolfellows, they were utterly unlike, both in appearance and character: Howard being slow, sickly, rich; Price quick, robust, poor; Howard a silent, diffident, unnoticed boy,—Price the loud, self-sufficing, domineering king of the school. "Yet these two youths, so widely separated in other things, were drawn together by the common bond of strong character,"§ and through all the storm and trial of a long public life, remained staunch in their attachment. Strong character on the one side, and weak on the other, is perhaps quite as often, or oftener, a predisposing cause or favourable condition for the formation of such friendships. Mr. Dickens shrewdly observes of the intimacy that sprang up between Martin Chuzzlewit and Tom Pinch, that, such as it was, this friendship had within it more likely materials of endurance than many a sworn brotherhood that has been rich in promise; for so long as the one party found a pleasure in patronising, and the other in being patronised (which was in the very essence of their respective characters), it was of all possible events among the least probable, that the twin demons, Envy and Pride, would ever arise between them. "So in very many cases of friendship, or what passes for it, the old axiom is reversed, and like clings to unlike more than to like."|| A dead-and-gone writer of Mr. Dickens's school, when he makes fast friends of Howker and young Marston Lynch, than whom "two characters more dissimilar could scarcely be imagined,"—refers to the "good deal" that has been written about the "likings of the unlike"—the fact that clever people should attach themselves to inferior natures having been considered a phenomenon worthy of various explanatory theories. "The glorious democratic principle of the affections is generally here lost sight of. Why do wise and great men love children—or dogs?"¶ Lord Lytton, again, makes Duke William (the Conqueror) genuinely affectionate, almost to admiration, towards King Edward (the Confessor), saying: "It is ever the case with stern and

* Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, part ii.

† *History of the Reformation*, b. xii. ch. x.

‡ Gibbon to Lord Sheffield, August, 1789.

§ Dixon's *Life of Howard*, ch. i.

|| *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ch. vii.

¶ *Marston Lynch*, ch. iv.

stormy spirits, that the meek ones which contrast with them steal strangely into their affections."*

Dr. John Brown, in his record of the cordial attachment that bound together his venerable father of the same name, and style (only that Doctor John, senior, was of divinity,—the younger, of medicine), and Mr. Robert Johnstone of Biggar,—argues that the very difference of their mental tempers and complexions drew them together—the one impatient, nervous, earnest, instant, swift, vehement, regardless of exertion, bent on his goal, like a thorough-bred racer, pressing to the mark; the other leisurely to slowness and provokingness. If in a certain sense we may know a man by his friends, it is, according to Dr. John Brown, that a man chooses his friends from harmony, not from sameness, just as we would rather sing in parts than all sing the air. "One man fits into the mind of another not by meeting his points, but by dovetailing; each finds in the other what he in a double sense wants."†

And as in friendship, so in love. Horace may say

Sic visum Vencri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga aenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.‡

But the freak of the goddess is not too hastily to be set down as systematically cruel or savage. True that, as Portia words it,

—In companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit,§

of a certain kind and to a certain extent. But many a less observant man than Chamfort has observed within his circle of experience, the same general result noted down by Chamfort in his studies of character: "M. et Madame d'Angeviller, M. et Madame Necker paraissent deux couples uniques, chacun dans son genre. On croirait que chacun d'eux convenait à l'autre exclusivement, et que l'amour ne peut aller plus loin. Je les ai étudiés, et j'ai trouvé qu'ils se tenaient très-peu par le cœur; et que, quant au caractère, ils ne se tenaient que par des contrastes."|| Bishop Burgess, when he was yet plain Mister, used to meet Dr. Paley sometimes at Auckland Castle, and amusedly admired the Dean's frank candour and dry simplicity as contrasted with the "obsequious complaisance" of other of Bishop Barrington's guests. One day Mrs. Barrington was expatiating with eloquence upon the happiness of a certain wedded pair, whose days, she said, passed in unbroken harmony, so entirely did they think alike on all subjects. "How delightful!" "How enviable!" were the notes of admiration freely accorded by the listeners in general; but Paley held his peace. Chafed at length by his reserve,

* This principle of human nature can alone, Lord Lytton contends, account for the enthusiastic devotion which the mild sufferings of the Saviour awoke in the fiercest exterminators of the North.—Harold, ch. i.

† Horæ Subsecivæ: Letter to John Cairns, D.D., *passim*.

‡ Carmin., lib. i. 33.

§ The Merchant of Venice, Act II. Sc. 4.

|| Chamfort, Caractères et Portraits.

the hostess appealed to him by name: "But, Dr. Paley, what do you say to it?" "Mighty flat, Madam,"* was the Doctor's pithy response. For even in the close and life-long relation of man and wife, Professor Reed holds it reasonable to believe that some, he will not say positive "differences" of character, but varieties of disposition, do effectually strengthen the affection due to that vow, which, in Spenser's fine phrase, "would endless matrimony make."† Clayton the younger, in Mrs. Stowe's tale of the Dismal Swamp, professes himself not to want a wife who will be a mere mirror of his opinions and sentiments; he would rather not have an innocent sheet of blotting-paper, as he expresses it, meekly sucking up all he says, and giving just a fainter impression of his ideas. He wants a wife for an alternative—believing that all the vivacities of life lie in differences. But surely, his sister objects, one wants one's friends to be congenial? "So we do," he assents; "and there is nothing in the world so congenial as differences. To be sure, the differences must be harmonious. In music, now, for instance, one doesn't want a repetition of the same notes, but different notes that chord [*sic*]. Nay, even discords are indispensable to complete harmony."‡ In Madame de Staël's description of the strange and powerful sympathy that exists between Oswald and Corinne, we read: "Their tastes were not the same; their opinions rarely accorded; yet in the centre of each soul dwelt kindred mysteries, drawn from one source;"§ and hence their mutual attraction. To apply a stanza of Mr. Coventry Patmore's:

Like and like chime, same and same jar;
If she to womanhood is true,
To manhood he, their feelings are
In difference match'd, like red and blue.||

M. Dumas, in accounting for the sudden passion felt by Lewis the Fourteenth for Madame—after sneeringly supposing that physiology would explain it by some hackneyed common-place reasons—is satisfied with remarking, that Madame had the most beautiful black eyes in the world, while Lewis's eyes, as beautiful, were blue; and that while she was laughter-loving and unreserved in her manners, he was melancholy and diffident. "Summoned to meet each other, for the first time, upon the grounds of interest and common curiosity, these two opposite natures were naturally influenced by the contact of their reciprocal contradictions of character."¶ Having described my Lady Gorgon as looking the mother of a regiment of grenadier guards—resembling in person one of her father, the brewer's heavy, healthy, broad-flanked, Roman-nosed, white dray-horses—Mr. Thackeray counts it "needless to say, after entering so largely into a description of Lady Gorgon, that her husband was a little, shrivelled, weazen-faced creature, eight inches shorter than her ladyship. This is the way of the world, as every single reader of this book must have remarked; for frolic love delights to join giants and pigmies of different sexes in the bonds of matrimony."** In another of

* Harford's *Life of Bishop Burgess*, ch. xv.

† *English History as illustrated by Shakspeare*, lect. vii.

‡ *Dred*, ch. iii.

§ *Corinne*, l. xv. ch. i.

|| *The Angel in the House*, Epilogue to book i.

¶ *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*, ch. cix.

** *The Bedford-row Conspiracy*, ch. i.

his works, Mr. Thackeray assures us that if his gentle Miss Hetty had had anything of the virago in her composition, she would no doubt have taken a fancy to a soft young fellow with a literary turn, or a genius for playing the flute, according to the laws of contrast and nature provided in those cases. "And who has not heard," he asks, "how great, strong men have an affinity for frail, tender little women; how tender little women are attracted by great, honest, strong men; and how your burly heroes and champions of war are constantly henpecked?"* Mr. Tennyson, in one of his early idyls, which tells how poet and Eustace from the city went to see the Gardener's Daughter, has this passage to the point:

My Eustace might have sat for Hercules;
So muscular he spread, so broad of breast.
He, by some law that holds in love, and draws
The greater to the lesser, long desired
A certain miracle of symmetry,
A miniature of loveliness, all grace
Summ'd up and closed in little.†

So in one of Mr. Procter's dramatic dialogues:

Ferd. I thought thou lov'dst a rose-cheek'd girl, and merry;
A laughter of sixteen summers; such there are:
But *she* is paler than a primrose morning,
When Winter weds with Spring!

Giul. 'Tis all the better.

It is my nature to abhor in others
That lightness which doth please me in myself.
I love not mine own parallel. The old giants,
Who stood as tall as trees, lov'd little women,
Or there's no truth in fable. Thus do I:
I love a sober face, a modest eye,
A step demure, a mien as grave as virtue.‡

So, again, in the most popular of Sheridan Knowles's dramas, where Sir Thomas Clifford indulges in this flight of blank versification:

In joining contrasts lieth love's delight.
Complexion, stature, nature, mateth it
Not with their kinds, but with their opposites.
Hence hands of snow in palms of russet lie;
The form of Hercules affects the sylph's;
And breasts that case the lion's fear-proof heart
Find their meet lodge in arms where tremors dwell.§

Of Mrs. Lynn Linton's recent Cumbrian story|| a discerning critic observed, that no one who did not believe in the theory of loving by contraries would suppose that so gusty and morbid a being as the heroine could see anything to admire in a clear-voiced young rector, with his clerical costume, smooth tranquil face, and notions of duty.

Miriam remonstrates with Donatello, in Mr. Hawthorne's Romance of Monte Beni, "Why should you love me, foolish boy? We have no points of sympathy at all. There are not two creatures more unlike, in this wide world, than you and I." "You are yourself, and I am Donatello," he replies. "Therefore I love you. There needs no other reason." And certainly, remarks the author, there was no better or more

* The Virginians, ch. lxii.

† The Gardener's Daughter.

‡ Dramatic Fragments, by Barry Cornwall, No. 137.

§ The Hunchback, Act I. Sc. 3.

|| Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg.

explicable. For although it might have been imagined that Donatello's unsophisticated heart would be more readily attracted to a feminine nature of clear simplicity like his own, than to one already turbid with grief or wrong, as Miriam's seemed to be,—“perhaps, on the other hand, his character needed the dark element, which it found in her.”* There is subsequently a conversation between Hilda and Kenyon, touching the possibility of their friend Miriam being won by poor half-witted Donatello. “Is there the slightest chance of his winning Miriam's affections?” suggests the sculptor. And Hilda repudiates the notion with scorn. “Miriam! she, so accomplished and gifted! and he, a rude, uncultivated boy! No, no, no!” But Kenyon is not so positively negative as all that, and reminds Hilda that people of high intellectual endowments do not require similar ones in those they love.† And towards the close of the story, the remark is made of Hilda's own affection for the sculptor, that in him she found both congeniality and variety of taste, and likenesses and differences of character; these being as essential as those to any poignancy of mutual emotion.‡ One may apply what Eliante, in Molière, says of a certain couple :

Cela fait assez voir que l'amour, dans les cœurs,
N'est pas toujours produit par un rapport d'humeurs;
Et toutes ces raisons de douces sympathies
Dans cet exemple-ci se trouvent démenties.§

Black men, Richardson's tedious-sprightly Lady G. has heard remarked, like fair women; fair men, black women; and tempers, she tells the Hon. Miss Byron, suit best with contraries. Were we all, she says, to like the same person equally, we should be for ever engaged in broils; adverting to her own instance, my lady observes, “So, my lord, being a soft man, fell in love, if it please you, with a saucy woman,”|| which her ladyship certainly and rather ostentatiously is,—*tant pis pour mylord*. Mr. Banim assigns as one cause of Andy Awling's subjugation by Bridget Heart—in one of the O'Hara Family Tales—that she was Andy's negative—he being as tall and lean as she was short and stout¶—and the two presenting in juxtaposition the most salient possible of contrasts in every feature as well as in entire form. Theodore Hook assumes it to be the pride of a little man to have a large wife, and the taste of a tall man to possess a short one; a fair woman, he says, admires a dark Lothario, while a bright-eyed brunette delights in “blazing away upon a fair Romeo.” A learned man, he goes on to say, eschews a blue partner; he relaxes into ease in the company of his ordinarily-educated better-half, and reposes from his graver studies in the agreeable common-places of an intelligent but not erudite associate; while the learned lady prefers the plodding spouse, and never desires that he should meddle with her arts and sciences.** In another work,†† Mr. Hook repeats the discourse almost word for word, on the theme of love being made up of contraries.

Miss Austen makes Fanny Price deprecate, to Sir Thomas Bertram, the notion of an alliance between Crawford and her: “We are so totally unlike; so very, very different in all our inclinations and ways, that I

* Transformation, ch. ix.

† Ibid., ch. xii.

‡ Ibid., ch. xli.

§ Le Misanthrope, Acte IV. Sc. 1.

|| History of Sir Charles Grandison, vol. v. letter xxxviii.

¶ Crohoore of the Bill-hook, ch. xii.

** Jack Brag, ch. i.

†† Sayings and Doings, Second Series: Doubts and Fears, ch. ii.

consider it as quite impossible we should ever be tolerably happy together, even if I *could* like him. There never were two people more dissimilar. We have not one taste in common. We should be miserable." To which Sir Thomas replies that she is mistaken; that the dissimilarity is not so strong; and that what of it does exist, does not in the smallest degree make against the probability of their happiness together. "I am myself convinced," exclaims the old gentleman, "that it is rather a favourable circumstance. I am perfectly persuaded that the tempers had better be unlike; I mean unlike in the flow of the spirits, in the manners, in the inclination for much or little company, in the propensity to talk or to be silent, to be grave or to be gay." Some opposition here is, Sir Thomas is thoroughly convinced, friendly to matrimonial happiness. He excludes extremes, as a matter of course; and a close resemblance in all those points would be the likeliest way, in his opinion, to produce an extreme. In short, and in his stately way, he pronounces a counteraction, gentle and continual, to be the best safeguard of manners and conduct.* There is a well-matched pair in one of Mr. Haunay's fictions, of whom we read that the maiden, though like the man in important and essential respects, had yet more sentiment, more devotion, and far more poetry; and though it is not true, remarks this author, that people love each other *because* they are opposite, it is true that the strongest affections are between those who, being like in essentials, are different in many other things. "A white rose and a red rose twine more prettily together than two similar roses, and, likewise, than two quite distinct flowers." In a subsequent chapter of the same work we have a third person recommending this particular damsel to this particular swain; because one should marry a person whose nature is a kind of complement of one's own, and yet one like us at heart.†

Scott's Mordaunt Mertoun is confessedly mistaken in supposing that Cleveland was likely to be disagreeable to Minna Troil, on account of the opposition of their characters in so many material particulars. Had his knowledge of the world been a little more extensive, he might have observed, says Sir Walter, that as unions are often formed between couples differing in complexion and stature, they take place still more frequently between persons totally differing in feelings, in tastes, in pursuits, and in understanding; "and it would not be saying, perhaps, too much, to aver, that two-thirds of the marriages around us have been contracted betwixt persons, who, judging *à priori*, we should have thought had scarce any charms for each other."‡ Elena della Torre, in Mr. Henry Taylor's dramatic poem, thus instructs her attendant:

But mark you this, Cecile: your grave and wise
And melancholy men, if they have souls,
As commonly they have, susceptible
Of all impressions, lavish most their love
Upon the blithe and sportive, and on such
As yield their want and chase their sad excess
With jocund salutations, nimble talk,
And buoyant bearing.§

* Mansfield Park, ch. xxxiv.

† Eustace Conyers, ch. xxix., cf. ch. xxx.

‡ The Pirate, ch. xiii.

§ Philip van Artevelde, Second Part, Act V. Sc. 1.

WANDERINGS THROUGH ITALY IN SEARCH OF ITS ANCIENT
REMAINS.

BY CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D.

XV.

WHATEVER may be the vices of the Italians, I think you will allow that they are not deficient in hospitality and kindness to strangers. I should be inclined to say that their virtues were their own, and that the defects of their character were mainly caused by their system of government. Everything is done to repress their energies and to keep their minds in an obscure twilight, not altogether forbidding the cultivation of their intellect, but preventing, as far as possible, all benefit to be derived from mental pursuits. The clergy and the lawyers are the two classes that monopolise whatever learning is possessed by the nation. The interests of the former are intimately bound up with the maintenance of the power of the present royal family, and of course the distribution of patronage must secure the allegiance of a considerable portion of the latter. Still it was found, in the late attempts to establish a more liberal form of government, that the lawyers were by no means unwilling to have a wider arena for the display of their talents, and many of them were able members of the House of Deputies. On the other hand, the clergy were, with few exceptions, opposed to change, dreading lest the remnant of their property left by the French should be confiscated. I can perceive, by the tone of conversation held by the various classes, that the clergy have lost the respect of the educated part of the community, and that whatever calamities befall them will not be regretted. While I was at Naples, I made myself acquainted with the university course of study, and in that course nothing was left out that could be desired. Theology, jurisprudence, moral philosophy, literature, medicine, natural philosophy, and mathematics, were all on the programme; all these chairs were worthily represented; but when I began to inquire when and where the lectures were delivered, I saw that my inquiry was considered an impertinence, and that most of the programme was a mere myth. Jurisprudence and its concomitant subjects might lead the youth of Naples to debate on the various forms of political government, and what might not result from such a discussion? Yet Greek and Latin occupied a large portion of time, and some were malicious enough to maintain that this was done not without due calculation. In devoting so much time to the study of the classical languages, it was thought that they would serve as a sort of bugbear to frighten the youth from entering upon a course of study which was so indefinitely prolonged.

I left Nocera at an early hour this morning with my friendly host, and proceeded down the banks of the Savuto, passing groves of mulberries, which were growing in great abundance. Nocera had at one time been the seat of a considerable manufacture of silk; like everything else in the kingdom, it had dwindled to nothing. The ruins of the ancient city Terina are found about three miles from Nocera, close to the sea, at a

spot called Torre del Piano. It had been placed at the extreme point of a hill, which has the appearance of having been levelled by artificial means; little, however, remains of the ancient city, except a few bricks scattered here and there, and the foundations of some buildings. The aqueduct, which had conveyed water to it from the Savuto, is still seen in some parts in tolerable preservation. This city must have been of considerable importance, as it gave name to the gulf on which it stood; which fact we learn from Thucydides (vi. 104), who tells us that Gylippus the Lacedæmonian, B.C. 413, was driven into it by adverse winds from the coast of Sicily. Strabo (vi. 255) informs us that it was destroyed by Hannibal when he found that he could no longer retain it; and it probably never recovered from this blow, though it is mentioned by Pliny and Ptolemy.

I met several shepherds at breakfast on excellent curds, and I was not sorry to partake of their hospitality. I bought a few coins and terracotta figures that had been found in this vicinity. The variety and beauty of the silver coins of Terina prove the importance of the town, and belong, for the most part, to the best period of Greek art. There is usually a winged female figure on the reverse, which is probably intended for the Siren Ligeia, who is reported to have been buried on a rocky islet, which was pointed out to me, and is known as Pietra della Nave. The Rivale, a rivulet which flows into the sea opposite, is thought to be the Ares of Lycophron (v. 730). I parted from my host amidst the ruins of Terina, and proceeded with a guide on my way to Nicastro. Our direct road would have been across the mountains and through the country which I had avoided yesterday; the longer and safer course was preferable. The ridge of the Apennines runs along about a mile from the shore, rising to no considerable height, and wooded to the summit. After walking a few miles, I was surprised to come upon a house whose neat and comfortable look was a striking contrast to the uninhabited appearance of the coast around. With us it would have been an unpardonable rudeness to have intruded on a gentleman to whom you had no introduction; strangers, however, are so seldom seen on this remote coast, that I did not doubt of a favourable reception. On approaching the house, which was surrounded by many of those plants which only grow with us under protection, I was met by two young ladies, whose manners at once showed that they had been accustomed to what the world calls good society. You may imagine how much surprised they were at my appearance, and still more so when I addressed them in French, and inquired for their father. They invited me into the house, and their father, Don Michele Procida, soon afterwards came forward, and, on entering into conversation with them, I found that they had resided a considerable time in France. He has a large property here, which he visits occasionally with his family, spending the greater part of his time at Naples. They had never heard of any one travelling through Calabria in the unprotected state in which I have been proceeding, and they could scarcely imagine it possible that I could have escaped. The old gentleman pressed me to pass the remainder of the day with him, and the young ladies joined their entreaties with such hearty good will, that, I do assure you, it required all my natural stoicism to keep to my original intentions. I feel, however, the heat increasing every day, and I

am anxious to get my face turned towards the north. With unfeigned regret, therefore, I bade them farewell, and proceeded on my course along the coast. No words can describe to you its desolate appearance, and the reflexion of the sun's rays from the heated sand gave me some idea of the difficulties of travelling in the deserts of Africa. For a distance of upwards of ten miles we passed only a single house, and here we were able to procure a flask of miserable wine. It was a large and gloomy building, strongly barricaded, in which I should have been sorry to pass the night, and as we entered its massive gateway I was surprised to find it occupied by a party of men deeply engaged in conversation. They started up hastily, and waited in silence to hear an explanation of my intrusion. Their glances towards me were fierce and forbidding, and, had I known that the house was honoured with such company, I should have been willing to endure my thirst a little longer. My guide had told me that the landlord sold wine, and I accordingly called for some, which I drank without sitting down, and at once proceeded on my journey. My guide said they were "*genti del coltello*," "*genti cattive*"—in other words, cut-throats or brigands—and I confess that I threw behind me many a fearful glance as I hurried along; but I saw no more of them. I believe that they were a good specimen of the Calabrese peasant; they were of the middle size, well proportioned, and very muscular. Their complexion was swarthy, their features strongly marked, and their eyes full of fire and expression. They were fully armed, and might easily have made me their prey. After a few more miles the ridge of the Apennines ended abruptly, and an extensive plain stretched before me. The isthmus, which separates the two seas here, is narrow, being not much more than thirty miles, and it is said that Dionysius the elder proposed to erect a fortification across to defend the southern part of Italy from the wild Bruttians; the Greek cities, however, were unwilling that this should be done, and Dionysius was obliged to abandon his proposed plan.

We now left the coast, and proceeded into the interior, reaching the small village of S. Biagio, which is celebrated for its sulphureous waters, considered a cure for many diseases. Here I wished to dine, but there was no *locanda*. The shopkeeper, however, of the village undertook to furnish me with dinner, and I tried to get some rest by stretching myself on a hard bench. Meanwhile the inhabitants collected round the door, and jostled each other to get a peep at me. To think of sleep was useless, unless I could eject a large body of the inhabitants, who showed much anxiety to question me on many points respecting England. The Thames Tunnel they had heard of, and that seemed to give them a higher idea of the power and riches of England than any fact in her history with which they were acquainted. One classical gentleman exclaimed that it surpassed any work which their Roman ancestors had executed, and that nothing which the Greeks had done could be at all compared with it, ranking, he said, with the Pyramids of Egypt.

The hills round Nicasastro, from which I found that I was distant only two miles, are covered with immense groves of olive-trees, and the balsamic odours which were exhaled from the orange and lemon trees in this neighbourhood, might have led me to believe that I had come upon "*Araby the blest*." The olives rise to the height of forest-trees, but the

oil is of a bad flavour, and used only in manufactories. The income of the proprietors is mostly derived from this source, and would be large if they could find an outlet for their produce. As it is, they complain of great difficulty in meeting the demands of government. At the present moment the circulating medium has been almost entirely abstracted by the Austrian soldiers, who have been in the occupation of the country for the last few years. The Austrian soldiers are kept under strict discipline, and are in general a prudent, saving race of men. They have not expended in the Neapolitan territory a single farthing they could avoid, carrying off the greater part of their pay in silver to their own country. This immense drain of silver has reduced the provinces to the primitive operation of barter, and rendered the payment of taxes nearly impossible. In Apulia, I hear that the proprietors have been allowed to put under the care of officers appointed by government a certain quantity of grain, which is to be sold when a market can be found, and the proceeds will be considered as deducting in part from the sum at which they are rated. As long, however, as the grain remains unsold, the proprietors are considered liable to be called on for all arrears. It is said that they have proceeded in some instances to confiscate the furniture and even the agricultural implements of the poorer classes, but such a proceeding is more likely to have originated in the officious zeal of some of the magistrates than from orders issued by government. The poverty of the people is extreme, and the lower classes are kept often by the distribution of the superfluous produce among them.

I dismissed my guide at S. Biagio, and proceeded forward to Nicastro, which I found to be situated in the post-road, which I had left three days ago at Carpenzano. Observing the sign of La Gran Bretagna, I thought that I could not do less than honour it with my company, and I found it really a very respectable inn. Nicastro is a large, well-built town, highly romantic in its appearance, from the woody hills with which it is surrounded, and the lofty towers of an old castle that commands it. This is the castle in which Henry, eldest son of the Emperor Frederick II., was confined for having embraced the Guelph party against his father. Nothing could be more beautiful than the valley through which I passed after leaving S. Biagio. The ground was strewed with flowers, and hedges of laurels, myrtles, and pomegranates, made it a very paradise. The foliage gave an agreeable shade, and afforded shelter to thousands of singing-birds. In the evening I ascended the hill above the town, from which there is a most charming view—a vast horizon bounded by the sea and illumined by the setting sun, whose rays tinged the bay of St. Euphemia. The Sinus Terinæus, which I have already mentioned, was a picture of the most enchanting description, and I regretted when the shades of evening forced me to retire. I was surprised to find a small stream, Terravecchia, passing through a portion of the city, and this during winter becoming a mountain torrent, has frequently committed great depredations, carrying off the houses and even the inhabitants. It is a proof of their apathy that no means should be used to get rid of this nuisance. The inhabitants told me that the years 1662 and 1783 were marked in their calendar with a black mark on account of these inundations; in the latter year more than one hundred of the inhabitants lost their lives, and in the same year they suffered from an

earthquake. Wherever we find a river in this country, we are sure to discover that it is a source of danger and not of profit; it desolates the lands through which it passes, leaving in its course a noxious deposit of mud, which spreads the seeds of disease over a wide district. Whoever can afford it, fly the low ground and take refuge in the mountains, where they find a pure and more temperate atmosphere.

This morning I left Nicastro at daybreak, and passed through the plains, famed for a battle, 4th July, 1806, between the English troops under Sir John Stuart and the French under General Regnier. Our arms were attended with success; the French losing two thousand men, and the English only three or four hundred. The expedition, however, was ill judged, and after the loss of a considerable number of men by the noxious heats of summer, we re-embarked and retired to Sicily. The plain extends for upwards of twenty miles, is low and marshy, being traversed by the river Lamato, the ancient Lametes, which overflows its banks in the winter season. I had hired a mule this morning to convey me to Maida, though it was no great distance, as I was told that I should find some difficulty in fording the river. Except in the immediate vicinity of Nicastro the country was uncultivated, serving, however, for pasture to large herds of buffaloes and wild horses. The few peasants whom we passed had a sickly appearance, and showed evident marks of being subject to the pestilential effluvia of the marshes. As we crossed the Lamato, which was of considerable size, we met a party of gendarmes in attendance on one of the magistrates, and though they looked suspiciously they allowed me to pass unquestioned. Maida, situated on a hill overlooking the plain, contains about three thousand inhabitants, and though it would require little to unite the village by a good road to the main trunk which penetrates the country, I found that no attempt had been made to do so, and I had to climb by a narrow and rugged path, which could only be safely passed by the sure-footed mules of Calabria. Being situated almost equidistant from two seas, and in that part of Calabria which is least mountainous, it enjoys a free current of air that renders a sojourn here delightful at this season of the year. I reached Maida at an early hour, and as I had a letter of introduction to the judge of the district, I waited on him, and was received with great kindness.

Having explained the objects I had in view, I expressed myself desirous of conversing with any of the inhabitants, whom he might consider likely to give me information respecting the peculiar customs or antiquities of Maida. He kindly promised to attend to my request, and a short time afterwards begged me to follow him, when you may imagine my surprise at being ushered into a kind of court-house, where he had assembled all the respectable inhabitants of the village to meet me. The judge introduced me to them, when I rose, and, addressing them in the best Italian I could muster, expressed myself delighted to make their acquaintance, stating how much pleasure I had received from my solitary tour through this remote but beautiful part of Italy, and how much gratitude I felt for the hospitality and genuine kindness I had uniformly met from all classes, both rich and poor. One of them rose and said that he was expressing the sentiments of his friends around him, when he intimated his surprise that I should undergo all this danger and

fatigue for what they considered such a very inadequate object. To that I said that I would answer in the very beautiful language of one of the noblest poets in the world, their own Horace, and whose poems many of them, no doubt, knew by heart (Ep. i. ii. 16):

Rursus, quid virtus et quid sapientia possit,
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulixen ;
Qui domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes
Et mores hominum inspexit, latumque per æquor,
Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
Pertulit, adversis rerum immersabilis undis.

To show what wisdom and what sense can do,
The poet sets Ulysses in our view,
Who conquer'd Troy, and with sagacious ken
Saw various towns and politics of men :
While for himself, and for his native train,
He seeks a passage through the boundless main,
In perils plunged, the patient hero braves
His adverse fate, and buoys above the waves.

I repeated the words with our Scotch accent, and one of them immediately remarked, that we must pronounce the Latin language as they did, as he understood the passage perfectly from my distinct enunciation. He said that he was afraid that the Italians had changed places with the "Ultimi Britanni," and that high civilisation had passed from Italy to Great Britain, which now occupied the noble position in the world which their ancestors had maintained in former times. To this I could only say, while acknowledging the compliment, that I trusted there was a good time coming, and that no one would rejoice more than the inhabitants of the British Isles to hear a rustling in the dead bones of their country. I passed, however, from this dangerous subject to the peculiar features of Maida and its vicinity. There are salt springs above the village; but what I thought to be of more value, seams of coal, antimony, and alabaster are found in the neighbourhood, which will, no doubt, hereafter be turned to account.

While we were thus seated, I observed the room gradually to fill with the peasantry, and found that a man was brought up for trial on a charge of assaulting a woman. The friends of the parties, however, had induced them to make up the matter, though the woman seemed still disinclined to drop the prosecution; the peasant was dismissed by the judge with a grave rebuke.

The French certainly conferred a great benefit on the country by reforming the legal code, which, before their time, exhibited a strange incongruous mass. This part of Italy had been in the possession of Normans, Lombards, French, Spaniards, Germans, and each in their turn had added to the laws already in force. The Code Napoleon now, however, supersedes these multifarious enactments, modified, indeed, by the immemorial customs of the country, though it was not without a struggle that it maintained its ground on the return of the Bourbons. They made an attempt to re-establish the ancient order of things; the benefit of the change, however, had become so evident, that the most devoted friends of the Bourbons insisted that the organic law of Murat should be continued, and Ferdinand I. was obliged to yield. Alas, however, if the

human agents be corrupt, quis custodiet ipsos custodes? Under the pretext of adding to the safety of the innocent, they have contrived to aggravate the difficulties to be encountered, and to make them nearly insuperable. Before a trial can come on, if more than one has been implicated, they require the presence of all the accused, however numerous they may be, of their defenders and their witnesses. It then only requires the real or imagined indisposition of one of the parties to lengthen out a trial to doomsday. The result of all this is, that the unhappy accused generally sink under the weight of these pretended securities. It is curious to find that the law of the Two Sicilies and Scotland agrees in this, that they admit on a trial a verdict of "*non constat*," "*not proven*," and that this verdict, as with us, is admitted whenever there is a presumption but not legal proof against the individual. In this country, however, the accused falls out of Scylla into Charybdis; it would have been better for him to have been condemned. He escapes, no doubt, from the hands of justice, but it is only to fall into far worse—into the hands of the executive. Like to that statue of antiquity which had the appearance of wishing to caress those whom they presented to it, and which stifled while caressing, the police lay their hands on such an individual, plunges him into its dungeons, and forgets his existence. Of such an one we may well say, in the words of their own poet Dante,

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che 'ntrate.

O ye who enter, leave all hope behind.

The executive does not find the supreme court of justice always so obedient to its behests as it could wish; high-minded men refuse, as our Charleses and Jameses found, to carry out their unjust commands. This court tries, though, alas! not always successfully, to preserve intact the independence of the magistracy, and to defend the innocent against the oppressive acts of government. And what I was still more delighted to find, the advocates boldly defended the accused, speaking and acting in a way that showed they were prepared to brave the vengeance of an unforgiving government in the defence of what they considered right. I find by the last census that there are eight thousand advocates and attorneys, and of these Naples contains upwards of three thousand. Every church is still considered a sanctuary, and the influence of the Jesuits is so powerful, that their college and monastery are regarded in the same light. As a proof of this, I heard the following statement from one of the English merchants at Naples. In some pecuniary transactions he had been grossly defrauded by a Neapolitan, and he resolved to punish him by imprisonment, which the law allows. To escape this punishment, the culprit took refuge in the college of St. Ignazio, belonging to the Jesuits; and though the law does not recognise its sacred character, no officer could be found who would brave the vengeance of that powerful body by putting the order of arrest in execution. It is only between sunrise and sunset that a person can be arrested; and, accordingly, that gentleman returned to his family in the evening, where he remained at his ease. It was only after repeated application by the English authorities that the law was at last enforced.

As soon as the judge had transacted his business, he proposed that we should proceed to examine an ancient castle, and the ruins of the church

of St. Constantine. The castle has no appearance of being of an earlier date than the thirteenth century, and if a Roman station, called by geographers *Ad Turres*, ever existed at this spot, all vestiges of it have long since disappeared. None of the inhabitants had ever heard of any antiquities being discovered in this vicinity. The church—now called Constantine—to which they attached much interest, had been nearly destroyed by the famous earthquake of 1783, and it still remained as the earthquake had left it. It is said that the Emperor Constantine, on his way to found his eastern empire, stopped at this village and consecrated a pagan temple, which he formed on this spot to the worship of the true God.

After dinner I proposed, while my host was enjoying his *siesta*, to visit the small village of Vena, a few miles from Maida, which I had learnt was an Albanian colony; and though my host thought the heat was so great as ought to deter me, I started, with one of the armed police as my guide. I wished him to leave his arms, as an unnecessary encumbrance, which, however, he refused to do. The heat was certainly excessive, and had I not been ashamed to return without accomplishing my object, I should have abandoned my intention of proceeding to Vena. We again descended to the channel of the river Lamato, which I forded on my guide's back, and on ascending the hill on the opposite side I found myself on a piece of table-land of several miles in extent, at the extremity of which the village of Vena was placed. We did not meet a single individual till we approached the village. The inhabitants were attending evening mass, so that I had a good opportunity of examining the costumes of the peasantry, and their external appearance. The chapel was small, and crowded principally by women, so devoutly engaged in prayer that even the presence of a stranger did not attract their attention. Their features were more distinctly oval than those of Italian women, and they had high cheek-bones, so as to remind me forcibly of my own countrywomen. I observed none striking for their personal charms, but there was a modesty and simplicity particularly pleasing. Their gowns were richly embroidered, the colours being generally bright blue or purple. Their hair was fantastically arranged, so as to tower above their head like an ancient helmet. Lord Broughton, in his "*Travels in Albania in 1809 and 1810*" (chap. xii.), says, "The dress of their women is very fantastical, and different in different villages. Those of Cesarades were chiefly clothed in red cotton (I never observed the colour elsewhere), and their heads were covered with a shawl, so disposed as to look like a helmet, with a crest and clasp under the ears." This helmet-like appearance of their hair was particularly striking. They had a perfect acquaintance with the Italian language, though they employed the Albanian in conversation with each other. I have much difficulty in discovering any of their peculiar customs, as it has seldom occurred to them that they differ from the rest of the world; but on inquiring whether their marriage ceremonies varied in any respect from that observed by the other Italians, one of them mentioned the following custom: "It is a dance called *Valle*, which must precede the ceremony. The women unite in a ring, clasping the hands of each other, and, with a flag carried in front, proceed dancing and singing the war-songs of their country, when they were fighting with the Turks. This takes place as they are conveying the young bride to her husband's house."

They still use the Greek rite at marriage. There are two crowns prepared for the bride and bridegroom, which, after being blessed, are placed on their heads, and then on the pillows of the bed. The armed Pyrrhic dance, they say, is still known to them under the name of Albanese, or Zamico. These Albanians settled in the kingdom of Naples in the fifteenth century, at the time that their own country was overrun by the Turks, preferring to be exiles rather than give up the religion of their fathers. They at that time belonged to the Greek Church; but it is long since they submitted to the authority of the Pope, and I do not hear that any force was used to bring about the change.

I regretted that the day was now fast drawing to a close, as it prevented any further intercourse with the inhabitants of Vena. I hurried away, and reached Maida after sunset, only too happy if I had been allowed to retire to rest; but I had yet to undergo the fatiguing honour of dining in company with the principal people of Maida. After they dispersed I had still to arrange for my next day's journey, and I found these brigands again start up as a bugbear. Everywhere they seem to abound, rendering life here little enjoyable. The distances, too, between the villages I find to be too great to allow of my continuing on foot, and I must therefore hire a mule and muleteer. On this I have determined; but would you believe it, that the judge knew no one on whose fidelity he could depend, or who might not give information to parties, who would waylay me? To obviate this as far as possible, it was arranged that I should have a muleteer for next day, without telling him the direction in which I should proceed; and this is what has been determined on.

A U S T R I A.

[The following Sonnet is from the pen of a noble author whose contributions to poetical literature, and whose graceful translations, have more than once appeared in the columns of the *N. M. M.*]

AUSTRIA! thy plumes, which once the world o'erspread,
Are tarnished now and torn; the Northern Bird,
Prussia's Black Eagle, hath his flight transferred
To provinces which own thee for their head,
Heaping their plains with dying and with dead.
And German Unity is now the word
With which a faithless enemy hath stirred
Brave hearts and hands to follow where he led.
Fine phrase! but such was never wanting yet
To gild the path of conquest, and disguise
The tangled web of dark conspiracies
And lust of power—witness th' example set
In bygone days, of Europe's agonies,
Long strife of nations, and their dying cries
The sport of warring Kings, miscalled the great.

R.

THE TEMPTED AND THE TEMPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

LADY BELLA.

"BUT, my own sweet Bella, I will work and labour for you. I will strive as few men have before striven. I will buckle to at work in right earnest. I am supposed to have talent. I have energy, and strength, and youth, and ought to have plenty of interest, if my friends will but exert themselves for me. If I have not sufficient income now, I soon shall have, to support you in the comfort you properly expect to enjoy."

These words were spoken by a remarkably fine, good-looking young man, every lineament of whose features bore the stamp of aristocratic birth. His countenance, too, was pleasing, from its amiable expression, its frankness, and intelligence; altogether, he was a very attractive and fascinating youth. So thought many young ladies besides Lady Isabella de Bertrand, at whose feet he was now seated, while she reclined on a luxurious sofa at an open window which looked out over Hyde Park, now green and glowing in the bright sunlight of a fine spring morning. Lady Bella was one of the many daughters of an Irish peer, the Earl of Talermaine, who, by his electioneering contests, his profuse domestic expenditure, his careless, ignorant, or roguish agents, and an occasional visit to the gaming-table, in the vain hope of making a sum to supply his immediate wants, had so injured his property that he was now a needy man, his estates rack-rented, and his tenants poor and discontented. Still, he and Lady Talermaine agreed that it was absolutely necessary to get their numerous daughters well married as soon as possible, and that could not be done in Ireland, for the men of property and position who knew the state of the earl's affairs stood rather aloof from him; there were, indeed, not many young marrying men among them fit to mate with his daughters. The screw was therefore once more applied to the tenants and the title-deeds, a fresh mortgage was effected, and a sum raised sufficient to enable the family to come over to London, and to cut a dash for another season. A handsome house was engaged, servants, and carriages, and horses hired; and, which was of more consequence, a list of all the wealthy bachelors and widowers, old and young, who could be heard of, made out; the Peerage and Baronetage were carefully looked over, nor was the list of the county families neglected, while a selection was also made from those of the bankers, brewers, merchants, and manufacturers known to have acquired wealth and influence. Every possible means were to be taken to become acquainted with those fortunate gentlemen, and to attract them to the house, and, when once there, to engage their affections and their hands. Lady Talermaine was the originator of the scheme, and well able by her talents and experience to conduct a campaign of the character she had marked out. She was herself the daughter of a needy Irish noble, and had been brought up in a school well calculated to fit her for the life she was now compelled to lead.

She had, indeed, been somewhat taken in by the earl, whom she supposed to be possessed of unbounded wealth. It was only when tradesmen paid no attention to her orders, or requested cash payment, or observed that the earl was already deeply in their debt, that she became aware of the state of affairs. Had she known them beforehand, she certainly would not have given him her hand; but she was a wise woman, and, as she could not get out of the scrape, she determined to make the best of matters. In truth, when she was in spirits, she rather liked the excitement of getting out of the difficulties in which they were constantly placed; she delighted in scheming and plotting, and it must be confessed that she even felt a satisfaction in obtaining goods from tradesmen, not on false pretences, but for which she knew perfectly that it was very improbable they would ever get paid. She was, notwithstanding these little peculiarities, a very agreeable, pleasant person in society, and, if not particularly well read, she generally knew what was going on in the world. She was a general favourite; men liked her because she was seemingly unaffected and natural, and women because she was goodnatured and courteous, and assumed nothing on account of her rank. There was no doubt that she was a very clever woman, managed everything as she thought best, and made her husband, who was weak, and vain, and frivolous, do whatever she wished. The earl was not considered a vicious or bad man; he was tolerably good natured, and would not willingly have been guilty of what he would have looked upon as a political crime or an ungentlemanly action; at the same time, as he had a very small amount of moral principle to guide him, it was impossible to say what he would not have done had sufficient temptation come in his way. His sons were in the army or navy, not remarkable for much besides their good looks and an inveterate habit of getting into scrapes. His five daughters were at home, unmarried. They were all handsome girls—the eldest rather showy than refined; but the three youngest were graceful, elegant creatures, of whom decidedly Isabella, the youngest but one, was the most beautiful. Her countenance had a sweet, gentle expression, which her elder sisters wanted; but then, on looking from her to her father, there was a strong resemblance, and those who knew him best would have argued that she, too, was wanting in that firmness and decision of character, the non-possession of which had so much contributed to his ruin. Still, many a woman goes through life, and does not suffer materially from the want of those qualities which are so essential to the well-doing and well-being of a man. She also had enjoyed an advantage not possessed by her sisters—she had lived for many years with a brother of her mother, or rather with his wife, who had indeed really brought her up a most excellent, sensible woman, and from her she had received sound principles and right ideas, which she too, probably, would never have gained at home. On the death of her aunt, which had occurred a year before, she had returned to her father's house. Her elder sisters sneered at her notions, but she had hitherto kept on her course, and had laboured indefatigably in an endeavour to instil them into the mind of her youngest sister, Mary, and not without some success. Still, a year's residence at that critical time of her life had been far from beneficial to Bella herself. She must

either have been thoroughly disgusted with her mother and her elder sisters, listening as she had to do to all their worldly plans and projects, or have gradually learned to look with a very lenient eye on the principles they professed, if she did not rather gradually imbibe them. Bella was not formed for a heroine, nor was she a person likely to bear persecution for conscience' sake; besides, her sisters seldom sneered at her notions before her face, and her mother always professed to feel the greatest respect for them, hoping, at a convenient opportunity, to turn them to account. She had discovered that through those which really guided her she could not always manage her elder daughters, but she hoped that by means of Bella's, which were so different, she might manage her with greater ease. She was a woman of the world, and knew human nature; but whether by the success of her schemes she was likely to secure her child's happiness, was another question, which she did not think of asking herself.

CHAPTER II.

LADY BELLA'S LOVER.

WE left a young gentleman sitting at the feet of Lady Isabella de Bertrand. It was a position many other young gentlemen besides Lord Eustace Warren would gladly have occupied, who were possessed of far greater worldly advantages in a pecuniary point of view than he could boast of. He had gained the position, and hoped and intended, with all the ardour of a young, fearless, uncontaminated heart, to keep it. He was the son of a duke, and therefore her equal in rank. He had taken high honours at the university. He had high principles, noble aspirations, knew himself to be universally liked and courted; he felt his powers, and had every reason to believe that he should obtain the success he desired; but there was a terrible drawback, which, however, he did not feel; though he was a duke's son, he was one of the youngest of several sons of a poor duke, and his allowance increased, though it already was by the result of his own labour, was little more than sufficient to enable him to hold an independent position among his equals in society.

He had met Lady Isabella the first day of her arrival in London, not altogether as a stranger, though, for he had heard of her from a relation, the sister of the lady who had brought her up. He knew, consequently, her character and disposition, and that of her mother and sisters. He was struck with her from the first moment they met. Every hour that he spent in her society served to increase his admiration and to add strength to his affection. She was his first love, and he gave the rein to his feelings as a young, enthusiastic, generous-hearted, noble-minded man does for a girl whom he believes worthy of his admiration. His first impulsive thought, too, was how he could the most quickly rescue her from the contaminating influences by which he at once saw that she was surrounded.

"Terrible to let her remain among those people," he said to himself. "Their notions and manners must be so thoroughly uncongenial to her; for, although they are her relations, she cannot fail to be disgusted

with their faults; but by degrees, as they become more familiar, she may learn to look on them with indifference, though she never—no, that is impossible—can become like them.”

Poor Lord Eustace! He knew he fancied something of the world already, but he did not know to what depths of depravity the young and beautiful, and once innocent, can sink—down, down—till a hell of horror, and anguish, and despair and vain regrets, is found yawning wide beneath their feet, from which few, sadly few, are ever rescued.

Lady Bella looked tenderly into her handsome lover's face. “I am sure you would, I know you would,” she replied to his passionate appeal. “I care not for luxuries, or state, or any of the things wealth can give; and I would joyfully, thankfully share your lot, whatever that may be, and I am sure that it cannot become one to be pitied; but, my dear Eustace, before we came to London, mamma made me promise that I would not agree to marry any one without her and papa's full consent, and from what I have found out in the last two or three days, I fear that they will not willingly allow me to marry you, though I am perfectly ready to promise you that I will not marry anybody else.”

“No, that you shall not do, my own sweet Bella; though, to see you another's, would break my heart,” exclaimed Lord Eustace, with his characteristic generosity. “But I will not, I dare not, think of such a thing; and surely your father and mother would not let me come here, as I have been doing, and be constantly with you, if they had any reason to disapprove of our union. They cannot for a moment suppose that I do not love you deeply, and wish to marry you. My own kind father will do all he can for me, and so will my eldest brother, and I know that the old lady I told you of will leave me some hundreds a year, it may be two or more thousands, I do not know, and I am sure that I do not wish her to leave the world for my sake. I dare say that I shall some day be wealthy without any exertion on my part, though, for the present, I must depend chiefly on my own energies for supplying my wants, and I own that I feel very proud at the thoughts of doing so.”

Lady Bella bent down her head and kissed her lover's brow.

“I know you do, my own noble, generous Eustace,” she said, with a voice full of tenderness. Then she added, in a tone of sadness, “But you do not know papa and mamma. It is painful to me to speak of them. Still, I must tell you, that when you first came here, they fancied that you were the second son of the Marquis of Dorville, who is himself, as you know, supposed to be enormously wealthy, and whose second son has also had a large fortune lately left him, while the eldest is said to be very sickly. You were therefore looked upon as a most desirable *parti*—I believe that is the term—for poor me. I knew nothing whatever of that other Eustace Warren. I was not even aware that there was such a person in existence. It therefore came down on me like a fearful thunderbolt when I discovered that you were not the person whose attentions mamma wished to encourage; still more so when I heard them planning the best way of getting rid of you. Oh! pardon me, dear Eustace, for saying this; still I must tell you the truth, that you, that we together, may take steps to

counteract their designs. I wish that I could avoid telling you the course they will pursue; but it must be done. They will first try to keep me out of your way, they will first be excessively cold to you, then rude, then they will annoy you and endeavour to disgust you, till they succeed in driving you away. But, my dear Eustace, for my sake bear with them. You do not know into what sad difficulties my poor father is plunged; how deeply his property is mortgaged; what heavy debts he owes. My brothers have not, I am ashamed to say, the talents necessary to retrieve the fortunes of the family, and papa therefore depends on the beauty of his daughters, by some means or other, to save himself from ruin. Oh! my dear Eustace, I tell it to you with bitter anguish, with deep humiliation, we are to be sold!" And the poor girl, throwing herself on her lover's neck, gave way to her uncontrolled feelings in a flood of tears.

Lord Eustace was shocked, grieved, and indignant. He first endeavoured to soothe and calm her, by assuring her that no amount of insults or annoyance to which her family might subject him, would induce him to abandon her. "As to discarding me, they have no right to do so," he added. "They made the mistake, not I. I never, for one moment, pretended to be what I was not. I was allowed to pay you attentions; I was encouraged to set my affections on you, and though, for your sake, I might suffer alone, yet, if you wish to be mine, I will not allow you to be torn from me."

"Yes—yes, I will be yours, and yours only," exclaimed Lady Bella, throwing her arms round his neck.

Thus they sat, forming plan after plan, talking of the future till they almost forgot the difficulties which surrounded them. Lady Talermaine and her three elder daughters had gone out to a breakfast, and were not expected to return till late in the day; Bella had remained at home on the plea of illness, and Lady Mary had judiciously kept to her own room. They, therefore, feared no interruption. Some men might have proposed running away, but Lord Eustace's delicate sense of right prevented him from even entertaining such an idea for a moment. Would, indeed, the girl, whom he thought worthy of his love, consent to take such a step? Impossible! It would be an insult to her to propose it.

The hours flew by; they were happy in each other's society; they would not allow fear, for the future, to interrupt their present enjoyment. Suddenly the door opened, and in walked Lady Talermaine and her three elder daughters. She gave a start of well-feigned astonishment and indignation at seeing Lord Eustace, and Bella's head resting on his shoulder.

"By what authority have you ventured, my lord, to enter this house during my absence, and thus to insult one of my daughters? I had fancied that the sanctity of one's home was acknowledged and held inviolate by persons of our rank, at all events; but I see that I was mistaken, and that there are unworthy members even of England's aristocracy who will dare to take advantage of the weakness of a young girl's feelings during the temporary absence of her natural protectors. One of those protectors has returned, Lord Eustace, and requests that you will instantly leave the house. Should the earl

come in before you have done so, he will, probably, use stronger measures to compel you to do what I, in my woman's weakness, can only request as a favour."

Lord Eustace and Lady Bella had risen to their feet at the entrance of the countess. The poor girl stood grasping his arm, and trembling in every limb. It was impossible for him altogether to repress his indignation and astonishment, at the same time that the very coarseness of the attack deprived it of its force, and nerved him to withstand it.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon for anything in which I may have offended you, though I am utterly at a loss to conceive how I have deserved the severe remarks you have made on me," he said, calmly. "With regard to your daughter, I have laid my heart at her feet, and she is willing to become my wife. I cannot blame myself for my behaviour towards her."

"Not blame yourself, my lord!" exclaimed Lady Talermaine, rather at a loss to state the especial cause of the complaint she had made. "I conceive that the person who wins the affections of a young innocent girl, of the rank in life of one of my daughters, without her parents' consent, is unworthy to hold the position of a gentleman or a man of honour," said Lady Talermaine, assuming as much dignity as she could command. "If that is not sufficient to make you abandon your prey, I must explicitly forbid you the house."

"Your ladyship is, indeed, sufficiently explicit," said Lord Eustace, with more bitterness and scorn in his tone than he had hitherto allowed to appear. "But not till this moment was I made aware that my presence in this house was unacceptable, and it is now too late to require me to give up one to whom both my heart and my hand are engaged. Before I leave this house, I invite your daughter to accompany me to that of my sister, Lady Delamere, with whom she can reside till I can legally make her mine. My own Bella, will you come with me? No one will dare to detain you."

Lord Eustace knew that he was making a bold stroke to secure her; on its success depended his hopes of happiness. He could not conceal his agitation as he waited for her reply. She tried to speak, but her mother interrupted her.

"If she goes, she takes with her my bitter curse for her disobedience and want of filial affection," exclaimed Lady Talermaine, knowing well that these words would have a far greater effect with the poor girl than any exhibition of physical force. "You hear what I say, my lord," she added, looking at Lord Eustace, and stretching out her right hand, as if to utter the threatened malediction.

"Oh, spare me! spare me!" cried the poor girl, sinking senseless on the sofa.

In vain Lord Eustace endeavoured to arouse her. He dreaded that if he left her now she would be lost to him for ever. Not a sign of relenting did the countess exhibit, but with her arm still extended, she said:

"You see what you have done. It would be manly to kill her outright. Now, if you have any feeling, let her sisters come to her assistance."

Hitherto the three Lady de Bertrands had stood behind their mother as impassive as statues. They now moved together towards their sister. Lady Talermaine saw that the victory was gained if she could at once drive Lord Eustace away; he felt that it was lost if he went. Poor Lady Bella gave no sign of returning to consciousness.

"Come, my lord, this is unmanly; we cannot attend to her while you are here. Must I call in a policeman to remove you?"

The countess uttered these words with the feeling of a general following up a hard-contested victory. She almost shouted with satisfaction as Lord Eustace, seizing his hat, rushed from the house.

CHAPTER III.

THE EARL OF DULWADDLE.

"My dearest Bella, you ought to know, as your sisters do, how I have toiled and schemed to secure your and their happiness and prosperity, and I feel that I have a right to demand obedience and a compliance with my wishes in return," said Lady Talermaine, as she sat by the side of her daughter's bed, from which she had not risen since the day she had been separated from Lord Eustace. "Your father and I have ample reason for not being pleased with that young man. You, of course, think him possessed of all the noble qualities which adorn human nature; did you know more of the world, you would form a different opinion; we, who do know the world, must, consequently, judge for you. Let me entreat you, therefore, my dear Bella, to banish Lord Eustace from your thoughts and heart. Even suppose we had reason to approve of him in other respects, his utter want of fortune would be a bar to your marriage. My dear girl, I know your generous and noble disposition. You are aware of the fearful difficulties into which your poor father is plunged; you and your sisters have it in your power, but you especially, to retrieve his fortunes in a great measure; think of that. I will not at this moment tell you how, but it will be a consolation to you to reflect how greatly you can benefit your parents by a sacrifice of your own feelings."

Lady Talermaine having thus delivered her opinion, left the room to allow her words time to produce their effect. She did not tell her daughter, however, that the reason of her sudden change of conduct towards Lord Eustace was that at the breakfast at which she and her three elder daughters had been present on the day she had so summarily dismissed him, she had received an interesting communication from an earl possessed of enormous wealth, who had of late paid frequent visits to the house, and, whenever he had met the Lady de Bertrands, had shown them unusual attention. Lady Talermaine had supposed that his fancy had been struck by her eldest daughter, and the young lady herself had the same idea; indeed, she seemed far more suited to him than her younger sisters, though even she was considerably more than twenty years his junior. The Earl of Dulwaddle, indeed, was nearly fifty, a tall, large, heavy-looking man with a huge head, and black whiskers and beard, which would probably have been grizzled had they not been carefully dyed and perfumed.

His dark eyes had somewhat of a Chinese cast, combined with a redness which gave them a most unpleasant expression, while his thick lips and every line about his large mouth gave the idea that their possessor must be a man long addicted to sensuality—an idea which his public character in no way contradicted. Still, as is sometimes, though very rarely, it may be supposed, the case, a man who is satiated with coarse enjoyments takes a fancy to some young and innocent girl, in whose society it is just possible he may hope to become purified and reformed, though more generally for the gratification of a new and hitherto unenjoyed passion, and he more generally in that case brings the object down to his own level than succeeds in rising to hers. Whatever were the motives which influenced the Earl of Dulwaddle, having seen and admired Lady Isabella de Bertrand, he determined, at all cost, to make her his wife. He had never hesitated as to the means he employed when a less worthy object was his aim; he was not likely to hesitate now.

From the time he had become acquainted with the Countess of Talermaine, he had formed a pretty correct estimate of her character. He saw that she was worldly and not overburdened with principle, and he knew that the earl was a needy man, and weak and vain, without more principle than his wife. There was, therefore, no necessity for his approaching the subject with much delicacy. If Lord Dulwaddle thought that he understood Lady Talermaine, her ladyship had most thoroughly mastered the depths of his character. She saw that by proper management much was to be got out of him, and she determined not to lose the golden opportunity which had presented itself.

"Lady Talermaine," he said, drawing her aside on that memorable morning of the breakfast, "I am glad to meet you here, for I have something of importance to talk to you about. I am a bachelor, as you know; in fact, till I became acquainted with your family, I never felt a desire to make any lady my countess."

"Report says, my lord, that you have, however, inveigled many into morganatic marriages," remarked Lady Talermaine, fixing her eyes firmly on him, and resolved that the bargain he was about to propose should not be an easy one to him.

"Yes; I must own to a few peccadilloes of that description," he answered, with an unconcerned air. "But you must know, my dear lady, that the time comes when men wish to turn over a new leaf; that is my case, and I am resolved from henceforth to become a domestic man, and to devote myself to the pleasing task of making one woman as happy as she possibly can become in this world."

"A most laudable resolve, and one which all your friends must unite in hoping that you will carry out," said the countess, in a tone of irony she could not repress.

"It depends very much upon you, Lady Talermaine, whether I am able to carry out my resolution," said Lord Dulwaddle.

"On me!" exclaimed the countess, in a tone of well-feigned surprise. "How can that be?"

"I should say through you or one of your daughters," answered the earl, who at that moment saw Lady Talermaine's eyes directed towards the three elder Lady de Bertrands, who were standing not far

off, wondering what the hairy monster of ugliness could be talking about to their mother. He added, "Ah! I should say, one of your younger daughters—the Lady Isabella—I have seen her, I admire her more than I can express, and it is for her sake that I am doubly anxious to become a reformed character."

"Lord Talermaine and I am highly flattered by your proposal," answered her ladyship. "But you must be aware that we are not likely to force our daughters' inclinations; still, under some circumstances, we might exert a legitimate influence to induce them to accept an offer which we might consider eligible. I will not for a moment deny that you would have a great prospect of success; still, such a prize as Isabella is not to be won lightly. To speak to you, my dear lord, confidentially"—and she dropped her voice into a whisper—"you must understand that Lord Talermaine's estates are mortgaged, and that he has, besides, very considerable debts—that is to say, compared with our income. To be frank with you, under these circumstances, we are naturally anxious to see our daughters married to men of fortune, as we can give them but little ourselves."

"You would, then, be willing to exert your influence with your daughter to induce her to marry a man who would pay off her father's debts and mortgages?" said the earl, fixing his eyes on the lady's countenance.

It did not alter, however, as she answered, "Undoubtedly such an act would have great influence with an affectionate and dutiful daughter, and our sweet Isabella is certainly that."

"Is she heart free, may I inquire?" asked the earl.

"She may possibly have her predilections, but they are to be overcome by the measures you propose," answered the affectionate mother.

"Then I think that we understand each other very clearly," said Lord Dulwaddle. "You will induce Lady Isabella to marry me, for I am rather out of the habit of making love to young girls without assistance, and I will place at the disposal of my father-in-law as many thousands as he may require."

Lady Talermaine had not the slightest objection to this proposal, and she promised that she would at once exert her influence with her daughter in his favour. She was enchanted. She should get a wealthy husband for one of her daughters, which would certainly lead to the marriage of the rest, and she had found the means of raising the wind to pay off present debts and to supply her wants for the future. There was a difficulty. Bella was in love with Lord Eustace Warren—there was no doubt about that. He must be dismissed. But there was a possibility that she might refuse to marry any one else. Had Lord Dulwaddle fixed his fancy on one of her other daughters similarly situated, she might have hoped to induce him to transfer it to some one else, but he had chosen the flower of her flock, and it was not likely that he would consent to such an arrangement. Indeed, it would be dangerous to make the attempt, lest he should be off altogether. Bella must therefore be sacrificed. What mattered that? She would soon get over her affection for Lord Eustace, and, besides, she would be one of the most wealthy peeresses in England.

What more could a girl desire? As soon, therefore, as poor Lady Bella got a little better, the countess opened the subject in her most refined style of diplomacy. First she spoke of the melancholy state of the family finances.

"Were it not for me, my dear Bella," she said, in a subdued tone, "we should positively starve. Your father would be a beggar, and your brothers would be utterly unable to maintain themselves in their position in life. They must go to the diggings, or serve as private troopers in the army. We have, consequently, a right to expect that our daughters, who have—I speak impartially—been endowed by Providence with a large amount of beauty, talent, and other attractions, should exert themselves—should employ those qualities for our benefit. Supposing, for instance, a noble-minded, wealthy suitor of high rank—for I consider rank of the greatest importance—were to appear as the claimant for the hand of one of your sisters (I speak hypothetically), and were to undertake to pay off the mortgages on our estates—to liquidate your father's debts—even suppose that he had some personal drawbacks, and that she did not feel that she could in the first instance give him her affections—do not you consider that she would be in duty bound to waive all minor considerations, and, without further hesitation, to become his wife, should we ourselves consider the match desirable? I ask you, my dear Bella, to give me an honest reply."

"That must depend very much, mamma, on the state of her affections," answered Bella. "I should never consider that a girl was acting rightly who would marry one man when her heart was given to another."

"Pooh-pooh, my dear Bella! What girl ever marries the man to whom, as you call it, she has first given her heart?" said the countess, with a sneer. "Not one in a hundred."

"I only hope that I may not be asked to do otherwise," said Lady Bella, meekly.

"Perhaps you would rather see your father an exile, your brothers day-labourers, and the rest of us sent out to beg our bread as street-singers!" said the countess.

"Oh, mother! why, oh why! do you put so dreadful an alternative before me?" asked the poor girl, in a tone of alarm.

"It is but natural that I should put the case to you, because with your superior beauty and attractions it is more likely to occur to you than to your sisters," said Lady Talermaine, with an unmoved voice. "Now listen to reason, Bella, for I do not wish to prolong this discussion. There is something substantial, real in wealth; it cannot secure us everything, but it can save us from many of the ills and annoyances to which flesh is heir, while poverty is a positive evil, and when the ills of life come upon one, it is unable to withstand them. You, of all people, are most wretchedly calculated to withstand the annoyances of poverty, however little you may regard them at a distance, while, dearest, you are admirably calculated to adorn the brightest coronet of the British peerage."

Having thus delivered her opinions, Lady Talermaine judiciously left the leaven she had introduced to work in the mind of her daughter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EARL OF DULWADDLE'S COURTSHIP.

A FORTNIGHT had passed away, and Lady Bella had not received a note or a message even from Lord Eustace. What could have become of him?

"He surely would not have left London without first calling to see her, and even if he was refused admittance, he would have contrived to let me know what he intended doing," she said to herself more than once. "Oh, he must be ill! He must be suffering as I have been, and probably the cruel treatment to which he was subjected had a more powerful effect on him than it had on me. If I was well enough to go out, I would go to his father's house and inquire for him. He shall not suppose that I can treat him with indifference, and I am very sure that he could not thus treat me. Oh! something dreadful must have happened. I will go this very day. I will slip out and call a cab and drive there. Nothing shall stop me, I am resolved."

Not ten minutes after this her eye fell on a fashionable newspaper, which her mother had left in the room. Twice Lord Eustace Warren's name appeared as being present at different gaieties; once in a comic costume at a fancy ball. The next day another paper was left in her way. Of course she eagerly scanned its pages; it suddenly dropped from her hand. Her eye had fallen on a paragraph announcing the intended marriage of Lord Eustace Warren with Miss Susan Brown, the only daughter of George Brown, Esq., of Brownlow Park, lately the head of the firm of Brown, Grey, and Brown, Manchester warehousemen, from which he had retired, it was supposed, with upwards of a million of money. She did not see the paragraph which appeared the following day, inserted by a friend of Lord Eustace Warren's, denying that the report had the slightest foundation in truth, or that Lord Eustace was even acquainted with the lady in question, or with any member of her family, and that he was himself laid up with a severe attack of illness. Lady Talermaine, who received the paper before any of the rest of the household, on seeing the last paragraph, immediately burnt it, confident that the first had produced the effect intended. After this she carefully looked it over, before allowing it to circulate in the family. She had good reason for so doing.

Two days afterwards the editor apologised for the mistake, saying that he had received the information from a gentleman whom he supposed to be an Irish peer, who had called at his office stating it, among other *on dits*, as a fact, and that, to satisfy Lord Eustace, he should be ready to give him the name, which he concluded was assumed, of his informer.

Lady Bella's constitution was good as were her natural spirits, and, in spite of these shocks to her feelings, she recovered her health. Those who had known her, however, before, would have seen that she was greatly changed. Her beauty was as perfect as ever, and she

was even more full of apparent animation ; her laughter was louder, and her smile more frequent than before ; but her eye had lost its softness, her voice its sweetness. Her smile no longer possessed that winning grace for which it had been noted, and there was a hardness in the expression of her features which contrasted painfully with that which had before been their peculiar characteristic. Many a young and artless girl has thus been changed by a similar process.

Lady Bella was seated on the sofa on which she had been reclining when Lord Eustace Warren had parted from her. The Earl of Dulwaddle was announced.

"Bella," said her mother, who was engaged writing a note at the farther end of the room, while the heavy step of the ponderous earl was heard ascending the stairs, "understand, I fully believe that you are his great attraction. For your poor father's sake, do your best to please him."

Lady Bella made no answer ; for worlds she could not then have spoken, yet she resolved to obey. She had practically felt at home in Ireland, for many months past, the inconveniences of poverty, and of late, the advantages which wealth and rank can secure, had been continually paraded before her eyes. The Earl of Dulwaddle entered. He has been described. His hyacinthine curls had been freshly anointed—a halo of rich perfume surrounded him—gems of enormous value adorned his fingers—a curiously-worked and jewelled chain of gold hung round his neck. He advanced towards Lady Bella with a look of the most intense admiration, not observing her mother, who, however, noted it with satisfaction, and made her calculations accordingly.

Lady Bella had learned her part ; though she shrank at first involuntarily from the man, she quickly recovered herself, listened complacently to his remarks, and went even so far as to admire the jewels which he wore about his person, and which he exhibited. It is possible that women of refinement and sensibility naturally have a less repugnance to a person like the Earl of Dulwaddle than have men in general, otherwise it would be difficult to account for the fact that a sweet young creature like Lady Bella de Bertrand should have been able to contemplate the possibility of marrying such a man. She, however, went through the whole visit with perfect propriety. Not till he had gone did she sink back on the sofa, and, hiding her face in her hands, burst into tears. Lady Talermaine came up to her.

"You did it excellently, my dear Bella !" she exclaimed, with enthusiasm—"admirably ! Do not give way now. You will learn to like him very much by-and-by ; and, depend on it, he is so pleased with you, that he will not come another time empty handed. You have no conception of the beauty and value of the presents he is sure to bring. You have never seen anything like them, and probably never would, except in a shop-window, had the Earl of Dulwaddle not been enamoured with you. Why, my dearest Bella, your sisters would be enchanted to change places with you ; they would not hesitate a moment."

"Oh, then, let them—let them, mamma !" exclaimed Lady Bella,

throwing herself on her knees before her mother. "My elder sisters are much more likely to please him, and secure his fancy or his love, or whatever feeling influences him. I would remain single. I would rather die, if one of them would take my place."

"Nonsense, my dear Bella. You ask what is impossible, simply because he has been deeply captivated by you. I do not want you to jump into his arms. You will serve your father and me best by playing him a little, being a little coy, and then encouraging his advances. The great point is to avoid showing any repugnance to him; that might annoy him, and send him off altogether. We have most unpleasant letters from Ireland. How we are to get through the season I scarcely know; we have barely money enough in the house for usual expenses, and not a shilling forthcoming from Ireland."

Lady Bella said nothing to this appeal; but, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, she retired to her room, where she engaged herself in looking over numerous letters in her desk, often with a deep sigh, and then throwing them into a fire which she had kindled.

The next time the earl came, she managed to assume a look of calm satisfaction. He stayed on, evidently unwilling to leave her. He had been speaking of a jewelled ornament of great beauty. He begged leave to show it to her, and in the afternoon he returned and presented it in due form, entreating her to accept it from him. Day after day he now came regularly—often twice—remaining to dinner—a strong proof of his affection for Bella, for he insinuated that her father's then cook was utterly unworthy of the name; indeed, that it was not likely, till she honoured him by dining at his house, she would know what real cooking was.

"No cook worthy of the name would give his services under four or five hundred a year, with perquisites, and many would demand much more; so, my dear Lady Bella, you see that gastronomy is a science which only the wealthy have opportunities of comprehending," he observed, with a smack of his lips, which showed that he, at all events, appreciated to the full the knowledge he possessed. "Ah! it is a science which affords no small amount of gratification."

At length Lord and Lady Talermaine and their family accepted an invitation from the Earl of Dulwaddle to dine with him at his beautiful mansion in Park-lane. It had hitherto not been a house which people of any claims to respectability were in the habit of frequenting. Everything was now to be changed. Its direputable inmates had been dismissed, the interior was renovated, and respectable-looking, well-mannered servants had been engaged. The repast was superb; a small banquet, though only a few of the earl's nearest relations and two or three dignified clergymen were present. Even the conversation was refined, compared to what Lady Bella had expected to find it, if not witty or brilliant. Altogether she was agreeably surprised. The earl certainly appeared to greater advantage than she had supposed possible, and she could not help acknowledging that many women would be delighted to occupy the position which he had destined for her; undoubtedly either of her elder sisters would. Still, had Lord Eustace appeared, she would gladly have given up all her brilliant prospects and gone with him to the antipodes. After dinner the ladies

returned to the drawing-room, where the earl soon joined them, having quitted the pleasures of the table, his rare and delicate wines, for their sakes.

"They do not know where I have gone," he said, laughing. "I begged the dean to take my place till coffee is announced, and slipped out that I might enjoy the pleasure of your society for a few minutes, dear ladies, and that I might have the opportunity of presenting you each with a trifle in remembrance of this the first visit with which you have honoured me." As he spoke, he produced several caskets, each containing a jewelled ornament of great value; a magnificent diamond brooch for Lady Talermaine, and a necklace worth all the others put together for Lady Bella. "The only privilege I ask," he said, in his gentlest tone, "is, dearest lady, to clasp it round your neck."

Lady Talermaine was profuse in her acknowledgments and thanks, as were her three elder daughters in their expressions of admiration, but as the earl clasped the necklace round the swan-like throat of Lady Bella, a deadly sickness seized her; she turned pale as marble, and would have fallen, had not her mother, who had been narrowly watching her, hurried forward to her support, for the earl himself had not perceived the death-like pallor stealing over her countenance.

"My dear Bella, it is the very sort of attack you had a year ago. You will recover immediately. Don't be alarmed, dearest," exclaimed Lady Talermaine, with a presence of mind truly wonderful if not admirable, leading her daughter to a sofa, though not a little alarmed lest she should faint outright, or perhaps tear off the necklace or restore it to the donor. "The dear girl will be herself again in a few minutes, my lord. Do not be alarmed," she added, whispering. "It is the novelty of her position—the excitement—the surprise probably at the beauty and value of your gifts. Perhaps you had better leave her for a few minutes."

The earl took the hint and left the room. He was by far too vain a man to guess the true cause of the poor girl's illness.

"Bella! Bella! you will ruin all," whispered her mother, as she sat herself down by her side on the sofa and took her cold hand within hers to chafe it. "You must exert yourself more—show more courage and determination. Think of the prize which is within your grasp—this beautiful house—those magnificent parks—every luxury that wealth can give; such a dinner as we have just enjoyed every day of your life, if you desire it, instead of the cold leg of mutton and the dish of potatoes to which we are doomed three days in the week. Come, come, for my sake, for your father's sake, if not for your own, do rouse up. It will never do to give way in this manner."

These entreaties were cut short by the entrance of the housekeeper with all sorts of scents, smelling-salts, and sal-volatile. Lady Bella allowed them to be administered in succession, though perfectly conscious, and knowing that they would not benefit her in the slightest degree.

"Thank you," she at length said, "I am very much better. Pray do not take any more trouble about me. I shall be quite well in another minute."

In truth, by a powerful effort, she in a short time so completely aroused herself that the pallor of her cheek was the only sign remaining of the attack.

"I will do my duty, mamma—indeed I will, when he comes back," she whispered, as soon as the housekeeper retired. "I will thank him for the beautiful necklace he has given me."

She shuddered slightly as she spoke, even though she turned her eyes down to admire the rich ornament. For the rest of the evening she acquitted herself wonderfully. The earl was delighted—more enchanted with her than ever. Had she at that moment chosen to make any request, however extravagant, it would have been granted. She did not; but her mother took advantage of the opportunity, and adroitly brought in the state of Lord Talermaine's affairs.

"The day your angel daughter becomes mine, every debt which annoys him shall be liquidated, and the heaviest mortgages on his estates paid off," was his answer.

CHAPTER V.

THE EARL OF DULWADDLE BECOMES A BENEDICT.

THE intended marriage of the Earl of Dulwaddle with the Lady Isabella de Bertrand, fourth daughter of the Earl of Talermaine, was announced in all the fashionable papers, and became the common subject of conversation. Various were the surmises afloat. They were nearer the truth than surmises generally are. The earl's presents increased in number and value as the day fixed for the wedding approached. It came, and Lady Bella appeared at the altar, with her bridesmaids, calm and unmoved. She possibly might not have been so calm had she recognised in a dark, stout, military-looking stranger, with huge moustache and beard, her lover, Lord Eustace Warren. He knew that it was impossible she could do so, yet he could not resist the temptation of being present to ascertain whether she was positively forced up to the altar, as he had heard she would be, or went there of her free will. Her calmness deceived him.

"She did love me, but she dreaded poverty, and the man's wealth has dazzled her," he said to himself. "She was my first love—she will be my last, for I no longer believe that the perfection I expected to find exists in woman."

The ceremony was over; she was the wife of the notorious Earl of Dulwaddle. Leaning on the earl's arm, she walked steadily down the aisle as the party returned from the vestry. Her dress actually touched Lord Eustace as she passed. Even at that moment he would have kissed the hem of her gown. His love burned as brightly as ever.

"Yes, I will remain and watch over her—warn her when evil approaches, and protect her from danger, for assuredly she will require it."

His was indeed a right true and loyal heart. Even at that moment of exquisite anguish to him, he would have died to save her from the

suffering and the sorrow to which he feared she was doomed. He watched the lovely young countess, as the papers described her, as the earl handed her to her carriage. He thought that a shudder passed through her frame; it might have been fancy. Her husband entered, the door was closed, and the four greys starting off, she was lost to him for ever.

"I cannot tear her from my thoughts, as I have been advised," he said to himself. "Those only who have never loved could give such counsel; but I can live to serve her—to protect her from the dangers and temptations which are sure, before long, to assail her."

He was the last person to leave the church. Though unrecognised, he had not been unobserved. One of the bridesmaids, Mary de Bertrand, had remarked him, and went home wondering who the dark stranger could be who had attended her sister's wedding.

The breakfast was superb. Gunter had exhausted all the talent of his establishment to produce it. The bride's spirits were wonderfully supported by stimulants, judiciously administered at the proper moments by her ever-watchful mother. No one, as they glanced at her rich colour, at her wreathed smiles, at her flashing eyes, would have supposed that she had not reached that morning the summit of her ambition, that her heart was far away from the scene of gorgeous magnificence with which she was surrounded. The Earl and Lady Talermaine were delighted. A cheque for many thousands had that morning been paid into their banker's, and a wealthy commoner, a baronet, and the heir to a dukedom, were paying unmistakable attentions to their three elder daughters. Lady Mary kept herself in the background. She was sick at heart; for, whatever the rest of the family might have thought, Bella had not deceived her.

The earl had wisely determined to make but a short tour. He was anxious to take his bride as soon as possible to see his two magnificent country-seats, both of which far surpassed in grandeur his town residence. His stewards were directed to hurry on the preparations, and all the residents in the neighbourhood who thought it worth their while to pay court to the most wealthy man in the county, agreed to do him and his young bride all the honour in their power. Others, from various motives, joined them; two or three peers, because he was of their order; most of the baronets, and other large landed proprietors, because they wished their wives to be on visiting terms with the fair countess, for her sake, poor young thing; for if left alone to his former associates, who will regain their position if not replaced by others, what will become of her? The clergy agreed that, as he showed by his marriage the intention of reforming, it was certainly their bounden duty to support him; some with small livings might have been slightly impressed by the fact that he had the patronage of several good livings, whose incumbents were advanced in life, but that could not have been the case with the majority. From these and various other causes an enormous cortége was collected to meet the earl and his countess at the station, with bands of music, banners waving, and volunteer corps mustering strong, while triumphal arches decked with flowers were to be seen at intervals along the whole line

of road, and groups of girls, young ladies in muslin, and charity-school girls habited in humbler materials, stood ready to present the fair countess with bouquets as she passed under each arch. At the steps of the hall the earl's principal tenants, with their wives and daughters, were assembled in their best dress, with more bouquets and wreaths; and then servants in rich liveries stood on either side, and demure-looking maidens in neat attire beyond them, across the hall, to welcome their new mistress.

Lady Bella, who had never been accustomed to the attendance of more than a share of an awkward Irish girl, and a butler and a footman, who regularly butted against each other every day in the dining-room, felt rather awestruck at the thought of having so many fine ladies and gentlemen to attend on her. However, it was very evident that her husband wished to do her honour, if not from love for her, from vanity and his own self-gratification. She hoped that it was from a motive which should call forth her gratitude, and she endeavoured to be grateful. Indeed, from the moment of their marriage his kindness and attention had been excessive, and his generosity unbounded. Still her heart was sick. Her husband had no place there. Would he ever obtain one? She would do her best to place him in his proper position. She must, at all events, try and drive Lord Eustace out of it. How was that to be done? It was no easy matter, it seemed. She had now enough, however, to occupy her thoughts and attention. It would take many weeks, it seemed, before she could become acquainted with even the mansion and its contents, independent of the grounds; and then she had visitors to receive, and the earl wished her to visit the tenants, and make herself popular among them—a task she was well calculated to accomplish. The earl gave her a good deal of his company, though he occasionally allowed her to go out alone; and when they met, after these short absences, he was invariably more kind and courteous than ever. He was evidently doing his utmost to win her affections, and to raise himself in the estimation of the public, in which he must have been conscious that he had hitherto deservedly held a low position. Considering that she had every luxury, every indulgence which boundless wealth could give, attendants eager to learn and obey her slightest wish, and a husband—whatever might be his faults—devoted to her, it seemed impossible that she could have found cause of complaint, yet over and over again she wished that one of her sisters had occupied her place. “Ah! how thoroughly they would appreciate its advantages!”

The summer passed away, the autumn was employed in visiting the earl's seat in the north, and another beautiful place he owned in the south of England. Her husband begged her to invite Mary to come and stay with her before their guests assembled for the winter, and to stay on to assist her in doing the honours. Lady Mary was delighted to find her sister looking so well, and apparently contented with her lot. The guests invited were unexceptionable people in all respects, and it was clear the marriage of the earl had completely restored him to the good opinion of the world in general; indeed, a peer with a hundred thousand a year finds it a more easy task to regain his

position in society than a hard-working clerk with a salary of fifty pounds.

Among the guests during the winter were several foreigners of distinction—French, Germans, Italians, Greeks, and Russians. Some the earl had known abroad; the acquaintance of others he had formed in England. Some were married, who came with their wives and children; others were single. He had every reason to believe that they were men of honour and character. They added also very considerably to the entertainment of the guests assembled for the Christmas festivities. The most brilliant and entertaining was the handsome young Italian prince, Angelo di Geroni. He was the leader in every amusement: the introducer of new dances, the inventor of all sorts of games. He sang delightfully, played all sorts of instruments; could improvise poetry, not only in Italian, but in French and English, which language he knew so thoroughly that he could take a leading part in a play, though his usual part was that of stage manager. He showed from his first arrival decided marks of admiration for Lady Mary; but as she had a prejudice against Roman Catholics, shared by her sister, he received no encouragement to continue his attentions. He at once, with perfect tact, assumed the character of a visitor, whose sole business is to make himself agreeable to all his companions alike. Still the countess fancied that he was more deeply smitten with Lady Mary than he would have wished to have it known. "Perhaps he will change his religion, as many Italians are now doing; and certainly he has more agreeable manners, and is better looking, than any Englishman I know," she said to herself; and this idea made her unconsciously more kind and gentle in her manner towards him than would otherwise have been the case. He possibly mistook the cause. How the world envied the Countess of Dulwaddle!

CHAPTER VI.

LADY BELLA'S MARRIED LIFE.

THE Earl of Dulwaddle had determined that his young countess should enjoy to the full the pleasures of the London season. He wished her to be seen and admired; he delighted in ostentation, and it was a satisfaction to him to believe that, while his wife was admired, he himself should be the envied of all men. The countess had scarcely a moment to herself. Visitors came flocking to the door in an unbroken stream during the whole afternoon; invitations, from royalty downwards, poured thickly in; banquets and balls were to be given at home; the Opera was to be attended—it was his chief relaxation—and occasionally a theatre visited. The Prince Angelo di Geroni was, on such occasions, among her most constant attendants, especially when the earl had to attend to his parliamentary duties, though she did not at first observe that this was the case. When she did, it was too late to stop the tongue of the scandal-mongers' gossip. The young prince, in spite of his talents—vain, heartless, and unprincipled—although well aware of the rumours afloat, instead of withdrawing himself from

Lady Dulwaddle's society, or taking pains effectually to contradict them, smiled at the accusations of his companions, and, without committing himself by an actual assertion, encouraged the idea that he was a favoured admirer of the lovely countess—hoping that, with her fair fame destroyed, she would be the more likely to consent to any proposals he might venture to offer. The Earl of Dulwaddle himself, of course, while he kept aloof from all his former associates, heard nothing of this. Those who knew the countess best, disbelieved the reports. Many who watched the intimacy thought that Lady Mary was the attraction. She herself certainly liked the prince—he was so kind, and gentle, and friendly—so anxious to obey her slightest wishes. This liking increased, as was but natural where the object was young and handsome; but, at the same time, her heart was as untouched as at first. A man less experienced with women would have committed himself; he was too cautious and sagacious to do that. He was aware that his progress in her regard was more apparent than real. He considered that his best chance of success was to find the earl returning to his former courses, or, at all events, to persuade the countess that he had done so. He might himself, by what he called a little diplomatic management, lead the vain earl into a snare, from which he might not find it easy to extricate himself. He without difficulty found out one of the earl's former associates; a pathetic letter was written, entreating an interview and what the prince required; an answer was obtained promising a visit. It was soon in the treacherous Italian's possession. He hastened with it to pay an early visit to the countess, resolved, if he found her alone, to strike while the iron was hot—assured, at all events, that her husband would be from home. She was alone. He spoke to her as he had never ventured to speak before. She heard him with pain, astonishment, and, as he proceeded, with indignation. She was about to repel him with scorn. He exhibited the letter. It was no forgery—she saw that; but she replied calmly:

“If the earl forgets his obligations, as this note may lead me to suppose, is it a reason that I should forget mine? You have forgotten yourself, Prince Angelo. Let me entreat you not to make such a mistake again. I am aware that greater laxity of opinion is held in Italy than in this country, and, therefore, I do not dismiss you with the indignation I should bestow on an Englishman who had transgressed as you have. I must exact a promise from you, however, that you will not offend in the same manner again; and even then I can no longer give you the same position in my regard which you before held.”

When Lady Dulwaddle said this, she thought that she was acting with sense, generosity, and liberality, and that the prince would appreciate her conduct, and never again dream of offending her. Her only safe course was to dismiss him then and for ever from her presence, or to denounce him to her husband. Formerly, when the laws of duelling existed in society, she would have had good reason to avoid adopting such a course, but at the present day a man who transgresses as the prince had done, would, with proper management, very soon be turned

out from among the more respectable ranks of society. The prince did not in any way look on the rebuff he had received as a defeat, and fully persuaded himself that time and opportunity only were required to secure his success. He did not for a moment reflect that, independent of other considerations, he would be dragging her from all the advantages which wealth and rank and social position now gave her down to comparative penury, to ultimate contempt, neglect, and probably an early and unhappy death.

Such was the fate her so-called devoted admirer was preparing for her, and she was risking by allowing him to continue his visits, even though on less intimate terms. Gradually, indeed, by apparent contrition, and the most humble and deferential manner, he contrived to work his way back into her esteem and regard; he was so amiable, so lively, so agreeable in conversation, who could suppose that any evil thoughts could have a dwelling-place in his mind? Lady Mary was still with her, and she thought that the world, at all events, would suppose that the prince was a suitor for her hand.

The season was advancing. Lady Dulwaddle began to grow rather weary of it, so did her sister. The earl was more than usually attentive to his parliamentary duties, so he said, but the prince always smiled significantly when that subject was alluded to. One of the young De Bertrands had come to stay with his sister—the sailor, the most liked of all her brothers; he was a generous, frank-hearted, though somewhat impetuous youth. The whole party had gone to the Opera. The earl had accompanied them there, but was, he said, compelled to return to Westminster, where he had been all the morning. The prince joined them, and was more than usually attentive—so Bella thought. She wished that he had continued as of late. Her brother and sister were absorbed with the opera; a grand absorbing scene was going forward. She was leaning back fatigued—too fatigued even to listen to the music. She often felt thus during that London season. The prince, concealed in the back part of the box, inclined his head till his mouth was close to her ear.

"I grieve to annoy you, dear Lady Dulwaddle, but can I see so much loveliness neglected, and not wish to avenge it?" he whispered, having before cautiously approached the subject, and found that she listened calmly to what he said. "By a remarkable chain of circumstances, proof has come into my hands. I have it here; shall I show it you?"

"Oh no! no! not here. I should faint if I were to see it! You could not deceive me!" she replied, hurriedly.

"I could die sooner first a hundred deaths than do one act to cause you one moment's pain or grief," he replied, in the same gentle tone.

"Then I trust to your honour, to your generosity, to your pity, for the misery to which I am doomed."

It is needless to repeat the protestations of unalterable devotedness made by the prince. Lady Dulwaddle attached a very different meaning to that which he intended them to bear. The opera was over, the house was unusually crowded, and, from the ignorance of Lieutenant de Bertrand and the management of the prince, who had the countess's arm, he easily separated her from her sister. Once more alone with

her, he spoke words which no virtuous woman could hear without anger and grief. She endeavoured to withdraw her arm from that of her tempter, but he held it fast. In the softest, gentlest voice, he pleaded for himself.

"And will you continue ever to be the slave," he exclaimed, "the mere plaything, of that tyrant lord, who even now, while pretending devotion to you, will be found at the residence of one of his former mistresses?"

He spoke louder than he had intended, and his words were heard by one who had been following him closely.

"It is false, lying deceiver!" said a voice in his ear. "Lady Dulwaddle, you will not believe this base prince!"

The astonishment of the prince made him relax his hold of the countess's arm.

"Oh! Eustace, save me—save me!" she exclaimed, grasping the hand of the person who had spoken. "Help me to find Mary and Arthur. I have been led away purposely from the entrance, where my carriage is waiting."

Her ear had detected the voice of Lord Eustace Warren, though she might not have recognised him through the disguise he wore. Without uttering another word to the prince, or casting a second glance at him, she took the arm of Lord Eustace, who, without much difficulty, found her brother and sister. They were somewhat astonished at seeing her under the escort, as they supposed, of a perfect stranger.

"May Heaven guide and protect you, dear lady!" said Lord Eustace, as he handed her into the carriage, and disappeared in the crowd.

She told Mary and Arthur that the prince was beside himself, and that, finding an old friend, she had begged him to act as her escort.

"Then, will not the prince come to-morrow, as he promised?" asked Lady Mary.

"I trust that he will never enter my house again," was the answer.

The countess might have saved herself from insult had she made that resolve some weeks before.

On reaching home, it was apparent that something had happened, but the countess was conducted as usual to her room before she had asked any questions. Lieutenant de Bertrand was called out, and then Lady Mary was sent for. The earl had been brought home in a dying state; in a fit, it was supposed. His chief medical attendant had been sent for, and two other physicians. He had himself eagerly signified that he wished to have his lawyer sent for. Till their arrival, the steward of the household thought it advisable not to inform the Countess of Dulwaddle of what had occurred. Physicians and a lawyer, even at that hour of the night, were far more speedily at the earl's door than the parish doctor appears at that of the dying pauper. The former soon acknowledged that they could do nothing except to alleviate suffering.

"Do that, then," said the earl. "Enable me to retain my senses for a few minutes till I have settled a matter of importance."

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The earl's medical attendant administered a potion he had brought, suspecting what would be required.

"Understand, sir," he said, calmly, addressing the lawyer, "I bequeath absolutely everything I possess, landed estates and personal property, to Isabella, Countess of Dulwaddle, with the exception of certain legacies in an attested list in the possession of my steward. I revoke all other wills and testaments. The estates are unentailed. I have no heir. Write quickly. Here, let me sign." The lawyer was writing while the earl was speaking. The physicians put their signatures to the will. "Now let me see the countess."

She soon came. As she saw him stretched on his death-bed, she felt more affection for him than had ever before warmed her heart; her grief was sincere.

"Isabella, had I known you earlier, I might have been a better and a happier man," he said, taking her hand. "My love for you is great. I have done my best to prove it. For your sake I endeavoured to reform thoroughly. I believe I was succeeding. May you, beloved one, for many years enjoy the wealth I leave you, and make a better use of it than I did till I knew you!" He kissed her hand and fell back. "Take her away," he murmured. "She must not witness what is coming on."

No one would willingly have been present in that death-chamber, it was reported.

The countess felt the death of the earl far more than could have been supposed. Lady Talermaine could, however, scarcely repress her satisfaction within the bounds of decency at the thoughts that her daughter was now the undisputed possessor of the unbounded wealth the earl had left. She, however, did not long live to enjoy her triumph, while the earl soon after broke his neck in the hunting-field. Lady Mary was the only daughter who married happily. Of the other three, one married a drunken squireen, another a disreputable foreign baron, and the eldest, finding that no one came to woo her, went off with her brother's footman.

Two years after her husband's death, the countess gave her hand to Lord Eustace Warren, who carried out in a truly liberal spirit the dying wish of the former owner of her wealth—that she would make a good use of it.

VICTOR HUGO.

How continually this writer plunges into extravagances anything but venial! In attempting to follow the romantic in place of the classic school, as before understood, he runs into the superlative of the improbable, and disregards the natural course of things without stint, if it will suit his fancy. His school affects to imitate Shakspeare in the department of the drama. It affects a horror, too, of the classical writers of poetry in a language certainly the least poetical in structure of any in Europe, and in its own example, avoiding Scylla, falls into Charybdis. With his power it is lamentable to see that he has no idea there can be an extravagance which he may not essay and sanction, no by-road out of the highway of nature that he may not travel, and shield under the term "romantic," to which we must beg to prefix the title of "new"—"new romantic," not that of Shakspeare, but of Dumas and Hugo. If Shakspeare discarded the unities or shifted his scenes from place to place, it was no more than might be conceded to poetical imaginativeness. This was one of the charges of the classic school against him. There is no more of error in shifting a scene from one country to another in the same play than at first imagining the plot to be laid in some distant city. The imagination of an audience picturing Italy, as in the "*Merchant of Venice*," at the drawing up of the curtain, may with equal illusion follow the characters into Spain if the story be consistent and demand it, because the action may, in the natural course of things, be commenced in one country and followed out in another, nor need it commence and terminate in twenty-four hours. It is not necessary nor natural that in a drama, the action having opened in the attic of a dwelling-house, that it should not be carried on there in one scene, and that the next act or scene should not, while connected with it, exhibit different characters and actions in the lower story, provided the latter actions are combined in the general plot. So far the romantic school coincides with nature, if not with certain rules established in ancient times; but even then they followed nature in the drama, and did not deal with aught but the natural, even in the fury or despair of tragedy. The example of the ancient drama, differently constituted, was no obligation binding upon ours, it is true. The drama of Greece was in many respects different from that of modern nations, as the manners were different, but nature was the same. Hugo might with his power—for power, great power, is his characteristic—have stood at the head of a school that time would not easily let die. Outrages upon nature, good taste, and morals, will never, in days of advanced civilisation, place any writer on the pinnacle of lasting renown. Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire, will still be played with all their unities and starchiness for their tranquil excellences. That which only startles the ears of the groundlings in the passing day will not survive the sunset. Extravagances and impossibilities are not the foundations of lasting fame with any writer. The violation of good morals, and details of the deeds of degraded characters beyond all common degradation, uncensured because they startle in the description, which the reader may see is unnatural

and exaggerated, and coloured with a spurious pity for the vile and debased, are only made to set off the picture. The spurious philanthropy thus becomes a convenience to the writer, for how else could he cover his coarse descriptions? What excuse would he have otherwise for introducing scenes offensive to morals, and opposed to the probable and even possible, such as never really could occur in society? How else could such degrading pictures be presented in the drawing-room, or "on my lady's table," in the pages of romance?

The classic school, then, finds its rival with Hugo, not in the style and character which Englishmen annex to the drama or romantic of Shakespeare, but to a drama that runs wild, defying decency, truth, and nature. The dramatic taste is so low in England, and the style of the pieces most applauded so bereft of anything like an intellectual amusement for an educated person, that there is no fear of the works of Hugo, could they be faithfully turned into English, ever becoming standards. The better drama in England has merged into the dialogues and plots of our native novelists. It is rare that in these the fidelity to nature is outraged even where they may not have the first claim in the ranks of that kind of literature on the score of morality. But in Hugo we have a writer of a most powerful imagination, one of whose distinctions "from all his peers" is that he misuses his abilities and genius in an extraordinary manner, that he corrupts while he makes the improbable current, and would persuade the world that, after all, reason, morality, and even nature's truth, are immaterial.

Take his "*Marion de Lorme*," one of those licentious women, according to the fashion of the Bourbon time, who was sent into the world to amuse the other sex—a parallel for one of our present "fast ladies," as the crowd styles them. The details of this drama are most improbable, and out of all decency. The object of Marion's first intrigue, *Cinque Mars*, dies. Of course her deep sorrow for his loss ends in finding another gallant, the second, and then a third, who is sitting with her at the window of her house, Number Two having just quitted her. Seeing four ruffians attack a man in the street, or him whom we designate as Number Two, Number Three goes down to assist in his defence, and both, who had quitted the lady's apartment separately, now return to it together. The last visitor, Number Three, seeing the familiarity with which Number Two treats the lady whom he had just quitted, challenges him. There is a law against duelling, the penalty death, but the two heroes meet and fight, notwithstanding. The lady, hearing the noise, leaves her apartment, not knowing of the edict making duelling a mortal offence, and calls the guard. Number Three is seized, while Number Two, to escape, feigns himself dead. A coffin is procured for the dead man, he being supposed within it for concealment sake, though he actually follows his own coffin, this same man, to the *château* of an old count, his uncle—of course nobody knowing his person! Thus he escapes the penalty for duelling by a stratagem not very much out of the way, considering how easily such matters may be arranged with pen and ink alone. Number Three, who had been taken to prison by the guard, escapes by the help of Marion, and both join a gang of strolling players, almost in the nick of time to follow the supposed dead man to the old count's *château*. The dead man, or Number Two, follows in his own funeral procession, and not very generously betrays the lover Number

Three, while he makes known to him the loose character of Marion, whom the said Number Three had been loon enough to imagine chaste and cold as an icicle. Marion is now discarded. The duel and burying farce are disclosed, and both duellists sentenced to die. The king, Louis XIII., will not pardon them on the merits of the case, but agrees to do so right royally, to please his jester. The Church, in the shape of a notorious cardinal, Richelieu, thwarts the desire of the court fool. The uncle of lover Number Two then secures his nephew's escape by a bribe to the gaoler, but the prisoner refuses to escape unless he can take his late antagonist with him—what heroic generosity! Marion surrenders her person to the cardinal's factotum to bargain off Number Three, and he prevails upon his master to save him, or nearly does so. All at once Number Three is seized with such a fit of morality and such a sentimental love for Marion, though so sullied, that he refuses life, and resolves to die. This being so decided, both duellists are taken to the scaffold. The cardinal, nearly at his last gasp from disease, is introduced on a litter to witness the scene. Marion craves pardon of him for both the culprits, but is refused, and they suffer. Marion then abuses the cardinal, and falls down, in a fainting-fit, for the loss of her two gallants—it may be presumed to rise again as soon as a novel adventure to introduce her can be concocted, and play over a similar farce of mawkish and unnatural profligacy.

Even this dramatic piece, such is the force of genius, possesses passages worthy of a work that might claim a far higher moral end. It displays too much evidence of the abuse of genius, of misused ability and perverted morality, while it is designed to outdo the moral bearing as well as delicacy of the higher French drama. Utterly out of probability, gross, and with no regard to keeping, it would be a libel on the chief of the English romantic school, and the natural truth and chaste beauty of the female characters of Shakspeare, even to imagine his female characters bore in the remotest degree a resemblance to those of Hugo. Shakspeare copied Nature, and did not distort her. Marion made a sensation, however, and as in the French modern school now imitating in England, sensation is the primary aim, and neither the truth of nature nor any care about moral character in the attainment of the object is regarded. This work passed as the product of a man of genius, which no one can deny the author to be, but of genius mischievously perverted in disregard of moral sentiment for momentary effect, of truth and consistency audaciously outraged, of virtue defied, and of a total forgetfulness that, of all men, writers of ability have most to answer in regard to the abuse of the talent bestowed upon them, seeing that they do not operate like the royal satrap, by brute power, or like the politician, by interest or intrigue upon human action, but upon the inner man—upon the immortal spirit for good or evil, for emendation or corruption.

In endeavouring to deracinate the artificial regularity of the classic drama by the new romantics, licentiousness of morals and freedom of language are the adopted instruments, and they are forcibly and plausibly defended. Shakspeare must not be blasphemed by such imputed imitations, because he exceeded not "the modesty of nature." Where are female characters more beautifully drawn?—or where is virtue more respected in place of being made a mockery, or treated as if it were of no value, than by the English poet? In Shakspeare, a licentious charac-

ter is described, in low or high station, strictly after nature, and with consistency of action, not exalted at the expense of virtuous feeling, here treated as a matter of no moment. The profligate were not the heroines of the English poet. If it be replied that Marion was of the common description of the women of her country at that time, we do not credit it; she was only one of too many exceptions. The polluted imagination of the writer should not be suffered to obtain credit for such an unfounded excuse, such an untrue and unpardonable insinuation. Solitary intrigues might be numerous enough in the Bourbon court, but in relation to the plurality outside it was too incredible, even for Gallic profligacy. It is true that the kings and courtiers of France, the admired of too many of their day of that class in England, and for the restoration of which régime, with all its crimes, England commenced a sanguinary war—it is true that no court, from the earliest period of history, was outdone by the Bourbon in acts of polished despotism, in the affectation of honour, in degrading licentiousness, and those varnished manners which follow the most unjustifiable courses with a courtier's smoothness of action and tongue of velvet. Victor Hugo forgets that what may raise the admiration of the depraved by the exhibition of their sympathies in his specious details, may, and will, give him the applause of the depraved alone. Is it not far better for one of his talents rather to obtain the applause of the discriminating and wise, now, and for the unborn ages, than to be quoted with shouts by the open-mouthed demoralised? Is it not better to bear an unimpeachable character in writings transmitted to future generations, than, if noted at all, appear only (with a lamentation) in a parenthesis, for misused talent, and a disregard of moral bearing? He may depend upon it that, as time continues to advance, the virtues will not deteriorate in the market. If they declined in Rome under the Emperors, they only shifted their quarters, and never more beyond a very narrow limit will a boast be held out of the glory of immorality, except where a Louis XV. or a Tiberius may rule, however extensively it may really prevail. The instances are few, indeed, in which vicious characters make a merit of their debasedness in the face of society at large, for, though they have an irresistible propensity to be profligate, they seldom venture a solitary sentiment in their justification. This feeling will increase with the extension of knowledge, as the extravagant in the drama will diminish, for we are at present alluding to the romance and dramatic writers, as well as to the poetical. Hugo is undeniably one of no mean order, though "he abuses the king's press." He is one who merits something above the mere adaptations of an unbridled imagination to every-day scenes and characters. We should expect him to rise in "the accommodation of the shows of things to the desires of the mind," even far beyond this "visible diurnal sphere." Hugo's poems would merit a separate notice, filled with lugubrious and despairing passages, egotisms, and extravagances as they are, as well as beauties. For some minds nature has no life; all is stamped with the gloomy foreboding of death—of an event as natural as that of birth—a condition under which we live, move, and have our being. Would Victor Hugo prefer never having had an existence, never to have seen the orb of day, nor owned a human brotherhood? We think not, though, like all reasoning men, he would not live the same life over again. By-the-by, this last feeling and the fear of death seem

to be insolvable contradictions, on which the more we meditate the more we are at fault as to the origin. We hold it a strong point in the prospect of a future existence, though drawn from an every-day fact.

But to the drama. Hugo's "*Roi s'Amuse*" partakes in all his faults, in all his coarseness of subject, in all the Gallic disregard of female virtue and character, in all the pollution as to choice of subject. It is a history of a monarch's adventures among the lowest of his viler subjects in the capital, during which, degrading himself, he takes a false name to revel unknown among the profligate in the filthiest haunts. By few sovereigns, with all the incapacity and profligacy among the race that have yet appeared, could so mean a taste have ever been exhibited, except, perhaps, with one most "high and mighty prince," James I., when fuddled,* or his next successor but one, who used to dissect infants, that hopeful head of the Church, Charles II., arm in arm with the moral Rochester. Hugo's king seduces the daughter of his own Fool, who plans his assassination in return, and hastens to have the gratification of seeing the royal body covered up in a sack. Of course the Fool intends afterwards to run away, taking his ruined daughter. Then comes one of Hugo's incidents still more foreign to truth and probability. In place of the adventuring monarch, the poor girl is stabbed, put into the sack, and handed to her father, who, desirous of a peep at a dead king, finds his daughter, with just life enough left to tell her tale and expire! The consequence is, that the father, as he well might, goes out of his senses, and this performance, ridiculous enough as a melodrama, is to be deemed akin to the romantic of Shakspeare! A drama altogether fit for a brothel, on the score of immorality and want of common decency of subject. Where among the anomalies that passed muster in England two or three hundred years ago, among our dramatists, are similar glaring inconsistencies visible, such utterly absurd and improbable fictions, with all their coarseness, the latter even in Anne's reign? We allude to the subject. If the French Shakspeares are delineated by their works in this way, we must be ten thousand times more contented with our own. Read the beautiful romantic of Shakspeare. Consider the differences in colloquial language, from our time, and in manners, among our rough forefathers, and is there one reader who does not blush at the comparison of Hugo's heroes and heroines, with his chief male and female characters, in an age so much farther advanced? It is the comparison of pollution with purity, of putrefaction with the freshness and bloom of the morning of human existence. This piece was forbidden on account of some undesigned political allusions, or what the audience interpreted to be so on its first representation. Here we must remark that Hugo in politics appears, not from his averments so much as from his career, to be in most respects an anythingarian—but his political inconsistencies are not our affair.

We have seen what are the subjects selected by this writer for the plots of his dramatic pieces. We have noted the female purity of character in one of them, and the kingly amusement of royal visits to the

* The ladies complained that they could not visit the court and come away without nameless insects in their dresses, such was the filth in Whitehall, and James himself was half his time muddled with the bottle, becoming, too, a woman-hater contemporaneous with his accession to the English throne.

lowest dens of infamy, with all the fair dames of a court never the chastest in Europe at his beck. How complimentary to the royal taste ! It is true, a devotee of monarchs without regard to character, a wholesale advocate of divine right, Edmund Burke, most eulogistic of the Bourbons, cruelly says : "Kings are fond of low company." However true this may be as to fools and jesters, it can hardly be true of the lowest and most degraded of the sex, at least in the case of Francis I., surrounded by countless beauties of rank. No matter, the King Francis perjures himself in seducing his jester's daughter, to whom he promises marriage ! She did not know his person, of course, a very likely thing ! Would it be likely that she never beheld the sovereign to whom her father was Fool ? Let the reader examine the subjects of these two pieces, and the pruriency that it will be supposed influenced the choice.

In "*Lucretia Borgia*" we have the same characteristics displayed in the choice of a subject still more exceptionable. The Gallic dramatist of the new romantic school that would be, selects a topic still more odious, battenning on the most revolting theme that could be placed before an audience, and almost without a match in recorded, or rather imaginary, depravity. To this is added the same unscrupulous disregard of possibility in the action in like accordance with good taste. It would seem as if the drama were designed to hold up to vice, not nature and truth, but that which can best be selected to disgust virtuous feeling and corrupt an audience—at least the ignorant and unsuspicious part. To render vice familiar is to proffer a strong temptation to commit it. A crime so rare as to be unrivalled in history, it betrays and argues a bad taste to select only for the purpose of exhibition, to make it a matter of laudation, or even to treat it venially. There is always an attempt by this writer to rest a main point in his tragedies, as before observed, upon some act which is next to impossible, or some character out of all social keeping. He would have no scruple in bringing Birnam Wood to Dunsinane in reality, if he could get it upon wheels. He must have not the tragic so much as the monstrous and improbable for his themes. He loves to deal in that which nature refuses to place in sequence of common action, and to have recourse to revolting subjects, because, perhaps, they startle the ears of the groundlings. The tale of the Borgia is every way revolting. A tragic story, simply so called, would not suit. As if this writer, with his power, had not genius enough to create an interest unless he would startle by the extreme viciousness of the characters he selected, and not by his own skill in description. Cæsar Borgia was the son of Pope Alexander VI., one of "God's viceregents," who had, of course, been sworn to celibacy. His mother was one of the Pope's mistresses, named Vanossa, by whom he had five children. The Duke of Gandia, the brother of Cæsar, and one of the five, fell in love with his sister Lucretia, in which he became the rival of Cæsar the Pope, who, in consequence, had him assassinated. This incest produces a son, according to Hugo, whom he names Gennaro, and who by accident seen by his mother, she falls in love with him, and follows him disguised to Venice. He feels a sympathetic attraction towards her—a sort of "spiritualist" affection, as present times have it—but has no idea who she is ! He detests the real Lucretia for her crimes, and defaces her arms over the gate of the palace of her fourth husband, Don Alphonso. She solicits vengeance, and Gennaro is secured.

She determines to witness his condemnation, which she makes her husband swear shall take place, while her husband, who knew of his wife's previous attachment, and is jealous, has determined to send both out of existence, but previously plays the hypocrite in a scene of affected tenderness. His jealousy is further excited, until he can no longer restrain himself, and he gives her the choice to die by the dagger or the bowl. She selects the poison, and asks to be allowed to take it herself, while a concealed assassin is ready to despatch Gennaro. The lady and her gallant are left together, as he supposes, intending thus to spend their last moments. The lady manages to outwit her husband, for she holds an antidote against the poison. She informs Gennaro of his position. He reproaches her bitterly, but takes the antidote. Then he talks with affection of his mother unknown, and apologises for profaning her name before such a wretch as Lucretia. His words are daggers to her, but she gets him to drink down the antidote, tells him how to escape, and gives him her blessing, for which he ungratefully returns her his curses, and she faints.

By some cause Gennaro does not leave Venice. We know not how Don Alphonso reasons in the interim, balked in his design. Gennaro joins some friends at supper at the Negroni Palace, next door to that in which Lucretia resides! Very likely, just after his escape! The party are enemies of Lucretia, and it is formed only for a trap to ensnare them to their ruin. Don Alphonso, the husband, does not here make his appearance. The revelry commences, and then Lucretia enters with a gang of monks, who chant funeral dirges, during which she gives the supper-party the information that they are undone, that their end is near, for they have supped upon poison, and that they must quickly have recourse to a confession of their sins. In the interim a door is opened, displaying a room or gallery, in which are seen five coffins for the unfortunate guests; but there were six guests, including Gennaro, who had joined the entertainment without an invitation. This Lucretia did not know, and he is now seen with her in an apartment adjoining. She informs him he is poisoned, and desires him to save himself by taking some of the antidote he had used before. He finds there is only a little more than enough to preserve the life of one. He refuses to take it alone, and snatches up a knife to inflict vengeance on the authoress of the crime. She sues for pity; Gennaro will not be moved, and, as a last refuge, she makes known to him that he is her brother's son. He pauses, he hesitates, being her nephew, as he imagined, when the moans of his dying companions reach his ears, and, relapsing into his former fury, he stabs her, when she confesses in her dying agonies that, "like Nero, he has slain his mother."

Whether the events are natural and possible or not, whether they are anomalous, and even out of the past or present course of things by being of a character most flagitious, if that probability which ensures the illusion of a dramatic work, and affects the mind, though its truth be discarded, and tragedy consist in the invention of monstrosities that never did or could exist, it was no matter; the effect once produced is not by holding the mirror up to nature, but to what is out of nature. "Not to show virtue her own feature—scorn her own image, and the very body of the time its form and pressure"—but to startle by the unnatural, exaggerate the deformity of vice, and amuse an audience by pictures without morality

or a natural coherence, unless, indeed, it be a moral object to apply the grossnesses of the most revolting vices invention can embody to win a name by increasing the profligacy of the age. There is no one credits as a fact the story of Lucretia Borgia as thus painted—we mean no trustworthy historians. What matters it if audiences can be startled by a violation of truth and virtue, and the applause of sullied or of ignorant minds be obtained? The idea of imitating Shakspeare, who follows nature in his painting, and for the age in which he lived was as free from the flagrant vices of the new school to which we allude as his impersonations and language have remained unimpeachable, is a false idea. His is all nature's truth; the school we thus censure is founded upon a style of painting as unnatural and untrue as it is grossly immoral. We must protest against the new romancers blaspheming Shakspeare under the pretence of following his example, and making him a partner in their monstrosities. They are *sui generis*; let them grow and entwine their own laurels as well as wear them. The power and genius of Hugo are worthy of something better than his labours show in portraying things that could not be embodied save in an imagination that sports under promptings abhorrent to good taste and morality.

Read the "Haus d'Island" of this writer! What is there in it of truth? What monstrous exaggeration! What a wandering from nature into the wild, and unnatural, and anomalous, and absurd! It is low and vicious, because, what is depressing to every generous emotion that aspires to harmonise the show of things with lofty and virtuous aspirations, must be so characterised, however well painted and vigorously sustained in the composition. In writers of genius, we have at least to expect what is natural, pure, and true. This is one of the most monstrous of Hugo's works; little, indeed, calculated to instruct or elevate those who are used to the perusal of the writings, and who are well read in the romantic school that existed in England before the present Gallic super-romantics undertook the task of flinging past writers of imagination, and all truth and consistency, into the shade. A momentary excitement is now made, the aim being to startle the unreflecting at any expense to nature or veracity. The moderate potation will not serve, that which enlivens and strengthens, the madness of intoxication will alone answer, in which the disordered brain perverts by distortion or multiplication all the vision may chance to discover before it. The school is a low-minded one, calculated to corrupt by the painting of vicious character, and the familiarity with crimes which it magnifies and sketches without reprobation. Are the minds of youth, of female youth more particularly, in the boudoir, or the drawing-room, to be reconciled by such writers to an acquaintance with the gross vices from which they should shrink from the perusal, and to be imbued with perversions of all which is consistent with fact and morality? Are the heartless courtesans of the Bourbon princes of the past, the heartless abandoned, not simply immoral, but heinously profligate—are such characters and their actions to become the study and amusement of the unpolluted minds of innocent girls just "come out?" as the phrase designates it. Greatly must they improve in perusing the characters of such court harlots, no doubt, and of male characters that merited the galleys. If well-known vices, rendered yet more vicious by description, selected apparently for the facility

with which crime and vice may be deeper coloured by fancy than it is ever seen to be in reality, and in the happy ignorance of the unsuspicious, as if chosen for the purpose of corruption by such deep, and unfaithful, and unnatural colouring—if these are aims and works of the new romantic school, they do not belong to that of Shakspeare. Marion, or the Borgia as depicted by the author, may be the Juliet, or Ophelia, or Cordelia, of the school of Hugo, but can no more be that of Shakspeare than either can be depicted a member of a Holy Family. We must not have Shakspeare libelled or degraded by either a French or English writer. Hugo is no more of Shakspeare's school than he is of that, with all its stiff rules and starchiness, of his own country's classic—that, for example, of the beautiful, and tender, and virtuous Racine, or that of the noble Corneille.

"But you have not noticed 'Hernani?'" it may be asked, one of Hugo's first works—one of his works the least out of nature. We cannot notice any of his works at the length we could desire, because the task would occupy too much space. "Hernani" was the writer's first work in his path of defiance to the old classic school; in opposition to which the new romantics, if they would fain class Shakspeare among them, must not have the concession. Shakspeare, if he created a monster in Caliban, placed him in the part designed he should appear, in that character and out of humanity. The school of Hugo transforms men and women into monsters only by their vices, and asks credit for the faithful delineation of them as natural and elevated existences.

"Hernani" is Hugo's more reasonable and natural work. It was his first, and therefore, perhaps, the most decent and consistent with truth. He could not keep within such bounds. He must plunge further into exaggeration. He must needs progress in a romanticism of his own, or that of the new French school. We have shown that he has made a progress which must soon exhaust even the manifold resources of infamy, as subjects for adding to the notoriety of the Gallic romantic. The school, it must be confessed, marches *à grand pas*. It is painful to see genius such as that of Hugo neutralised by a desire for momentary notoriety acquired by such means. We can assure him that we can neither afford to have Shakspeare travestied, nor brutalised. Nor can we tolerate his mistake of taking the superlative of the offences in criminal courts for the sublimities of tragedy, as if they were the more effective for the extravagance of their characters and the vulgarity and profundity of their flagitiousness. We do not think Hugo rightly comprehends the great dramatic poet of England, nor the true character of the grand and beautiful, because, in his conception of those characteristics, we have the extravagances of vulgar crime in place of the audacity of superior minds occupied with objects, in motive at least, far above the characteristic criminality of the degraded of both sexes, however disguised ultimately by factitious amendment.

The latest work of Hugo exhibits all his faults, with his remarkable powers. It is as wild, anomalous, inconsistent, and untruthful to nature, though not as immoral in one sense as some of his other works. It has the merit, too, so peculiarly his own, that he does not hesitate to serve his purpose, and that continually, by making his characters act as they never would naturally act, just as if, by so doing, he would surprise his

readers into wonder and approbation. This the dullest comprehension must see would be next to impossible in the natural course of things.

"*Les Misérables*" has been praised to the utmost tether of those diurnal critics and trading artists that deal their laudation in proportion to the balances of the advertising accounts of publishers. The Whig *Edinburgh Review* has dealt with it in just terms, and the Tory *Quarterly*, as of old, has taken a view just the reverse of its political antagonist, as might be expected, dealing out laudation on the writer and his school. It is an unhappy thing in some cases that the editor of a review should be a mortal man, and that thus it should become necessary to replace one when another dies out. The new editor, whoever he may be—all the world formerly knew who were the editors of reviews, not by mere name, but by their distinguished talent—the existing editor, in his eagerness to combat the opinions of the *Edinburgh*, as of old, upon all and every topic, must needs laud "*Les Misérables*" and its school. Political antagonism was to be expected as of old, when we used to read the *Quarterly*, its politics aside, for its excellent criticisms on classical works, and the *Edinburgh* for its metaphysics and political economy. This has ceased to be the case. The distinguished men of those days of the two parties are now no more, but the political animosity, the thing of least consequence to literature, influences still. The masters of French tragedy, Dumas and Hugo, themselves and their dramas, were most "particularly damned," to quote an applicable asseveration of the fashionable and royal Tenth Dragoons in the old time. The *Quarterly* enumerated twelve of their works, and then consigned them, in its anti-Gallican antipathy, to a different fate from that lofty elevation now apportioned to them, and those of Hugo more particularly. Editors should possess medium memories in all events, and in their eagerness to cross right or wrong the opinions of an antagonist, remember that a conviction of themselves in their own pages is awkward, especially when political acrimony can be fairly presumed to be the cause; and the strong anti-Gallicism, always so conspicuous in the *Quarterly*, yields before its stronger anti-Scotian antipathy to Whiggery, to which antipathy even its slanders of Napoleon I., and everything French for a long term of years, at length gives way.

"*Les Misérables*" is styled an extraordinary work. It really is so, if thus denominated for its display of high talent wasted, and the natural course of things outraged. Are the productions of this powerful, wayward, immoral writer, for ever at war with truth and simplicity, with nature and consistency, to be considered by its admirers as of that school to which Shakspeare belonged? We think not, because the author has very little indeed in common with the Bard of Avon but his dissimilitude with the classical, dignified, and over-polished school of his own country. M. Hugo may imagine that he imitates nature like the great English poet, or others of those who have written in his manner, while he distorts it. He is unnatural, improbable, and, where the verity of nature should be preserved, most false and unfaithful. His characters, virtuous as Marion among females, and as pure as those we might name among the male sex, are no more like those of Shakspeare than an eagle is like an alligator.

But to return to "*Les Misérables*"—the work of a writer of so vigorous

a fancy, and gifted with such a genius, never surely perverted both, nor committed such gross mistakes as he has done, by intermingling the most striking scenes in powerful language with the improbable, immoral, inconsistent, unconnected, and incoherent. Likely enough to attract the attention of the groundlings, and astonish those who have no taste nor judgment, but who are for the most part proof against the writer's real merits,—such may be charmed with scenes or passages which set nature at defiance, endeavour to reconcile what is irreconcilable, and startle by novelty. Unhappily they are not a few who find in the wildest melodrama of the present degraded stage of England what they imagine is the perfection of the art, because it is commensurate with their stunted knowledge and low scale of taste. The weak and powerful, the minute and vast, the half-formed and sketchy, the magnificent and paltry, the possible and impossible, are jumbled together, to make up a finale not worthy of the labour bestowed in collecting them. All this is done to create an interest based upon characters and acts of the vilest hue, the heroes of which, by a miracle, are made to simulate amended criminality, and excite a spurious pity, in the course of which scenes utterly out of all keeping with consistency, or possibility as to fact, are linked together in a connexion so weak, that to it

The spider's most attenuated web
Is cord and cable.

A hungry thief named Valjean, a peasant, steals a loaf, and for that comparatively venial offence is sent for seven years to the galleys. For different attempts at escape he has the term increased to nineteen years. With some francs, the fruit of his earnings in gaol, he is at last set free with a convict's passport, stamping his character. No one will shelter him. The gaol and the dog-kennel equally repel him, and, by hyperbole, he cannot sleep in the starlight, for the stars hide themselves behind the clouds, of course to show him their antipathy! A good bishop shelters him, and he repays the charity of his benefactor by robbing him, having, we presume, run through his stock of francs. He is pursued and taken. The bishop, to shelter the thief, tells the police the white lie that he gave the rogue his plate, and bids him employ the product of his robbery in becoming an honest man. This rare specimen of truth-telling by a mitre and the purple, informs the thief Valjean that he has bought his soul of him. The purchase-money exchanged for the soul, as we presume, being spent, Valjean next robs a poor Savoyard of two francs. No reason intervenes for Valjean's sudden penitence, unless it be that he gets back his soul. Without rhyme or reason he becomes all at once penitent, and, determining to be honest, he also determines to turn manufacturer, whether upon the capital he filched or how obtained does not appear. He turns bead-maker under a false name, and realising a fortune, becomes mayor of the place where he resides, builds hospitals and founds schools, all which time he fears he shall be discovered as the enlarged convict, though he has changed his name and become saintly in his views. A grisette, and her illegitimate child are left destitute, the child under the care of an extortionate wine-shop keeper, that the abandoned by her seducer may labour herself to support it, and she procures work with M. Madeleine, but is turned adrift by the intrigues of a reli-

gious devotee. She is forced to sell her teeth and hair, and to live by street-walking. She gets insulted by a blackguard fellow, scratches his face, and is sent to prison, from whence the peasant, now the thief-mayor and bead-manufacturer, gets her freed. She dies soon afterwards. The mayor, all this time a manufacturer and public character having authority, and always in public before a lynx-eyed police, nobody ever recognises as Valjean! He promises the mother, on her death-bed, to protect her child. So blind are the public, that, until this generous manufacturer, who has sold his soul to a bishop, who must have lived long years under the noses of the police in peace and unmolested to attain a fortune and civic honours, sees that a person has been arrested as Jean Valjean, charged with being the once noted convict and thief. So high-wrought all at once becomes the real Valjean's sense of honour, that he cannot bear an innocent man should be mistaken for himself. He goes off to the seat of justice and surrenders himself. He had previously secured his large fortune by hiding it in a forest. From the transport that conveys him to his chains, we presume, he leaps overboard, and is thought to be dead. He now reappears at the town of his mayorship, hies and cries notwithstanding, and carries out his promise about protecting the child of the poor street-walker from the cruel wine-seller, as usual unrecognised by the police! This child, named Cozette, her protector being now pursued by the police, that after so long a time seems to have discovered his whereabouts, gets with it into a convent, from which it was a puzzle how to escape. From thence he does, however, escape in a nun's coffin (coffin concealments are old stratagems of Hugo's), and he narrowly escapes burying alive. All this is done by the assistance of the old gardener of the convent, to which he, by the same aid, contrives to return, and serve as under-gardener, while the child is contrived to be placed in the convent school. For a long time the police remain at fault as usual, and in the vicinity of the convent as elsewhere. The girl grows fast to maturity, while Valjean's, nineteen years in the galleys, and we may add at least as many more in accumulating a large fortune as a manufacturer, and notoriety as a mayor, if nature had not travelled awry, must now have been pretty well advanced in life. As to his non-recognition, whilst acting as an assistant-gardener in the midst of the police, it must be put down as an accident such as favours a rogue very seldom indeed.

The girl Cozette supposes Valjean her father, who is now known as M. Leblanc. Walking at the Luxembourg, a new character appears on the scene, who meets Cozette there—a half-starved advocate called Pontmercy. A platonic love commences, and the most innocent of meetings take place through broken railings. In the next attic to this new character, Pontmercy, lodges a fellow who lives by writing begging-letters, who, not at all wonderful in the round of M. Hugo's probabilities, turns out to be the keeper of the former wine-shop where the mother of Cozette had placed her child, and who was so extortionate. This man from his wine-shop had entered the army, and was a sergeant at Waterloo, where he met with a dead body, as he supposed, and was most likely about to rifle, if French sergeants ever turn plunderers on the field. This body was that of Pontmercy, then a colonel, the father of M. Pontmercy of the amatory railings. The wine-dealer, formerly called Thé-

hardier, but now the letter-beggar Joudrette, having endeavoured to victimise Valjean (now M. Leblanc), plans to murder and rob him, but the concoction of the plan is overheard by M. Pontmercy, who gives information to the police. He then learns to his horror that this Waterloo sergeant, thief, and greedy boarder formerly of Cozette's infant, was the preserver of his father's life. Here is a dilemma of course between duty and gratitude. The police, however, settle the matter by breaking in and seizing Joudrette, while M. Leblanc, who has no great wish to encounter the police himself, escapes, getting to the ground from an upper story by a rope-ladder. It will be seen that all the primary contingencies, however improbable and unnatural, have their secondaries at perfect convenience.

New troubles assail Valjean, *alias* Leblanc, on finding out the love affair between Cozette and Pontmercy. The latter engages in the insurrection at the funeral of Lamarque in 1832. The inspector of police, that had often before sought to hunt down Valjean, is condemned for a spy, and saved by Valjean. In a barricade affair all are killed but Valjean, who at such a moment is so directed by his usual invisibility to the agents of justice, that he is cool enough to take up the body of Pontmercy, which still has some signs of life, and escape with it into a sewer, as if the act were possible at such a moment for one survivor surrounded by enemies. At the entrance of the sewer he sees Thénardier, who is deceived by the hope of plunder to open the sewer-gate, of which he has the key, designing to give Valjean into the hands of the head of the police, who is hard by. The latter lets Valjean, *alias* M. Leblanc, escape, and then becomes so touched by his dereliction of duty, that he drowns himself, with a similar sense of honour, we presume, to that of the royal cook who threw himself upon his own sword because the fish did not arrive in time for dinner. Thénardier, villain as he is, gets twenty thousand francs from Pontmercy, and emigrates; for in this work all the sympathy is with scoundrelism, under affecting sympathy for the scum of society as a justification for making such heroes of the tale. In the mean while, young Pontmercy, safe out of the sewer, and forgiven by his relatives, is married to Cozette. Valjean settles six hundred thousand francs, out of the profit of his bead-making, dug up for the purpose, we presume, from its *cache* in the forest, upon the grisette's illegitimate. To possess such a degree of philanthropy it is almost worth while to undergo penal servitude. The marvellous marriage does not end this strange, inconsistent jumble of a story, or rather of stories, for there is enough to make a dozen, if nature and probability go for anything, or if the author had been as fortunate in his display of a single and simple incident as he is in concocting others link by link, attached to the first at setting out. We have said the tale does not end here. Pontmercy and his parentless bride become elated with their position, cannot tolerate the galley-slave Valjean, who has made them purse-proud, and they charge new offences upon him. The tender nature of the benefactor to this precious pair cannot stand their ingratitude. Valjean, so sensitive by his past habits, languishes away, from meeting with conduct too much for his habitual susceptibility, and is laid upon his death-bed. The ungrateful pair then repent and implore his pardon. He gives them his blessing, and dies like a saint.

Such is an outline of this immoral, incongruous, unnatural story, as inconsistent as the wildest brain ever concocted. In every part, truth, probability, and simplicity are violated, while virtue and vice are confounded. Every reader not a lunatic must see that the events stated to have taken place never could do so by any chance in human affairs, that they are out of all nature and fitness, and that this new romantic school of drama and romance no more resembles the romantic drama of Shakspeare or of Calderon, or the tales of the English or Germans, written in the modern romantic, than it equals the Arabian Nights in extravagance and in want of harmony with truth and nature. The drama and romance of the author—the designation of the present work being of the former class—are up to certain mark as in the verisimilitude of their details, and in an adherence to truth, nature, and moral effect exactly the same, however different on other points, beside their unnatural character, improbability, and extravagance.

We are not strangers to the fallacious pleas of sympathy for the vicious, and to that false pity which is put forth as the excuse for the frailties of one sex and the vices of the other, but in reality for a make-weight to cover powerful descriptions of vices, startling from novelty, and creating false sympathies. Appeals are thus made to our compassion to cover what else could not have currency or be admissible by good taste, while, besides familiarising vice, it is innocent, through numerous anomalies, of imparting any acceptable acquisitions of a pure character to amuse, instruct, or elevate the mind of the reader.

That a powerful genius should pervert the true course of things, and for the sake of surprising cease to paint nature and fact, preferring to have recourse to unfaithful delineations of exaggerated vices, seeking to cozen unworthy sympathy by an untruthfulness of portraiture, is lamentable, and positively injurious to morals. Hugo has ability for nobler, more elevated, and more endurable results. The present work wants moral feeling, veracity, good taste, and a respect for public morality. Before long this school will disappear, but we fear not without leaving evil effects. Detached scenes, however powerfully worked out, will not do alone, if their high colouring pass them current for the moment. In the mean while, trading speculation will push them, as it does the objectionable works of our own country. In proof of this fact, one speculator has just reprinted, and is circulating, the infamous work of Monk Lewis, which every right-thinking person had hoped was forgotten, not that we would lower the *morale*, power, or genius of Hugo to such a standard. We only mention the fact to show how little, in the present day, the moral effect of any work is regarded as to circulation, opposed to the chance of lucre, as we see besides in the constant publication of the lowest and most immoral French works, destitute of the ability of Hugo, or of his motive, as we are bound to take it from himself, for we only deal here with his perversion of talent and its consequences.

The rich but sombre verse of Hugo is as much abused as his prose. If there be one thing more than another which disgusts us in those gifted with a poet's power—the “*poeta nascitur non fit*”—it is the treatment with levity of that Awful Being who rules the universe in the

misuse of the talent he confers on a few miserable mortals; that Being for whom Bacon, Milton, Newton, and Locke felt such a reverence, whose name Newton and Halley would not pronounce with hats upon their heads. The light treatment of the Deity by some of the modern French school, and Hugo is no exception, disgusts us, and proves that with the vast majority of mankind there is no right conception of the Ruler of the Universe as obtained from the stupendous works of nature, to go no further. We need not quote from the most unpoetical of languages any proofs of this. The French writers of our time abound in levities and sentiments enough to prove the point. We are the more pleased to escape a task repugnant to our feelings, because in a notice of "*Les Contemplations*," by the same author, we have already noticed his levities, querulousness, and, we almost believe, doubts respecting the Great First Cause so common in his native land.

We cannot find space to extend our observations further. We can only lament that this irregular, highly imaginative, and powerful writer has not attended to a chastening of the powers he possesses, but persists in running wild out of nature's track. He might have given us something much more worthy his powers, more natural and consistent with existing nature. The schools of novel and romance pass away like the fashions in dress. We can remember half a dozen. Such works are mere luxuries, of which a few only survive, when founded strictly upon the truth of nature. Our distempered social existence, in the mass, is of a low intellectual character. We want works that will assist by giving representations of scenes and actions that elevate the desires and create honest aspirations to make us better and more worthy in our present social state. This can never be achieved by representations contrary to nature's truth, by arousing sympathy for the criminal, nor by making innocent readers familiar with vicious scenes and characters, in which the crime and individuality of character are out of keeping with truth, and the acts described by the writer are exaggerated beyond recorded facts of the like nature, to startle by impossible novelty, and excite an unwholesome and morbid sympathy.

CYRUS REDDING.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

BY ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

O MIGHTY leagues of dreary, pathless main !
 That rend and wrench the continents apart,
 Eternal thought has forged a vital chain,
 To knit with ours Columbia's throbbing heart.

The trackless sea no longer trackless seems,
 And dreadful, pitiless waves no longer dread,
 When mind from either shore can flash its gleams,
 And wake response through ocean's silent bed.

No dark mischance, nor cumbrous toil to make,
 The croaking heart and craven soul despair,
 Could baffle sturdy natures to forsake
 Their conquering task, or their vast plans impair.

For victory cometh not with dreamy ease,
 But hoards its favours for the battling strife,
 When through the mists of doubt th' undaunted sees
 The hope triumphant, dawning o'er his life ;—

And clutches at it with unyielding might,
 Striving and wrestling for the glorious prize,
 Until he stands upon the granite height
 Of firm success, that dazzles craven eyes.

O heritage of man, eternal thought !
 Whose fruits can lessen toil and lighten care,
 A wider love on earth it will have wrought,
 Since he can flash its meanings everywhere.

Above the tempest's moan—the sea's wild cries—
 Above the shrieks of war—the plaints of kings—
 A whispering voice in deathless accents flies,
 Sweeter than perfume borne on summer's wings ;

Like youthful hopes, untainted, glad and free,
 The wingèd words we send across the main,
 To tell the world in their own melody,
 That kindred nations are no longer twain ;

But girt in angel bonds of peace and love,
 An adamant chain of harmony,
 Which sacred fellowship and good will wove,
 To bless the now, and glad futurity.

A test of brotherhood, dear friendship's plight,
 An earnest compact of the time to be,
 When mind alone shall wage its bloodless fight
 With ignorance, and gain the victory—

When blood-stained War shall vanish from the earth,
 And nations grasp each other tenderly
 With loving speech, that Britain signals forth,
 Heralded to-day across the sea.

IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," "STRATHMORE,"* &c.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

RIEN QUE TOI.

CHAPTER XI.

"THE SERPENT'S VOICE LESS SUBTLE THAN HER KISS."

THE fishing hamlet lay under the shadow of a great sea-worn, red-brown, sullen cliff, that had the mists of the dawn still on its rugged forehead, and the foam of the uprising tide now angrily splashing its feet; a mighty fortress of rock, that would break from its gloom to a wonderful beauty when the sun should come round to the west, and the glory spread over the waters. There were but four or five cabins, dropped in amongst the loose piles of stone and the pale plumes of the sand grasses; huts low nestled, and hidden like the nests on northern beaches of the sea-hoivering tern. And these, few as they were, were deserted the men had been out two days and two nights with their boats and their nets—out far beyond where craggy Ischia lay, and their woman-kind were alone left, with children like Murillo's beggars, wild haired and ruddy cheeked, and with naked limbs of a marvellous mould and grace, who lived all day long waist-deep in water, and slept all night long on a wet soil, and not seldom crushed the seaweed between their bright hard teeth in the sheer longing of famine, and yet who, with all that, might have thanked God, had they known it, that they were born by the water's width and to the water's liberty, instead of in the stifling agony of cities, where human lives breathe their first and their last, never having known what one breath of ocean wind blows like, or what the limitless delight of an horizon line can mean. The women were fine animals—and nothing more. Those who were young were splendidly coloured and built; those who were past youth were sear, and yellow, and scaly as the fish they smoked and hung to the beams of their huts for the winter's fare. They said little, comprehended less. The shine of silver made their eyes glisten, but they could give nothing in return for it. Of the boats, there was not one left; not the craziest craft that ever was hauled high upon a beach to be broken up into firewood; nor of the boys did one remain of years enough to handle a rope or hold a tiller. Here, on this barren shore, there was no help; the great freedom of the sea stretched there as though in so much mockery; it would yield nothing—save a grave.

He stood on the narrow strip of yellow sand, with the ripple of the high tide rolling upward and over his feet, and looked over the sweet, fresh, tumultuous vastness of the waters as men, when camels and mules, and even the hardy sons of the soil, have perished one by one in their rear, look over the stretch of the desert where no aid is to be called, no

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change can come, except the aid and the change of the death that shall leave their flesh to the vulture, their bones to the bleach of the noon.

All he had done had been in vain.

Reaching the sea, they were as far from liberty as when the monastery's doors had closed them in ; unless some vessel could be chartered to bear westward before the day should be at its meridian, they must turn back, and share the wolf's lair, the hare's terror, the stag's life of torture, when on every breeze may come the note of chase, when every curling moss and broken leaf may bear a mark to bring the hunters down. An intense agony came on him as his eyes looked blindly out at the grey waste, with the sun's first rays reflected in a broad crimson trail across its gloom. The desire of his heart was come to him, and with it had come also to him an exceeding bitterness passing any that his life had known. That which he had coveted with so passionate a longing was granted him, and it brought with it a terrible penalty. The weight of a sickly dread, never before then known to the fearlessness of his nature, oppressed him ; a dread that had its root less in her physical danger than in the darkness that shrouded all knowledge of her real fate, all knowledge of her past and of her future.

And even for her mere bodily peril, her peril from the chains and the cells of the government, he could do nothing ; he could defend her to his last breath with such strength as one man could bring against thousands—that was all. There was not a sail in sight, as far as his eyes could reach over the water line ; it might be two or three nights more yet, as the women told him, before the fishing-boats would come in ; to leave her for the length of time needful to traverse the coast in search of some other sea-side hamlet was impossible ; he saw no course but to retrace his steps to her, and leave the choice of their retreat with her. These people were miserably poor, and would do what was asked of them for the sake of the glitter of gold ; they were bold, too, and willing to offer such shelter as their miserable cabins could ; at the worst, it was possible that they might rest undiscovered under the refuge of these lonely rocks until such time as the fishing fleet, returning, should give them means to sail westward, or send a vessel with orders to the yacht.

He stood there some moments, looking seaward from the beach, his head sunk, his thoughts very weary ; he was condemned to the torture of inaction, the deadliest trial that can be fastened on high courage and on eager energies ; he turned swiftly as he heard steps lightly passing along the pile of rough loose stones that made a sort of stairway from the high ground, down between two steep and leaning sides of rock ; he looked up in anxious hope of welcoming some boatman who could help him to a vessel ; as he did so, the morning sun, shining from the east, that faced him as he turned, fell full upon his head and throat, and on his tall athletic limbs, loosely clad in the linen folds of the fishing-dress. Standing thus, catching the brightest glisten of the morning beams, the barcarolo dress served little to disguise him, and through the mist-wreaths that still hovered round all the upper border of the shore, his eyes, ere escape or avoidance was possible, met those of the man above upon the broken tiers of cliff.

They were the keen blue serene eyes of Victor Vane.

For a moment they looked in silence at each other, met thus, face to

face, in the coolness of the young day, in the solitude of the unfrequented shore. On the one side amazement was sincere; on the other, it was to perfection counterfeited. Then, with an easy supple grace, the man, in whom Erceldoune's instinct felt a foe, swung himself downward from ledge to ledge, and dropped upon the sands beside him, with the common courtesies of a carelessly astonished and complimentary greeting.

"I came to bathe; I am staying for a villeggiatura not far from this," he said, as his words of welcome closed. "It is a wild shore here, and unutterably lonely. You are yachting, I suppose?"

"No."

Erceldoune thought nothing of what was asked him, of what he answered; he thought of her alone. This man was her friend, her guest, her associate; could he be trusted with her secret? Could he be trusted to assist her flight? And, if not trusted with it, could he be held back from the knowledge of it?

"Not yachting?" pursued Vane, carelessly still. "I thought that fisher-costume was surely a sailor's dress. May I ask what brings you, then, to this world-forgotten nook?"

"I came to get a boat, and a boat's crew if I could."

"Ah! you have lost your way? There is a dangerous landslip hard by——"

Erceldoune crushed his heel down into the wet loose sand; a gesture that was not lost on his companion.

"I know the coast well. I merely need a boat—of what kind matters little. Can you help me?"

"I grieve to say no. My friends' residence is some way from here; and, besides, they have not even a pleasure skiff; they care nothing for the water. But you would not put out to the open sea in a mere boat?"

"Why so?"

"Why! Because I fancy no man would who was not weary of his life, or——"

"I am not weary of mine."

"Pardon me, I was going to end my sentence with—or one whose life was menaced on the land."

He spoke the last words gravely, gently, meaningly, with an emphasis that left no doubt of their personal application. Erceldoune's forehead flushed with a hot dark rush of blood; a tempestuous shadow came in his eyes; he turned abruptly.

"Explain that phrase?"

"Nay; translate it yourself, if you will."

"Not I. I am in no mood for enigmas, and have no time for them. You had your meaning; out with it!"

He spoke between his clenched teeth; a fiery misery possessed him, and a great longing to wring the truth out of this man who cross-questioned him, if he wrung it by force with a hand on his throat, and a heel on his chest.

Victor Vane looked him steadily in the eyes; a serious, compassionate, candid gaze that silently rebuked his passions and his instinct of antagonism.

"I am sorry you trust me so little," he said, briefly.

Ornamented protests would have forewarned and forearmed his listener,

whom the simplicity and manliness of the reply put off his guard; they made the loyal, generous nature that they dealt with repent as of some craven sin of false suspicion; rebuke itself, as for some ignominy of cowardly injustice. Moreover, Erceldoune saw that he knew much—how much it was best to learn at once, let the learning cost what it should.

“He has eaten at her board; he has enrolled himself her friend; he cannot turn traitor to her; he cannot play false to a woman!” his thoughts ran swiftly, in the tumult of a thousand emotions. It seemed to him so vile a thing, that to suspect even his rival of it looked base to him.

“Let us waste no words,” he said, rapidly, while he stood facing the new-comer with the challenge of his gallant eyes testing the truth of those which met them. “Time is life to me, and more than life! You guess rightly so far. Answer me two things. What do you know?—and why should you be trusted?”

“The latter question, I imagine, one gentleman should scarcely put to another!”

“That may be. I am in no temper for these subtleties. I know nothing of you except through rumour. Such rumour would not incline me to place confidence in you. You used strange language; you seem aware of my present peril. Simply, say what it is you know.”

Victor Vane, with a dignity that had in it the compassionate forbearance of one who respects and pities another whose insolence he can afford to pass over and extenuate, seated himself on the lowest stair of rock, and answered, without hesitation, in a grave and regretful accent:

“Sir, I forgive your innuendo on myself, since the extremity of your peril may serve to excuse it, and I believe that this peril has fallen on you through a rashly noble and generous action. We have met here singularly enough. I do not know—positively—anything of your actions or position; but I should be half a fool did I not divine much of both. Briefly, we are both acquainted with a fair revolutionist, who has been made a prisoner of the royal executive. I heard, late last night, that she had been rescued from her captivity—rescued by a man in a fisher dress, who displayed the most reckless chivalry in her defence, and even implicated himself so deeply as to use violence to Giulio Villafior, whereby Monsignore lies now in danger at his Benedictine monastery. I heard this; such news soon spreads, specially to Court and Church; and I heard also that both soldiers and sbirri are on the track of the fugitives, who are known to have made their way seaward. Now can you wonder that it needs no great exercise of intelligence to recognise in you the barcarolo who despoiled Church and State of their captive, and to conclude that the vessel you stand in need of is to be employed in the service of Miladi Idalia, for whom, living or dead, both Church and State would give as weighty a reward as the full coffers of the one, and the lean treasures of the other could afford to yield? Scant penetration is requisite for such a discovery; every sailor on the coast will make it with me in a few hours’ time. It is not a little thing to free a political prisoner, and to leave a mighty prelate half dead amongst his own monks.”

He spoke perfectly quietly, his eyes, with an unusual melancholy,

looking straight and calm into the eyes of the man before him;—eyes that said without words, “You see—she and you are in my power. One word from me, and both are lost!”

Erceldoune gazed at him, answering nothing; his chest and sides heaved like those of some magnificent forest animal caught in the toils of the trapper. He cared nothing for his own life; he would have sold it dearly, content enough, if he died worthily; but she—For her he had no strength; for her he had no courage; for her he could sue what he would never for himself have sought; for her the grave was horrible to him, and had its sickliest terror.

To parry facts with lies, to turn aside discovery with subtle feints, was not in him; to deny that which he knew to be a truth never even passed his thoughts. This was another calamity, another danger—the darkest, perhaps, that could have come on them; but his instinct was to brave and meet it, not to slink from it under a poltroon’s mask of falsehood. He went with a single step close up to his companion’s side, and stood above him.

“Grant your conclusions right—what then?”

“That is rather for you to answer. Your future is a very hazardous one.”

“I did not speak of my future, but of your course. What will it be?”

“Do you insinuate that I should betray you?”

“I do not insinuate; I ask. If the world may be believed, you have not been always noted for your fealty.”

“Coarse language, and not over-wise——”

“I cannot stop to refine, nor yet, perhaps, to reason. Tell me how I am to deal with you. As friend or foe?”

“Sir, that is scarcely the way to learn. Diplomacy would not dictate such rough-and-ready questions.”

“Possibly. But I am no diplomatist.”

“I imagine not. No one would suspect you of it.”

“Spare your satire. Give me a plain answer.”

“Not a popular thing, commonly.”

Erceldoune shook with rage. This play of words was to him in his extremity as the tickle of the whip’s light lash is to the caged tiger in its wrath. He flung himself away with an unconscious violence.

“Do your worst, if you choose to do it. Go and turn traitor against the woman at whose table you sat, and under whose roof you were welcome! Adventurers fitly end in renegades.”

As he turned his back on the other, and moved across the sand to retrace his steps to her, Vane rose and silently followed him, and touched his arm with the slight velvety touch of a woman.

“Wait. You mistake.”

Erceldoune paused, and looked him full in the face.

“Show my error, and I will confess it.”

Vane smiled a little, in compassion. This nature, so warm, so bold, so frank, so free from every suspicion, so willing to avoid every injustice, seemed to him so pitiable in its simplicity; its naked strength, that could so easily be pierced; its unselfish impulses, that could so easily be duped; its creed of truth, that was followed so blindly and so recklessly!

"You wrong me," he said, with that tranquil dignity which had again replaced the ironic frivolity of his usual manner—"wrong me greatly. Think but a moment, and you will yourself see how. The cause for which Madame de Vassalis has been arraigned is mine; would it be likely that I should find favour with Court or Church, even were I base enough to seek it? She is the life, the soul, the inspiration, often the treasury, of our projects, the Manon Roland of our Girondists; is it not palpable that what strikes at her must strike at us? Besides, leaving every such reason aside, can you believe that, as a guest, I should harm my hostess; as a man, betray a woman? Rather do me some measure of justice. Believe, at least, that I can have some admiration of your fearless chivalry, some sympathy for your generous daring; quixotic I may deem it, but reverence it I must."

Ercehdoune heard him, swayed against his judgment, influenced against his instincts. The tone of the appeal touched that knightly temper of trust and of liberality that was always dominant in him; he hated this man, but to let his hate prejudice him to injustice seemed very vile in his sight; he thought that he owed a wider measure of justice, a more generous extension of tolerance, to an enemy than a friend; where his impulses set him against, there he felt that his honour should more closely strive for fairness to, a foe. A code that had in its results, perchance, a folly unutterable, yet had in its root a magnanimity and a majesty scarce less great, and such as men would do well to strive after in giving judgment. "Trusted, even a scoundrel will quit his baseness. And—if he has ever loved her, he can hardly be a traitor to her," his thoughts ran as he paused there, and heard the measured sweetness of his rival's voice. And on those thoughts he spoke, making the error that costs so many dear—the error of gauging another character by the measure of his own.

"If I wronged you, I ask your pardon. Your jests fell sharply on a heart so sore as mine. You have our lives in your power; for her sake, hold them sacredly. All the help you can give us is silence. I thank you for your promise of that. Farewell! And forget my words if they did you an injury. They were spoken in passion and haste."

For the moment the words touched his hearer; awoke something of shame, something of admiration, something of compassion, that had no scorn in it, but a dim instinct of honour for the noble madness that believed in him, for this self-rebuke that was spoken so generously, content to take blame rather than to hold to an unjustified suspicion. All the cruelty of jealousy, all the pitilessness of hatred, all the unmerciful heartlessness of craft, were in him against the man whom he instinctively knew that the woman he coveted loved. Yet they were for an instant stilled under the vague emotion that woke in him—that emotion of involuntary homage which even the shallowest and the basest natures will at times yield reluctantly to the greatness of a brave sincerity. But it was very fleeting with him; too fleeting to change the hard set purpose that had possessed him from the moment when his knowledge of his rival's temper had made him at once divine who had been the deliverer of their mistress, and had sent him seaward to trust to hazard for the accident that should bring him across the fugitives' path.

He stretched his hand out.

"That was very nobly said." And in those words he spoke but what he truly thought. "Sir Fulke, we may surely be friends?"

Erceldoune looked steadily at him, and did not take his hand.

"Pardon me—my friendships are few, and I add to them rarely. Aid *her*, and no friend shall be so close to me as you."

"You speak strongly. Is Madame de Vassalis so dear to you, then?"

"Judge by the risk I have run for her."

"True! You are not the first——"

"The first for what?"

"Well—the first who thought his life will last for her. And—forgive me the question, I have known her so long—what does she say to you for it?"

"I fail to apprehend you."

"You do? I mean, what reward does that fairest and most fatal of sorceresses promise you if ever you escape the dangers you have incurred for the sake of her eloquent eyes?"

He saw Erceldoune's grasp tighten on the hilt of the weapon thrust in his sash, and his teeth close on his lips under his beard.

"Her insults are mine," he said, curtly. "By what right do you use such a tone?"

"By what right do you constitute yourself her champion? It will be a thankless office."

"By the right of a man to defend his wife's honour."

In the deep shadow of the overhanging cliff he did not see the ashen colour to which the fairness of his listener's face faded; in the tumult of his own thoughts and passions he did not hear the quick, sharp catch of his companion's breath. The tranquil gaze bent on him lightened an instant with a tiger's hunger to kill; the look soon passed; Vane laughed a little, very softly, very slightly.

"Ah! Miladi must think her jeopardy very imminent. She never proffered so heavy a bribe before."

Erceldoune's hands fell on his shoulders, swaying him heavily to and fro.

"What do you dare to mean by that?"

"Simply what I say. If she bribe so high, she must think her peril equal."

"Why? Am I so loathsome?"

"Certainly not. You are a magnificent man; just the man for a lover. But marriage——"

"Finish your sentence. Marriage——"

"May be a word on her lips, but will never be a chain upon her liberties."

"You dare to mean——"

"Release me, and I will tell you what I mean. I do not speak for any threats of force."

Erceldoune slowly let go his hold, and stood before him with the morning sun-gleam on his face that was stormily flushed, and wore the look on it that comes in a dog's steady gaze when a leash holds him back from his antagonist. His rival's eyes met his serenely; in the calm

transparent depths there was an unspoken pity that made his blood glow like lava.

"In a word—I mean this. She has bought you with syren words; do you dream how many she has bought likewise before you, and—destroyed?"

"I know that no man living shall insult her name to me unpunished."

"Ah! you will stop my lips with a blow? You can, if you choose; you have ten times my strength; but honourable women do not need such tragical defence. And, let me ask you one thing only before you refuse to hear me."

"Ask it."

"Who fired at you in the Carpathians?"

In the warm glow of the summer dawn Erceldoune's limbs grew chilly with a sudden sickly cold. He did not answer. He divined the drift of the inquiry; and, knowing what he now knew of her recognition of his assassin, he could not bring his voice to speak of it.

"You do not know! You should do so. Did you ever ask this woman who is to be your wife?"

His chest heaved heavily with hard-drawn breaths; his memories were with the evening just passed by, when the sunset had shed its ruddy hues on the face of the slumbering Greek, and she had bid him spare that worthless life with a passionate force of supplication to which she had never stooped when her own existence had been in jeopardy. But he was too loyal to her for his answer not to rise hot and instant to his lips.

"Ask her? Would I do her so much outrage?"

"Yet no one could tell you so well."

"What! you are vile enough to say——"

"The villainy is not *mine*! I say that the Countess Vassalis can tell you better who is the man that sought to take your life than can any one else in Europe."

Erceldoune heard in silence; he felt giddy, blind, heart-sick; his knowledge of her association with the Greek was lying like a dead weight on the indignant scorn with which he would, without it, have flung back the insult offered her; the remembrance was upon him of her intercession that had screened the criminal from justice, of her conjuration that had interposed between the guilty and his retribution, of her agony of shame and of terror that had broken and bent her haughty nature like a reed.

"You lie," he said, savagely, unwitting what he did say, seeking only to defend her at all hazards. "She *never* knew;—he is her foe not less than mine."

"Ah! she has spoken of him, then?"

"What if she have?"

"Nothing. Only she is still less scrupulous than I imagined. She said he was her foe, did she? What other things did she say of him?"

Erceldoune's hand seized him by the linen of his vest, and shook him as a strong grasp will shake the slender stem of a larch-tree. His mouth was parched; his words came slowly and incoherently:

"You will make a brute of me! You have some hellish meaning hidden—speak it out, if you have a man's heart in you. What would you dare bring against her?"

Victor Vane freed himself with difficulty, and moved slightly aside; but there was no anger in the serenity of his voice, only some pity and much patience.

"I have nothing hidden; if you hear me, you will know as much as I know. I see your error; many have made it. You have thought in such divinity of form divinity of soul must dwell. Scores have made your mistake, and died for it—as you may before the game is out. Miladi has had many lovers, and—dead men tell no tales."

He paused; his rival's hand was on his mouth, and the steel tube of a pistol was pressed against his forehead.

"Another syllable like that, and, by Heaven! I will shoot you with the lie on your lips."

Courage had never been lacking in him; his eyes looked up none the less tranquilly into the dark, flushed, haggard face above him, though the cold ring of the weapon pressed its mark on his skin.

"Of course you can if you choose. I am unarmed. You will oblige your sovereign mistress too. I know many of her secrets."

Erceldoune's arm fell to his side; he shivered through all his frame; he could not use violence to a man without the power to return it; he could not force to silence words which, if he refused to hear them, he would seem to know were true in all their shame. He dropped the pistol down on the sands between them, and crossed his arms on his chest.

"Say your worst. Our reckoning shall come later."

"Well, my worst is—the truth. You love this woman; but you are not in her confidence; you never will be."

He saw a quiver of pain break the wrath on his listener's face, and he saw that the bolt had struck home.

"You believe everything she tells you? I never found the man who did not credit what she chose to make him. You worship her, but you worship your own ideal in her. I have seen scores do that. I doubt if a man can look long at her, and see clearly, unless he has known her well, and comes forewarned to her—as I came. Well, you have thought her a mistress for 'Shakspeare's self;' you have seen her in great dangers; you have imagined her foully wronged; you have cast away all your heart on her, and now are casting your life away after it. And you do all this without ever having asked yourself and the world what a woman must be who, titled, is yet out of society; who, young, yet recklessly defies all custom; who, rich, can summon round her none but men, and those men adventurers or conspirators; who shelters your assassin in her Turkish gardens, yet affects all ignorance of his identity or vicinity; and who, driven at last to speak of him, tells you he is her foe, yet omits altogether to explain why, if so, she has so long shielded him from your discovery and the law's justice. You love, and therefore you are blind. Yet is it possible that even the blindness of passion can be so utterly dark that you have never remembered all these things?"

The black blood gathered in his listener's face; he kept his passions down, because, for her sake, he held it best to hear all her calumniator would bring against her, but they well-nigh mastered him, rising the darker and the stronger for the keen pang of *truth* that every shaft of the abhorred words stung him with—truth that she had herself placed it beyond his power to refute.

"Go on," he said, in his teeth. "You called yourself her friend, I think?"

The rebuke was bitter, yet it did not move the man it lashed.

"Scarcely so much," he returned, quietly. "Her acquaintance—indeed, her associate in not a few political matters—but scarcely her friend. Miladi's friendships are too perilous. Look you; I *had* a friend once, an Austrian, though I bear Austria no love. We had been lads together in Venetia, and the war-lusts failed to divide us. I think he was the brightest and the bravest nature I have ever known. Well, in an evil hour he fell, as you have done, under the eyes of Idalia. He had a military secret in his keeping; a secret, granted, that was of import to Italy, so perhaps you will deem what she did was justified for Italy's sake. I might have done, had I not known him from his boyhood; I might have done;—who touches politics fast grows a knave. Simply, she made him worship her—as she makes you; sunned him in her smiles, leant her lips on his, let him lie in Eden for a while, till sense and judgment were both gone—as yours are gone. Then, while she promised him her beauty as its price, she stole his secret from him—bought it with those caresses you believe are only yours—and, when his honour was yielded up to her, turned him adrift with a laugh at his weakness. Ah! that is Miladi! So—I saw him shot one sunny summer dawn; with the balls in his throat, fired by a volley of his own cuirassiers. Politically, we owed her much; personally, I never in my soul could trust the woman who betrayed Hugo.

Erceldoune shook through all his limbs; the spasm not alone of rage but of a more cruel emotion. The tale had too close a likeness with her own self-accusing confession, her own keenness of remorse, not to bear a terrible burden of possibility with it—a hideous surface of truth which made it impossible it should be cast away as calumny. Yet through the dizzy misery that came upon him with the words he heard he grasped one thought still foremost of all—to defend her, and to cast back every aspersion thrown on her, as though no doubt could ever rest with him, as though she had never bade him believe the worst of her that the world could tell.

"Is that all you stayed me to tell?" he said, briefly. "It was not worth your while. I have no heed for libels."

"It is *not* all. I know well that my words are wasted, and that you think me a slanderer for them: that is a matter of course. Hugo thought me the same when I told him what the tenderness of his imperial mistress would prove worth. I never knew any man saved whom her smile once had doomed. I will not strain your patience longer; let us keep close to one fact—the attempt upon your life. You deny the association of Idalia with that crime?"

"I deny it—utterly."

His voice had a harsh vibration in it like the tone of one who speaks under unbearable physical suffering. He denied it in her name; but whilst he did so there ate like fire into him the remembrance of that shame, that horror, that remorse, that passion, with which she had looked upon the Greek, and held him from his vengeance. With his last breath he would have declared her guiltless; with his last thought held her so;

yet the shadow of guilt fell on her, and he could not drive from her the taint and the tarnish of its reproach.

"You do? She is indebted for your chivalry," resumed the slow, sweet voice of his companion. "I see how little you must ever have heard of the finest mistress of intrigues that Europe holds, to yield it so unhesitatingly. Now bear with me a moment while I ask you why you are so certain that she had no share in the attack made on you?"

"Ask yourself. You know her."

"And you mean that none who do can doubt her being the proudest and the purest, as well as the fairest among women? Ah, but then I have passed by that stage; I knew her by repute long before I ever saw her face. Your reasons, then, for thinking her both innocent and ignorant of your attempted assassination are these: that she was on the spot at the time you were shot down; that she saved your life, and concealed the action even from yourself, allowing it to be believed that Moldavian herdsmen rescued you; that you chased the leader of the band as far as the gardens of her villa at Constantinople, and there lost sight of him, though the walls of the gardens were so disposed that he could only have been concealed within them, if not in the house itself; that she invited you to spend many hours alone with her in her Eastern hermitage, and so spent them that she found little difficulty in making you believe her all she would; that she then sought to throw you off by leaving you abruptly without any clue to her movements; and that when you persisted, against her wish, in seeking her, you found her, first the associate, and a little later the fellow-prisoner with the men of that very party of extreme liberalists to whom you have always attributed the murderous onslaught made on you. These are your reasons for holding her innocent of all treason to you; they would not be very weighty evidences in law and in logic."

As the chain of circumstances uncoiled link by link in the terse, unadorned words, it seemed to tighten in bands of iron about the heart of the man who trusted not less than he loved her. His face changed terribly as all the force of meaning and of circumstance arrayed itself against her, and the vague doubts, that he had strangled in their birth as blasphemies against her, stood out in unveiled language. A dogged, savage, sullen darkness lowered on his features; it had never been on them before then; it was a ferocity wholly akin to his nature, hardened and embittered by the knowledge of his own powerlessness to repel or to refute the evidence arraigned. They were but facts which were quoted—facts not even distorted in the telling; the inference drawn from them was the inevitable one, however his loyalty to her disowned it. He felt driven to bay; he was fettered to inaction by the knowledge that on him alone her safety hung; he was weighted to silence by the memories which thronged on him of her own acts and words; of that poignant remorse which had sunk so deeply into her nature, of that self-condemnation which had so unsparingly condemned her. Yet amidst all he never hesitated in her defence, and his eyes fastened on her accuser with a steady unyielding gaze.

"I am no casuist and no rhetorician," he said, in his teeth. "You are both. Once for all—no more words. If you have been her friend,

you are a traitor ; if you have been her foe, you are a slanderer. Either way, one word more, and I will choke you like a dog."

"An unworthy and a coarse threat. What falsehood have I told you yet? I named but facts."

"Your outline might be fact. It was your colour was the lie."

"I think not. I can prove to you that your mistress was in the secret of your assassins."

"And your motive in that?"

The lion-like eyes of Erceldoune literally blazed their fire into those that met them with unchanged serenity. There were volumes in the three words ; all of distrust, disbelief, hatred, and scorn that his heart held for the one who had turned counsellor to him. Their sting pierced deep ; but the wound of it was covered.

"My motive is this. A party with which I was to a great extent associated, yet from whose measures I very often dissented, implicated me by their extreme opinions in many courses that I utterly disapproved, and implicated my name still oftener unknown to me. I am entirely against all violence and all fraud—not from virtue—I do not affect virtue—but from common sense. Politically, much is permissible——"

"I am not inclined to hear your creed. I make no doubt that it is an elastic one! Your motive?"

"You pass it in your haste. I endeavour to explain it. I became entangled in earliest youth with men whose association has been the greatest injury of my career. I have never been able wholly to free myself from their influence, but I have long ceased to countenance their more unscrupulous intrigues—not from virtue, I distinctly say, from policy. It is a lack of sagacity that produces all crimes ; nothing else ; except an excess of animalism, which produces the same results, because it amounts to the same thing."

"Spare your ethics! Your motive?"

"Springs from the inability of my late associates to discern the kinship of crime and foolishness. When I first heard of your robbery, I had my suspicions ; I was baffled in my inquiries ; I believed that men with whom my name was connected were concerned in it, but they feared that I should learn their complicity, and for some time succeeded in concealing it. Recently—indeed, the day before the affair of Antina—I found my suspicions right. I am ashamed to say that I have traced that melodramatic villany to those who call themselves of my party, although I have fully and finally broken off all collusion with them. In a word, I have felt disgraced that men with whom I have been allied should have been capable of such an outrage, and so much reparation as can lie in the acknowledgment is of course your immediate due. I care little how you revenge yourself, so that your vengeance may be the executor of mine for the deception passed on me. Moreover, in learning the truth of the crime you suffered from, I learnt what you have a right to know, since you believe the Countess Vassalis worthy the surrender of your own life, which is probably the cost you will pay sooner or later for your loyal efforts to save her."

ENMITY EVEN AFTER DEATH.

A TALE.

FROM THE DANISH OF THE LATE PROFESSOR B. S. INGEMANN.

It was in the winter of 1813, in the year that the academic building of Sorö was burned down, which was afterwards rebuilt by King Frederick VI.; in one of the villas standing a little way back from the ruins of the academy a pleasant evening party was assembled. The conversation passed at last to the subject of ghosts, in which the old pensioner, Inspector X., was particularly strong, and which was his favourite topic. It was a disagreeable road homewards which he and the whole party had to traverse; they had to pass the ruins with the still standing cloisters, which supported the old monastery chapel, and through the dark alleys of the monastery close by the churchyard. This had given a somewhat superstitious turn to the conversation.

Several very awful ghost-stories were told, and the inspector was quite in his element. As usual, people laughed at first, and no one was inclined to seem so weak as to evince the smallest disposition to admit the possibility of such deviations from the known laws of nature and the experience of the generality of human beings.

"I would venture to wager, however," said the inspector, "that there is not one person here present who, after hearing all these stories, will be willing to go alone past the chapel for the dead and through the alleys of the cloister when the clock is about to strike twelve."

All the younger gentlemen laughed, and each of them asserted that he was willing to prove himself courageous enough to do it.

"Do you know the story of the two singing spectres behind the railing of the chapel, and the terrible apparition of a watchman at the gate of the churchyard?" said the inspector, with a mysterious air and a peculiar smile.

"No; do tell it to us—do tell it to us," cried all the young ladies. "Such a tale must be most dreadfully amusing."

"May I ask if it is a tradition, or a composition in the shape of a romance?" inquired an elderly gentleman, the quiet historian, Professor N., and wiped his spectacles in order to watch narrowly the old inspector's countenance, which appeared to him to be hovering between irony and extreme earnestness.

"I cannot give up my authority," said the old man. "You will hardly suppose that I dreamt the story, and yet you will yourself perceive that there can be no actual historical grounds for it. That the ghost-story in question might have an admissible psychological foundation, I venture to maintain. Supposing the possibility of what are called apparitions, it seems to me a matter not out of the order of things, if I can find a clue to it in a spiritual condition continuing after death."

He was asked to explain himself more clearly.

"If I could think any disclosures respecting departed spirits possible,"

he said, "especially at fixed periods, and most frequently with repetitions of the same actions, I must seek the reason of this in a kind of mental derangement, or in some passion bordering on madness, which, as a fixed idea, is rooted in the unhappy soul of one departed, and exercises such influence over him that he has lost all power to seek for himself peace and salvation in a higher state of existence."

"What! crazy spirits? Souls, that after death are deranged?" cried the historian, laughing. "Then you look upon our honoured planet as a madhouse for the spirit world!"

"Yes, partly so. Why not?" replied the inspector, with his ironical smile. "We might perhaps with reason so denominate our globe, if only in regard to our pretended wisdom, and the philosophical madness or folly under which we all labour more or less. But to keep to the exception from our every-day madness, which we call apparitions, the idea of their insanity, or state of furious passion, was entertained during our heathen ages. Do you remember the tradition mentioned by Saxo,* and given in the Sagas, about Hedin and Hogne, who every night were awoke from their sleep in the grave by Hilde's magic songs, to renew their frenzied strife, after death, through centuries? One truth even the pagan Scandinavians felt deeply—that it is only love which procures blessedness, but that as long as hatred and bitter enmity rule a spirit it has no peace, and cannot be at home in any higher and better world, but must be forced back to the proscribed sphere from which it was not able to raise itself on the wings of all-redeeming love."

The old man had now entered upon his spiritual theory, and quoted the legends in the Edda about the dead Svafa's return to Helge, and the mother's return to her forsaken children, in the ballads of the middle ages, as a proof that "love itself, in its noblest form, can lead souls astray from their highest home when they lack resignation to the decrees of Omnipotent love, but would plan for themselves, and fall from God's everlasting kingdom in an insane craving after what they had loved upon earth."

"But the story—the ghost-story!" cried one of the young ladies. "What you say about love is excellent; but we wish now to hear about something very frightful."

"Well, I have mentioned ghosts," replied the inspector, "but I have really nothing to tell that is very circumstantial. What, according to my opinion, seems remarkable in the story to which I allude, is the sure enough unauthenticated but matter-of-fact occurrence which is placed in combination with it, and gives it what I call its marvellous probability. I will only tell it if you will all agree, for a moment, to admit with me the possibility of a passion or a strange madness which, as a fixed idea, can govern souls even after death, and drag them back to that place which they regard in the same complaining, sinful mood, wherein they had passed from one cloudy existence to another without any but a deep-rooted bitter feeling——"

"Tell us the story—the story!" cried all the party, quite out of patience. "We shall believe enough; only go on."

* Saxo Grammaticus, the celebrated ancient Danish historian, who died in A.D. 1204.

And at last the inspector began :

"When the full moon is at its highest elevation, and, a few seconds after midnight, casts its white flood of light over the railings towards the west upon the southern portion of the chapel for the dead, close by the old church of the monastery, whilst there falls a sort of shadow over the ruined wall on the western side of the burned-down academic building, there may sometimes have been remarked behind the railing around the dead chapel two protruding skulls, from whose fleshless jaw-bones, with their shining white teeth, a smothered chant seems to issue. That sound, however, is only heard at the moment when the watchman cries 'Twelve o'clock' in the midst of the cloister alleys, and only when he is singing the four significant lines of his midnight watch-song :

'Twas at the midnight hour
The Saviour's birth took place,
Who came with mighty power
To save earth's fallen race !

The sound which is said then to come from the two skulls would appear to be like an exceedingly melancholy and, at the same time, appallingly terrible repetition of the above-mentioned words, and the tones of the watchman's song, especially the last line, of which the words 'fallen race' are principally heard.

"Many sensible people will, doubtless, assert that these two skulls are, in reality, only two pieces of white plaster upon the inner moonlit wall of the chapel for the dead, and that the presumed chant of the dead must be the echo of the watchman's song cast back to that part of the ruins which face the outlet from the cloister alley. At the same time of night, especially on Christmas-eve, some may have seen a shadowy form behind the railed enclosure at the churchyard gate, near the dark alley. They will have seen in that phantom form the outline of a gigantic watchman, who gazes about him with flaming eyes through a death's head, and in his skeleton hand holds a long rusty watchman's mace, which he thrusts through the railing of the churchyard gate at passers-by. This also has been sought to be explained as an optical illusion, namely, as an effect of the moonlight upon the churchyard, and the shadow, or reflexion, of the large old oak-trees near the iron gate.

"These explanations, however, cannot deprive the phenomenon of its import and extraordinary connexion with the narrative to which it is attached—at least, in the opinion of those who take an interest in it. But the echo and the play of the moonbeams are very convenient explanations for such as feel it uncomfortable to enter into any speculations respecting preternatural spheres."

"These are explanations, nevertheless," remarked the historian, "for which we prosaic people must be very thankful, and with them you yourself destroy the assumed operation of the supernatural in the phenomenon."

"I do not agree to this," said the inspector. "The story to which these apparitions form a sequel is short and simple, but its historical source, as I said before, I must beg permission to withhold."

By the request of all present, he then related as follows :

"In the old time of the academy, when only youths of aristocratic
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birth were admitted to it, two young noblemen were studying there; I cannot give their names. They were brothers, and belonged to a very distinguished noble family, who are now extinct. One of the chapels in which the dead were buried had belonged to this ancient family; it has now passed into the possession of another race. The coffins of the first owners of the chapel must have been deposited under its floor. No monuments erected to their memory have ever been found. With their riches and splendid establishment, as well as from their being extremely handsome and very fascinating in manners, these two young noblemen made a great sensation; but they were by no means renowned for religion or good morals. They passed for wits, and lived in that jovial period when the pietism from the days of Christian VI. was banished from the higher classes with sneering and ridicule, but was still, here and there, adhered to among the poor, where, however, it frequently assumed a very dark character. The strong contrasts which marked that time of transition showed themselves also in this matter. In the great world it was looked upon as the highest proof of talent and genius to make merry over everything that had the slightest appearance of devotion or propriety, while the scoffed-at pietists, going to the opposite extreme, denounced and forbade every symptom of joyousness and pleasure in life. Amidst the many who had been led away by the prevailing giddiness and recklessness was mentioned, with due blame, a daughter of the old watchman of the grounds attached to the monastery. She was an uncommonly beautiful girl, and had been brought up in the strictest manner by her old father, who was a rigid disciplinarian, and belonged to a religious sect noted for their hypocrisy and spiritual presumption.

"The young girl had been seduced by the eldest of the two gay brothers. In her disgraced situation her father treated her most harshly, and she died a lunatic.

"Her last words to her father, when she was dying, were assuring him that the holy of this world would not get on better after death than the unholy and the polluted. The old watchman was known for his herculean strength. He was moody and reserved. His thoughts dwelt night and day on revenge—revenge on his daughter's betrayer, who, he considered, had not alone deprived her of honour, reason, and life, but had destroyed her soul, and plunged her into everlasting death, by ridiculing her faith and enticing her from the community of the holy. He knew that one of the brothers was the culprit, but not which of the two was the guilty one, and he bestowed his glowing hatred upon them both. He had, however, promised some of the better inclined brethren of his sect that he would not take vengeance himself, or lift a hand against either of the reprobate brothers, until he obtained a sign from the Almighty, and with a safe conscience could exclaim, 'Go to hell in God's name!'

"Thus he cherished his hatred and his revengeful feelings under a mask of piety, endeavouring to hide them even from himself, and he was never more edified than when, in an assemblage of godly folks, everlasting punishment in hell was spoken of, and the misery which awaited the ungodly, who died in the midst of their sins, and without repenting of their reckless career.

"The two young noblemen, meanwhile, continued, without the slightest check, their gay life. They had a tutor, who did not attempt to restrain in the least degree their wildness and youthful arrogance, but frequently himself shared in their night revels. Often at midnight, or rather towards early morning, when they were returning home from their nightly expeditions in search of amusement, they went dashing through the town as if on runaway horses, shouting and singing wild songs; in consequence of which they sometimes had small conflicts with the town watchmen. But the old watchman of the grounds of the monastery, whose gigantic strength they well knew, and who they also knew bore a deadly hatred to them, was the one with whom they most frequently engaged in strife.

"When they rode through the cloister-gate to leave their horses at their stable, they often saw the stalwart old man standing quietly, but looking extremely gloomy, at his post, with his heavy mace in his hand. He always gazed at them with a threatening expression of countenance that sometimes brought them to their sober senses, and occasionally caused the eldest one to feel a cold tremor run through his veins.

"In order, if possible, to mollify the childless old man, the young nobleman, who was conscious of his own guilt, had often sent him rich gifts, without, however, expressly stating from whom they came. None of these rich gifts had the sullen watchman refused to accept, though he only bowed in silence to the messengers who brought them; and he took the money to the priest, in order that it might be distributed among the poor, but always given with this condition, that they should pray for peace to the pious, and well-deserved punishment to the ungodly.

"The younger brother never could resist the pleasure he took in scoffing at the old man about his holiness, especially when, once in a way, the watchman had indulged in a little larger potations than usual, and stood very stiffly at his post, in order to conceal his indiscretion.

"All such annoyances increased the hatred which rankled in the old man's breast towards both the thoughtless brothers, who, as if on purpose to vex him, generally went singing by him on their return from the stables, attended by their tutor and a groom. Thus matters had gone on for more than a year after the death of the watchman's daughter.

"One Christmas-eve came both the young noblemen, a good deal intoxicated, from a feast in the neighbourhood, where there had been so much drinking that the tutor had been left behind in a state of insensibility, and the groom had fallen from his saddle into a ditch. Without their hats, and with their cloaks flying behind them, the two young gentlemen had galloped through the town, laughing, and roaring not very harmonious drinking-songs. As they rode through the cloister gate, the old watchman was just crying 'Twelve o'clock!' Probably not remembering that it was Christmas-eve, or not caring, in their wild folly about the double fault, they rushed after him, repeating the song respecting the Saviour's birth in a jeering tone, whilst the youngest of the brothers at the same time gave the watchman a slash across his fur cap with his riding-whip.

"'The measure is full!' muttered the watchman. 'In God's name, go now both of you to hell, and sing thus about your Saviour until doomsday!'

"Uttering this malediction, the old man laughed for the first time

since his daughter's death, and swang his heavy iron-pointed mace against the fair, well-formed brow that was nearest to him. The eldest brother fell from his horse with his forehead crushed in from this murderous blow. Then commenced a desperate struggle between the younger brother and the furious watchman, and blow after blow fell on each side from the death-dealing mace and the butt-end of a fowling-piece, until both the combatants lay senseless on the ground, and a few hours afterwards were both dead. From the little that could be gathered from them in their dying moments, however, what had led to this triple murder became evident. They had all three thus passed away without prayer or sacrament, and in the midst of the most bitter and wicked feelings.

"To these details, and to the frivolous repetition of a song relating to the birth of our Saviour, now attaches itself an at least psychological possibility of the two young men's proscribed state after death, until a better condition of their souls can be attained. The severe Nemesis of the tale has not either bestowed peace on the avenger of his daughter, the dark, gloomy old man, until he shall have forgotten his cherished revenge, and believed, with a clear conscience, that he had acted by God's will.

"If you think fit now to explain away the supernatural in what I have related, as optical illusions, these terrible images still remain in a symbolical light, and show the misery of hatred and bad passions in the soul. Perhaps a love, which is greater than all hatred, may in time mercifully remove this spiritual madness, and rescue the soul at doomsday."

When the old inspector had finished his narrative, the party broke up. The watchman at that moment cried "Twelve o'clock!"

"Look out when we pass the chapel of the dead and the churchyard gate," said one of the young gentlemen, jestingly, to one of the young ladies, who had listened with great eagerness to the story.

"I rely upon your courage and protection," she replied, catching hold of his arm.

The other young ladies followed her example as long as there was a manly arm unsecured. No one appeared to like going alone past the chapel and the gate of the churchyard. The watchman cried the hour again, and it seemed to the girls as if the end of his song was really repeated from the lonely chapel. The gentlemen laughed, but when they were passing the gate of the churchyard, they looked sharply and uneasily towards its railings, and involuntarily redoubled the speed of their steps through the dark alley. They walked more slowly, however, when they had left the alley, and lingered in the clear moonlight. One of the gentlemen reached home that night in a joyful state of mind, for he had managed to engage himself, *chemin faisant*, to the companion of his walk.

The inspector followed the rest of the party at a little distance with his singular smile on his lips, but started and stepped quickly aside as the tall form of a watchman crossed his path close to the gate of the churchyard.

It was the real watchman of the grounds of the academy, who had just finished his midnight song, and saluted him with a cheerful "Good morning!"

EUROPEAN AND CHINESE DIVINATION BY GEOMANCY.

THE pretended science of astrology taught that future events could be foretold by the position of the heavenly bodies, and was divided into two branches, natural and judicial. To the former belonged the predicting of natural effects, as changes of the weather, and other atmospheric, volcanic, or generative phenomena; and to the latter the foretelling of moral events, as if they were ruled, directed, and even originated by stellar influence; thus alluded to by Democritus junior:

Quod me tibi temperat astrum.

Chaldea and Egypt disputed the quasi honour of having given birth to astrology; but such arguments have, after all, little practical advantage, and if we extend our inquiries, it will probably appear that India and China, more particularly the latter, might, with a fair chance of success, enter into the contest.

So infatuated were the ancient Romans with astrology, that its professors were enabled to hold their ground against all the edicts of successive emperors to expel them from the city. These men, under the specious name of mathematicians, were in reality very often the organs of communication at political crises, as we may surmise, for example, from the memorable warning given to Cæsar.

The same superstition has prevailed in almost every modern nation, and the French historians tell us that in the time of Catherine di' Medici astrology directed the most trivial actions of daily life, while in the reigns of Henry III. and IV. such predictions were the common theme of court conversation.

Geomancy, the sister spurious science, and evidently that alluded to in the story of "Aladdin," and perhaps even in that of "Tobit and the Angel," was a species of divination performed by means of *points* and *lines*, originally made by casting pebbles on the ground (as Cadmus sowed his combatants!), and afterwards by marking and pricking dots upon paper, and forming therefrom a judgment of futurity, or deciding any proposed question, physical or moral.

These dots and lines represented the stars, elements, &c. &c., and in this respect bore a certain affinity to the formulæ of astrology.

Amongst the last of its serious cultivators appear the names of Oughtred, the eminent mathematician, who died in 1660, and of John Bishop, whose "Marrow of Astrology" was published in 1688.

Cornelius Agrippa wrote a tract, "De Geomantica," but he had afterwards the honesty to repudiate it; and the art was in high repute in Chaucer's time.

There was another variety of geomancy introduced by Almadul the Arabian, in which the oracles were simply the natural rents and fissures in the earth, and this kind is supposed by Polydore Virgil to have originated with the Arabians.

But, to return to the early works on geomancy, may be mentioned 'La Geomance du Seigneur Christofe de Cattan, Gentilhomme, Gene-

uois." À Paris, pour Gilles Gilles, Libraire demeurant deuant le Collège de Cambray, aux trois Couronnes. Avec privilège du Roy. 1571.

This volume contains the whole system of mediæval geomancy, and is illustrated with numerous astronomical diagrams; it also embodies substantially the materials of the so-called Earl of Essex book, of which presently, and appears, at the same time, to be based on the Chinese system.

This straining to penetrate the veil of the future seems, like the effort to interpret dreams, to have for its object not only the gratification of curiosity, and the acquisition of a knowledge superior to that of our neighbours, and thus an advantage over them, but the stumbling upon of some evidence of the purely *spiritual* which shall at once be recognised and acknowledged by the corporeal senses. The mind inspired by faith readily receives the conviction of eternal life, but the Sadducee, groping for truth, cries out in his distress, "Help thou my unbelief," "for he may equally desire *that* which he cannot believe, and might even accept the doom of penal fires," than submit to the degrading thought that, on the extinction of his animal life, a *practical* annihilation should take place, namely, the resolving of mind and matter into their elementary principles—*eternal*, no doubt, but without memory, volition, cohesion, or, in short, any individual corporate existence.

Coincidences often become the adopted parents of the most absurd theories, yet in themselves they may be, after all, the occasional glimpses of a system, and not the result of so-called accident. They may be brought about by occult means with almost mathematical certainty, tempting us sometimes to doubt, and sometimes to believe the more strongly, in an overruling Providence.

Coincidences, indeed, are scarcely more remarkable than some of the results of abstruse calculations mentioned by the author of "Footfalls on the Boundary of another World."

From matter to spirit, and *vice versa*, is, indeed, but a perpetual oscillation of ideas. Either subject pursued with our finite perceptions of its limit, results in a turning of the scale; and the astrologer or geomant becomes at once under altered circumstances the modern *spiritualist*. But when we say *modern*, we must be allowed to assume that the *rapping* spirits were recognised so far back as the thirteenth century, for old Florence, of Worcester, tells us that in 1273 an evil spirit "caused great alarm at a ville called Trouville, in the district of Rouen, by rudely *rapping* with hammers on the walls and doors. He spoke with a *human* voice, although he was never visible, and his name, he said, was William Ardent." This spirit haunted the place mentioned, "from the feast of All Saints", until after the purification, uttering many lascivious and scoffing speeches. At last he went away at Septuagesima, saying that he should return at Easter, which *he never did!*"

The story of "Urban Grandier" contains similar incidents, which, however, were amply explained, much to the discomfiture of his designing persecutors; and at the same time teaches us the expediency of discountenancing speculations on the supernatural, when a powerful priesthood is ready at hand to make us "pay our footing," and give us the alternative of adoption, or destruction.

We now come to the Chinese for information, so let us hear what they have to say.

"The last that we have to notice of the canonical works of the Chinese," says Sir J. F. Davis, "is the 'Ye-King,' which is a mystical exposition of what some consider as a very ancient theory of creation, and of the *changes* that are perpetually occurring in nature, whence the name of the work. The system may doubtless be extremely ancient in its origin." . . . "The arithmetical diagrams of Fo-hy, as we find them in the 'Ye-King,' bear some resemblance to the mystical numbers of the Greek philosopher Pythagoras, who, although he enlarged the bounds of science, appears to have allowed his speculations to be perverted by dreams of mysterious virtue in certain numbers and combinations." . . . "This the Chinese call the 'Pa-kua,' or eight diagrams of Fo-hy," . . . "and speak of the origin of all created things, or the *premier principe matériel* (as it has been called in French translations), under the name of Tae-keih." . . . "This is represented in their books by a figure which is thus formed. On the semi-diameter of a given circle describe a semicircle, and on the other side describe another semicircle—the whole figure represents the Tae-keih,* and the two divided portions formed by the curved line typify what are called the Yang and Yin (Jan and Jin—male and female), in respect to which this Chinese mystery bears a singular parallel to that extraordinary fiction of Egyptian mythology, the supposed intervention of a masculo-feminine principle in the development of the mundane egg. The Tae-keih is said to have produced the Yang and Yin, the active and passive, or male and female principle, and these last to have produced all things." . . . "This dogma of materialism, however ancient it may be in its first origin, became especially cultivated, or, according to some, originated,† in China during the" (latter?) "Soong dynasty." . . . "At length, under Yoong-lo of the Ming dynasty, and in the fourteenth century, a joint work was composed, by name 'Sing-lo-ta-tsuen,' a complete exposition of nature, in which the mystery of the Tae-keih was fully treated of." . . . "Numbers themselves" (say the Chinese) "have their genders: a unit and every odd number is male, two and every even number female." . . . "This notion pervades every department of knowledge in China."

Thus, it appears, not only do these mystic Chinese figures *resemble* the *numbers* of Pythagoras, but they are absolutely identical with the mediæval European geomantic figures and numbers, the *forms* being simply changed by the substitution of points or asterisks for the mathematical lines of the former. A reference to a drawing of the Pa-kua, or

* The mystical cosmogony of the Pa-kua, as symbolised on an ancient bronze medal found in 1861 at Tien-tsin:

OBVERSE.

In the centre is supposed to be a representation of the mundane egg, with its dual principle, and surrounding it are the eight primary combinations. The whole bears the name Tae-keih.

REVERSE.

1. A cock. 2. A dog. 3. ? 4. A rat. 5. ? 6. A hyæna. 7. ? 8. A buffalo.
9. A serpent. 10. ? 11. ? 12. ?

On this side are representations of twelve distinct genera of the animal kingdom, but whether they be intended for signs of the zodiac, or as figures typical of the purely astrological twelve houses of heaven, I am unable to determine, not having had sufficient knowledge of the Chinese language to be able to read the ancient works of that strange people on this subject.

† Evidently an error, to judge by ancient bronzes.

Tae-keih, so common on all objects of art in China and on ancient bronzes of a period long prior to the Christian era, will be sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical.

Swedenborg seems to have caught at the same mystery or fancy from an opposite direction, when he asserted that the Ten Commandments were so *numbered* because the figure 10 implies the "be all and the end all"—a symbol under which the whole creation, moral and physical, or spiritual and material, is perfectly represented, and exists under all their endless changes and combinations, as the initials (so to speak) of eternal and divine law.

In the volume said to have formed a portion of the library of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, we find what is not usual in such works when of any antiquity—a roll of answers or responses, probably calculated by one of the astrologers of the period, and which seems to be identical with what has been called "Napoleon's Book of Fate." The latter, again, in its mutilated form, has been often reproduced by the English press, such inquiries, however, as refer to battles and political events being excluded, thus giving it the air of a spurious reproduction.

In making these remarks, it is not our purpose to recommend such works in the scientific and enlightened nineteenth century; but, as indicating an ineradicable *peculiarity* of the human mind in all ages, and under every condition, they present a point of interest which ought not to be passed over without notice.

In a manuscript copy of the work already alluded to occurs the following note on a fly-leaf:

"In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, after the execution of the Earl of Essex for high treason, his library, with his other effects, being confiscated and sold, this book was a part of his library, and was purchased from thence."

Memorandum in the original manuscript, of which this is a correct copy. R. G. S. 1823 :

Preface and example.

Table showing the significations of the twelve celestial houses and their affinities.

Nature of the figures.—(Under this heading is a category of all human thoughts, sufferings, pleasures, hopes, and material objects in the world, and embrace the headings also of every department of science and art then known. In short, a table of principiæ.)

Properties of the figures.

1. Universal intention of the asker.
2. If the asker shall obtain aught of king or prince.
3. If justice shall be obtained before a judge.
4. If the asker shall obtain wealth and riches.
5. If the asker shall obtain his wish or desire.
6. If the marriage proposed shall be brought about.
7. On pregnancy, and whether the birth is male or female.
8. If the sick person shall recover or die.
9. If the asker shall have children.
10. If the city besieged shall be taken.
11. If things stolen or lost shall be recovered.

12. If the journey or voyage proposed shall be brought about.
13. If the absent person shall return.
14. If the prisoner shall be delivered.
15. Whether the year shall be dry or rainy.
16. If there is anything hidden in the place supposed.
17. Of buying, selling, and other business, if profitable.
18. Of an army arrayed for battle, whether they shall proceed forth.
19. Whether the army shall proceed to the place proposed.
20. Of two armies engaged in battle, which shall have victory.
21. What is the nature or description of things hid in a certain place.
22. If the pilgrim shall accomplish his pilgrimage.
23. Of two fighters, which shall prevail.
24. If provision shall be dear or cheap this year.
25. What shall be the general fate of the year.

The following explanations occur in the preface :

"Seeing as before that this little book containeth but eight principal chapters, there being but eight figures of even numbers in points, such are these—

2	2	2	1
2	2	1	2
2	1	2	2
2	1	1	1
1	1	1	2
1	1	2	1
1	2	1	1
1	2	2	2

[N.B. The numerals represent the numbers of dots or lines, and thus also mark, for brevity's sake, the distinction between the sexes of the original figures.]

And these may and must be judged, and the other eight figures of odd points, such as—

1	2	1	2
2	1	2	1
2	1	1	2
2	1	1	2
2	1	1	2
2	1	2	1
1	2	1	2

may not be judged whenever they arise in the judge of the figures.

"If one of the witnesses be of even points, the other must be the same, for of two even cometh even ; and if one witness be odd, the other must be odd also, which will produce an even figure for the judge, so that the fifteenth figure must always be even.

"Number all the points of the fifteen figures, adding thereto the points of the sixteenth figure, which is made of the first figure and the judge, and if the number of all amount to 96, it shall neither be long nor short, &c. ; and if the number of points exceed 96, according to the surplus, judge the delay of whatever is asked ; and if the number be less than 96, then shall the performance be in a short time.

"Example.

"If the desired wish shall be obtained :

2	2	2	2	1	2	1	2					
1	1	2	1	1	2	2	2					
2	2	2	2	1	2	1	2					
2	1	1	1	2	2	1	2					
		2	2	1		1						
		2	1	1		2						
		2	2	1		1						
		1	2	2		1						
Witness		{		2	}		Witness					
				1								
				2								
				1								
Judge												

"Answer.

"He shall obtain his request by his own hands, and that in a short time."

"To each question in the margin of the Oracle are three figures, *i.e.* two witnesses and the judge. The latter is always an even number.

2	1
1	2
1	1
1	1
	1
	1
	2
	2"

It will be observed that the eight primary *male* figures, when united with the corresponding *female* (precisely as the Chinese have it), result in the number 16, which taken as $\frac{1}{6}$ = the mystic 7, while if we multiply the same 16 by 4 we arrive at $64 = \frac{6}{4} = 10$ (another mystic number, according to Swedenborg).

It will also be remarked, that the numbers in detail of the figures comprising one of the examples of an inquiry which we have given, amount to 96, the two figures of which are again resolvable into the 15 combinations required to produce these points, while the 12 houses of the astrologers' heaven multiplied by 8, the original mystic series, produce 96.

Thus it seems that a vast number of changes are made on certain initial figures; but whether, in their turn, the latter rule the mutations of the material universe, is a very different question.

Throughout China there are customs and superstitions, as may be

supposed, more than ordinarily suggestive, and which seldom fail to carry the mind of the stranger back to the remote past, and yet leave it there groping in the pregnant obscurity, for that wonderful lamp by which our present somewhat arbitrary chronology has yet perhaps to obtain so much.

Unfortunately, during the plunder of the emperor's summer palace, near Peking, in 1860, it is said that the most ancient and valuable manuscripts were destroyed; but it is to be hoped, if not actually expected, that in the larger cities of the more exclusive provinces, traces of man's earlier history may yet be discovered—possibly inscribed on the much-prized jade-stone tablets or bronzes.

The various forms of the same idea, so often sculptured and depicted on sacred, and sometimes on ordinary, objects, have a world-wide notoriety; but *here* it is not uninteresting to trace the corruption in this particular instance, as to a certain extent it suggests how ancient meanings become perverted, and are at length made by remote posterity, data for erroneous hypotheses. Thus, the winged globe of the Egyptians is also found in China, on temples and tombs, but its varieties are much more common, and, accordingly, we find the globe painted red, as representing the sun, while clouds, tapering off laterally, are substituted for wings; and also, even foliage; still, however, preserving the same arrangement.

Much of the occult lore of the Arabians and Persians appears to have been derived from these remote Celestials, and it is not difficult to trace a connexion between the superhuman being—powerful, but not immortal, and eminently profane—which we term *genii*, from the Persian word "*Jin*," with the *Jin* or *Yin*, which, in Chinese, means a native of that empire, or, to speak more accurately, one born within the Great Wall of China, and the present boundaries of China proper.

The Chinese cosmogony, as we shall hereafter explain, is based on the myth of the mundane egg; but they have many subordinate myths, which may possibly, under the mystery of "numbers," contain the substance of the knowledge possessed by what we now call pre-historic man.

For instance, the unicorn, phoenix, dragon, and tortoise, are styled "the four *Sing*," or celestials. The dragon, again, is of three varieties: the "*Lung*," or Lord of the air; the "*Lee*," which rules the watery element; and the "*Keou*," (cow?) which dwells in marshes, meadows, and mountains. The *Lung* is supposed to have nine representative forms combined in itself, and thus reminds one of the Platonic idea of a grand archetype: these are the camel, deer, rabbit, cow, snake, frog, carp, hawk, and tiger; while, in harmony with the same perfect number of *nine*, there are *eighty-one* scales covering its back. It is perfect in power and knowledge, and has but one defect—like *Destiny*, it is *deaf*.

The *Keou* has four legs, and is *exactly* thirteen feet long.

Again, the *five* Celestials, or *genii*, who founded the present city of Canton, are described as having made their appearance dressed in garments each of the *five** primitive colours, and riding on *five* rams, each of which bore in its mouth a stalk of grain with *six* ears.

It is noticeable the evident importance attached to these arithmetical

* In China.

figures, in connexion with the struggle in the national mind, between the extreme of materialism and superstition; which latter, probably, in consequence of the charm of so remote an origin, was the fountain whence the astrologers of all times have derived their perverted wisdom.

To enter more fully into the history of these Chinese dragons, and of their *gallinaceous* phoenix, rising above the universal *ocean* with a new world in its beak, and, in this respect, so different from the aquiline phoenix of Arabia emerging from *fire*, would lead us into an unnecessary digression; a few remarks, however, may not be out of place.

Mythology has, indeed, been almost the only source of the numerous theories which from time to time have been advanced to account for the origin of ancient nations or races; while the Mosaic history of our present world, which has formed a starting-point in the general inquiry, affords but few guides by which we may penetrate the remote past of China.

In its infancy, the science of geology was by many erroneously supposed to be at variance with the scriptural account of the mundane creation; but we are now supplied with data, sufficient to satisfy most minds, that there is nothing substantially incorrect in the sacred writings on this obscure subject.

The myths of the earlier races of man bear a remarkable family resemblance; the Hindoo, Persian, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman, all tend to the same primitive sources of knowledge, the general purity of which, although so much discoloured, geology daily confirms by her silent but convincing evidence.

In Hindoo mythology, we find in the incarnation of the god Vishnu a singular correspondence with the order of creation, as taught by the science in question; while the *nine* incarnations already accomplished of the same god, and his revivification as Juggernaut, imply one common source of knowledge in "the beginning," or a generally diffused knowledge at some bygone historic, but *intermediate* period.

One ought not to forget, however, that these Hindoo myths are notoriously of subsequent origin to the pure system of the ancient Brahmins—so say all writers; but, on the other hand, may not the latter have been eliminated from the former, which again may have had a purely material origin, which the priesthood sublimated into a spiritual code?

The author of "The Testimony of the Rocks," speaking of the oolitic period, remarks: "In the cretaceous ages, the class (reptilian), though still the *dominant* one, is visibly reduced in its standing; it had reached its culminating point in the oolite, and then began to decline, and, with the first dawn of the tertiary division, we find it occupying, as now, a very subordinate place in creation." . . . "I refer, of course, to the ophidian or serpent family." The author then proceeds to a description of the Phœnician fables, and allusively to the great serpent of the Scandinavians, and the Python of the Greeks. There are two nations, however, to which no reference on the subject has been made, although their claims to antiquity probably yield to none, not even to the Egyptian; but these remote empires of China and Japan are, unfortunately, but little known even now to Englishmen, except through the burlesque narratives of superficial observers, the fallacious pleasantries of "Elia," or the evident mistranslations of interpreters.

The "Curio hunter" of Canton, or of Nagasaki, constantly discovers

pictorial designs on works of art or objects of common use, which indicate some tradition or current romance; but to him they are as meaningless as probably would be the Laocoon to Prince Kung. Here, for example, is a Japanese warrior in bronze, casting a missile or hurling a rock bigger than himself at some strange "Saurian" or "Chelonian." His horse shivers with affright on the narrow bridge that spans a foaming torrent, but we ask in vain "What does it mean? Who is this wonderful St. George of the 'Day Spring?'"*

Then we find noble candelabra entwined with snakes, which seem to have revelled in primeval mud; but they have *legs*, which, although certainly not long, save them, at any rate, from the historic degradation of the race!

No, we never see in Chinese art the pure Ophidian. The imperial dragon himself is represented with barbules, which bespeak slimy "proclivities;" and the golden tortoise working his way through golden reeds, and the red pterodactyle stretching his leathern wings, indicate a higher ancestry.

A writer in the *Conjuror's Magazine* (a somewhat remarkable periodical, to have appeared and maintained itself for at least two years, so late as 1792), professing to quote from Plutarch, thus discusses the influence of spirits on matter:

"Truly the nature of spirits is so ordained, that, if we will speak accurately, they can move no bodies; for a spirit is not the cause of true and adequate motion, but only to direct certain motions of bodies, or that it can excite to motion bodies of a certain kind, which is manifest from the disposition of our own soul, which cannot move by its own proper strength or power any body out of its proper place, neither hath it the power of motion in all the parts of its own body, for it cannot at pleasure either augment or suspend the motion of the heart, arteries, or intestines, neither can the immediate or proximate will of the soul move any joint or muscle of the hand or foot, but by some other intervening agent, whose motion he can direct and command. From which we may understand that spirits are not creatures moving by their own proper force; a promiscuous, free, and necessary faculty of moving in bodies is not fitting to them, but rather restrained by certain modes, conditions, and limits."

It is these supposed spirits, with their inability to give the initiative impulse, that mortals have sought to enlist in the direction of their lives and affairs.

The poetic myths of Circe and her enchantments, and of Comus and his "midnight crew," have been repeatedly realised in history; and it was when Rome became most corrupt, and in the most dissolute periods of the English and French courts, that these spurious sciences were most cultivated. But the patronage of astrologers by Richelieu was the means of encouraging, indirectly, the growth of true science, and amongst the professors of these arts we find names to which civilisation is much indebted. Indeed, it is by no means certain that speculations of this nature are, even in themselves, unprofitable. The sportsman does not walk up to the sitting pheasant and blow out its brains; the pure air of the moors, the silence of nature, with its ever-varying aspects, are no mean portion

* "Weih Noo"—Day Spring—a name of Japan.

of his occupation and enjoyment, and certainly, though not to be "bagged," the least profitable.

But it is significant, that in the majority of instances recorded in history and literature generally, the motives for seeking the agency of spirits in the management of human affairs and in unveiling the future, have not been religious or "political." The desire of fame and power, no doubt, has stimulated an exploration of "the unseen," but the prevailing incentives seem to have been "avarice" and "love," perhaps the two most powerful passions of the human heart; and, moreover, the two which often go hand in hand, if we are to believe the sarcastic Frenchman: "You may purchase the semblance of affection, nay, even its reality."

The "philosopher's stone," and the "love philtre," have been probably more diligently sought after than any other problems. In "Romeo and Juliet" we find an apt description of one of those mediæval medical students, whose real labours were, unlike their philtres, so inadequately appreciated; and in the story of Lord Surrey and the vision of the fair Geraldine, we perceive the weakness of human nature, which still looks for support to "Egypt's broken reed."

Even in the copy of the periodical above referred to which fell into our hands, the only deficient pages in about one thousand, were four, which, on reference to the index, we found must have contained receipts for love philtres of the usual description, patronised by neglected and idle youth. Yet the reference "To procure love" might lead one to suppose that the *Conjuror* of 1792 had discovered the psychological key by which admittance is gained to the secret thoughts of others, and which is often used, unfortunately, not for good, and not under the direction of pardonable motives, but in that cold spirit of profitless curiosity which impels busy-bodies sometimes to inspect a neighbour's furniture, although they may have no intention of attending the auction. We have all, however, more or less the wish to inspect the inner life of each other, nor can we be blamed, so long as vulgar inquisitiveness enter not into the motive.

But to return to the professors of magical arts. While obtaining a livelihood through the superstitions of the vulgar, and exaggerating what perhaps really were sufficiently inexplicable secrets of nature, these studious men were certainly not intent on the acquisition of wealth. They were working the tunnel of ignorance, through which the road of civilisation was to be carried, and, dying in the midst of their labours, they have left us many a good guide, while, at the same time, the great ages attained by most of them indicate, at periods when longevity was the exception, habits which might have earned respect in ancient philosophical Athens.

The Maji—the Samians, who "worshipped the host of heaven"—and others of whom we read, may have had some idea of the plurality of worlds in connexion with our spiritual future. In the days of the Apostles, the books of "strange arts" which were burnt may not have been unique; and the enchantments of the lady in the suggestive romance of Apuleius are, at the present day, almost equalled by skilful jugglers.

It seems difficult to understand why Virgil (except on account of the "Sortes Virgiliani") should, in the middle ages, have been regarded as a

magician, and what led our old chroniclers to publish such libels on the head of the Church as we find in the history of Pope Gerbert.

Pythagoras, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Menander the Samaritan, with his peculiar theory respecting angels, and Simon Magus, could not properly be placed in the same category with the more homely conjuror, who deals with cards and dice, expounds the dogmas of palmistry, or professes to call up the dead by burning substances impossible to be obtained.

The account of the apparition at Endor, and the apocryphal story of Tobit and the Angel, are almost inexhaustibly suggestive, and it is probably in vain for even the "most enlightened" to say that such an apparition was not a matter of fact, or that there was not some strange virtue (even now existing) in the fumes of the broiled fish.

Michael Scot, in the thirteenth century, was greatly esteemed by the Emperor Frederick II., and Leonardo da Vinci was as much regarded by royalty on account of his occult knowledge as for his artistic genius. Michael Nostradamus was an eminent physician as well as "magician," and Dr. Faust is said to have expiated in a great measure his poetical offences against Marguerite by his labours in introducing printing. Other eminent physicians and astronomers were classed in former times as the companions of Satan's emissaries, and the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries produced quite a galaxy of so-called conjurors. In the latter, we find Holland, who died in 1636, aged 85, Jonas Moore, Van Helmont (ob. 1644), Mark Duncan (ob. about 1664), Henry Welby (ob. 1636, æt. 84), of a well-known Lincolnshire family, John Bushwell, and the celebrated William Lilly (ob. 1681). John Hutchinson, Topham the pugilist, Forman, Partridge and Harrison, Bland, Gyles, and Case, belong rather to the eighteenth century. It is remarkable that Ireland should, so far as we are aware, have only produced one modern conjuror, namely, Valentine Greatrakes, who was born there in 1628.

Drs. Dee, Fludd, and Kelly flourished in the reign of Elizabeth, while France had her "Merian," "Gaffard," the oriental scholar, and sometimes companion of Richelieu, "Morinus," &c. Then in the same century we find "Argol" the Neapolitan, John Damascene, Abbé d'Aute-roche, "Placidus de Titus" of Bologna, "Campanella," the Calabrian monk and attendant on Richelieu, &c.

Merlin, Thomas of Erceldoune, and Major Weir with his wonderful stick, open up the subject in various other directions, not necessary here to touch upon; while the great Swedish spiritualist has astonished the world with his genius, and perhaps his folly:

Charms are but nonsense,—nonsense has a charm!

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," makes frequent allusion to the occult arts, whose influence was so extensive in his own day, not, indeed, in forming men's political schemes, but in the narrower social circle; and there can be little doubt that these arts were held in estimation only so long as they were persecuted in their professors, by a Church that resented any encroachments on its peculiar privileges, and that when they were flourishing in England under the Stuarts, they had lost their dangerous character, and had become simply the ministers of *sensuality* in its *mystic form*.

The author of a recent and interesting work on the "Literature of

Dreams," touches incidentally on the astrological and geomantic* works of the present day; and a reference to the *Correspondents'* column, in the majority of humbler current publications, will satisfy the most incredulous, that, notwithstanding the advance of true science, and the general improvement, as is supposed, of morals, there is a vast amount of superstition still prevailing amongst all—even the well-educated classes.

Troyes (and its worthy publisher, M. Nicolas Oudot, "Rue Nostre-Dame, au Chapon d'Or Couronné") seems to have been pretty famous in its day for dream-literature.

"Raphael, not the archangel of that name, but the 'astrologer of the nineteenth century,' published, in 1830, 'The Royal Book of Dreams,' 'from an ancient and curious manuscript, which was buried in the earth for several centuries, containing one thousand and twenty-four oracles or answers to dreams, by a curious yet perfectly facile and easy method.' . . . The fatal objection to the reception of the narrative of the finding of the volume in a broken-down Somersetshire court-house, in the summer of 182—, is that of the modesty of the title-page. Truth would have been bolder, more pushing—possibly, in a whisper we may say it, even more impudent. Mark down ten lines of ciphers, without counting them, so that the number may be (as far as the diviner knows) left to chance, and, as it were, at random—no matter how roughly they are made, for therein lies the secret—that the occult principle of the soul shall so guide or counsel the dreamer (or diviner) and control his hand, that he shall mark down those signs alone which will convey a true answer. The ciphers in each line are afterwards to be counted, and indicated according to the oddness or evenness of their number, a single cipher (O) standing for odd, and two (OO) for even."

At the present day absolute truth is required, if not always obtained, and, in the search for it, we perhaps often injudiciously discard without investigation as puerile and worthless what, after all, although affording no true knowledge, may occasionally direct or suggest a better clue, as exemplified in Bacon's "Wisdom of the Ancients."

There is a fashion to laugh at all ancient superstitions; it may be a convenient mode of getting rid of the trouble of investigating them, but there is a large class in society who do not dare to think for themselves, who believe that it is injudicious to allow the female members of a family to discuss doctrinal points, and who are fond of "laying the flattering unction to their souls" that their own unbelief in "the mysterious" is an evidence of superiority, and that those who believe in the so-called supernatural must be of necessity weak-minded—allowing, however, such modern exceptions as Dr. Johnson, the two Emperors Napoleon, Sir Walter Scott, and others scarcely less eminent.

Lord Bacon makes a shrewd observation on the subject, when he says, "There is a superstition in avoiding superstition . . . therefore care should be had . . . that the good be not taken away with the bad."

* The principle of ascertaining the signification of a dream by means of ciphers had been explained—although its application was not identical with that we have just seen—in a book published at Troyes in 1654, and entitled "*Le Palais des Curieux, où l'algèbre et le sort donnent la décision des questions les plus douteuses, et où les songes et les visions nocturnes sont expliqués selon la doctrine des anciens.*"

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ROMANIA.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

WHEN the so-called "Roumain" nationality is made the subject of study, it is at once found that it is united to the rest of Europe by two bonds—first, its language, which, descending from that of the Dacians of old, is incontestably of Latin origin, notwithstanding numerous corruptions from surrounding dialects, and, secondly, its physiognomy, which reminds one of Italy or Spain. But all moral and intellectual traces of parentage have disappeared, and the East has profoundly seared the Moldo-Walachs with its laws, manners, habits, and especially its faults.

If in view of a future Dacian kingdom on the lower Danube, which shall embrace both banks of the river, the Bulgarian as well as the Moldo-Walachian, it is deemed convenient to group the two latter provinces under the title of Roumania, it is manifest that unless we wish to Frenchify all antiquity, that the name should be Romania or Rūmania. The Orientals—Turks as well as Walachs—pronounce Rome, Rūm; but it remained for the widely diffused French language to make such corruptions as Roum and Roumania acceptable to educated statesmen and the press.

The Romans of Dacia preserved, be it remarked, their warlike spirit and the sturdy virtues of their ancestors up to the sixteenth century; but with the seventeenth century the influence of the Greeks migrating from Constantinople became predominant, and in the eighteenth century the Fanariot princes completed the corruption and demoralisation of the country. The Russian occupations, which succeeded with very brief intervals between each from 1769 to 1854, did the rest. The celebrated organic regulations tended by a well-conceived process of assimilation to absorb the Danubian principalities into the dominion of the Muscovites. During the long reign of the Fanariots, the Boyars, or native aristocracy, became completely Grecicised—it is impossible to say Helenised—but still the social seal, moulded more on the European than the Asiatic type, became more deeply impressed with Muscovite than with Byzantine features.

Society is, in reality, in a tentative, an experimental, and transition state. Finances, justice, administration, organisation of property, relation of classes to one another, are all alike undecided. The peasants, as in Russia, and even, strange to say, in some parts of Ireland where serfdom has never existed, entertain the undisguised hope that the lands will come to them, without either purchase-money or compensation. When reforms

are adopted, the promulgation of such are left, as in Russia and in Turkey, to persons in power hostile to their being put in force. As in Turkey, and in Greece also, the English and French never can enjoy the same influence as Russia, for the latter stands forth among all the Christian nationalities of the East as the apostle of the "Great Idea"—that is, the overthrow of the Ottoman empire, while the two first-mentioned powers are ever ready, instead of befriending Christian nationalities and enabling them to establish themselves as independent bulwarks between Russia and an effete Muhammadanism, to expend life and treasure in supporting the latter, out of pure jealousy of Muscovite predominance. The system adopted to thwart Russia is a mistake; it should be based not on the perpetuity of a corrupt and moribund Islamism, but upon a gradual emancipation of the Christian, and more especially the European, populations. Every step taken in Romania and Servia brings them nearer to this point, and for every step gained the debt of gratitude is due to Russia—not to the political supporters of the Crescent *v.* the Cross. The youth of Romania conceive themselves to be embarked in the same cause as Italy—as in that of all oppressed nationalities—and they believe themselves to be ready to follow the flag of the first adventurer who would lead them to the walls of Constantinople!

The population of Romania represents a total in round numbers of four million souls—two million five hundred thousand in Walachia, and one million five hundred thousand in Moldavia. Among these are three hundred thousand Tziganis, or gipsies, two hundred thousand Jews, and one hundred thousand strangers (Slaves, Hungarians, Germans, Greeks, Armenians, and others). The number of individuals of the same race dwelling in Transylvania, Bessarabia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia is supposed to amount to as many as in Romania itself, and would hence present a grand total of eight millions. Many western states of a secondary order do not number half such a population. If, then, it is argued by M. G. le Cler, the question of the European equilibrium should ever found its interest in a Latin monarchy—a kingdom of Dacia—such could be founded upon a very respectable footing.* The population of the Principalities divides itself into fifty thousand nobles (so called); clergy, one hundred thousand; citizens, one hundred and twenty thousand; peasants, three million one hundred and thirty thousand. The Romanian nobility is of recent date. Up to the end of the fifteenth century, the profession of arms alone conferred nobility. Every man-at-arms was called *Boïer*, from *Bovis herus*, according to some, in reference to the old Roman colonists, who warred in chariots drawn by oxen; others derive the word *Boyard* simply from *boï* (vellum). After the fall of Constantinople, the Greeks, who had taken refuge in the Principalities, induced the reigning princes, Radu IV. in Walachia and Stephen IV. in Moldavia, to constitute a new nobility by converting positions at court into so many titles, just as was done at the court of Byzantium. It was thus that the new nobility became almost solely Greek or Fanariot. These corrupt adventurers married heiresses, assuming, at the same time, their lands and their names, or dispossessed small landowners by fraud or violence. The fre-

* La Moldo-Valachie, ce qu'elle a été, ce qu'elle est, ce qu'elle pourrait être. Par G. le Cler. Paris: E. Dentu.

quent change of Hospodars, both during the last century and this, abetted the increase in this class of nobility. Notwithstanding the brief duration of the reign of some of these Hospodars and Kaimakams, their children not the less arrogated to themselves the title of "Princes"—till the distinction, as we have often had occasion to see, is in the Principalities themselves regarded as without significance, just as "Bey" is in Turkey. This feeling of discredit, which attached itself to the descendants of ephemeral Hospodars, was still further increased when the influence of Russia procured, as it often did, the appointment of creatures who had no heraldic quarterings—who were, indeed, of the most vulgar extraction. The few remaining *mos-neni*, "born of ancestors," descendants of the old military nobility, look, indeed, with contempt upon the new aristocracy.

The middle classes consist of those who have had a liberal education, and who are engaged in the learned professions, and of native merchants and tradesmen, or the sons of European merchants settled in the country. This class is enlightened, but restless, intriguing, vain, and demoralised. The peasantry constitute the real basis of the population. They have ever retained a character for piety and for assiduity in agricultural labours, and they have held by the traditions and the language of their fathers. It is to their patient resignation, to their faith in the permanence of the Roman race, to their confidence in a better future, that the preservation of whatsoever nationality remains is due; but it must be admitted that the peasant wears the outward signs of long-suffering, of privations, and of rude service; he has become gloomy, taciturn, egotistical, brutalised; his food consists mainly of boiled maize without seasoning, and a portion of dried meat on feast-days. His most common indulgence is to get drunk upon the abominable *raki* of the country.

The Jews are here what they are in Poland and in Germany. The gipsies are divided into three classes: the sedentary and travelling musicians, the artisans, farriers, kettle-menders, &c., and the vagabonds. The social condition of the country, apart from the peasantry, may be judged of by the simple fact that out of a population of one hundred and twenty thousand at Bucharest, eight thousand are foreign traders, three thousand drivers (Russians, Transylvanians, or Hungarians), three thousand Jews, and three thousand gipsies. Thirty thousand individuals of both sexes (Germans, Transylvanians, and Albanians) are engaged in domestic service. The Boyards increase the number of their attendants by claiming the services of their peasants. Thus a house tenanted by a father, mother, and three daughters, has been known to contain sixty-two attendants. This is owing to each attendant having his or her own separate duties, beyond which they never go. The height of luxury is to have an Albanian, or *Arnaut*, garbed in his red and gold-embroidered jacket, his white-plaited skirts, and his sword, dagger, and pistols in his waistband. Such an attendance, with teachers of all descriptions super-added, is out of all proportion to the fortunes of these pretentious yet poverty-stricken Boyards, who, despising the details of housekeeping, are too frequently hurried into permanent and irremediable ruin. Servants rob their masters, and such is the universal state of demoralisation of the country that the tradespeople foster the practice. The indifference of the Boyards in regard to business-matters is carried by the lower classes

to a horror of work of any kind. The ladies are dressed by milliners from Paris, but these can find no workwomen. The women, so skilful in arranging their hair, do not know how to sew; tailors are employed here as needlewomen. Work is supposed to dishonour woman, and the result is that prostitution is authorised by the law after twelve years of age. As it is in the cities, so it is to a certain extent in the country. The rites of the Greek Church are sadly opposed to all industry, whether agricultural or otherwise. The Greek calendar contains one hundred and fifty feast-days, upon which all manual labour is interdicted, and one hundred and ten days of strict fast. Thus the orthodox lose upwards of a third of the year, the national wealth suffers as well as individual prosperity, and the people become impoverished, weakened, idle, and dissolute.

The Romanian language is supposed, like the *Langue d'Oc* in southern Gaul, to be a continuation of the language of the people—*lingua Romanesca*—rather than of the Latin of the Augustan era. There exists a close analogy between the Romanian language and that of the troubadours of Provence. So also with regard to the Catalan and the Castilian. An inn in the Carpathians is still called a *posada*. Ask a peasant of *Walachia* whence he comes. "*Eū sunt Rūmanū,*" he will reply, equivalent to "*Ego sum Romanus.*" The preservation of the national language has been in great part due to two saints of the Greek calendar—Cyril and Methodius—who, deputed by the Emperor Michael III. and the Patriarch Photius among the Dacians, adapted the Greek character to the Latin and Slavonic words, and, constituting an alphabet of thirty-eight letters, printed the holy books in the language of the proselytes. This alphabet is still called the *Kyriac*, and has been in use for the liturgy ever since the eleventh century. It is also used in official despatches and in some of the newspapers, but the general tendency is to return to the Latin alphabet. M. de Pontbriant, who has published a dictionary of the Romanian language, says that out of one hundred words sixty-nine are of Latin or Roman origin; fifteen, Greek; five, Hungarian; four, Turkish; and two, German.

The Greek Church of Romania is in communion with the Patriarch of Constantinople, and hence deems itself to be orthodox. The Russo-Greek Church is termed schismatic, and notwithstanding reiterated efforts on the part of the Muscovites, abetted by the higher clergy and the Boyards, to effect an amalgamation, the national good sense has always effectually precluded such, as they see in it an anticipated absorption of their race. None are admitted into the Romanian clergy unless well made, and more or less handsome. It is a rule that the *papas* or *popes* should impose respect and sympathy by their outward aspect. All have long beards and hair, and both are divided from the centre, in imitation of the type of the Saviour. They wear a long black robe and black cap, and bishops and archimandrites, or priors of monasteries, wear the same costume, only that they have a long veil suspended behind from their caps. Unfortunately, they are extremely ignorant. It is very rare indeed that they can read their national manuscripts. The town priest mixes himself up with family intrigues, and becomes the creature of the rich man who feeds him. In the country, he is a peasant like the rest; he cultivates the land, and labours as he can for the support of his family.

If he marries, however, it must be before his consecration; nor can he, if a widower in orders, take a second wife. There are six bishoprics in the two provinces, seminaries have been founded in some of the dioceses, and a commencement of education has been instituted; but as yet it suffices to be the son of a papa, or to know how to read, to be eligible to the ministry. The archimandrites are elected, as in the primitive church, by the monks and clergy, and the bishops again by the archimandrites; but as the latter have to be recognised by the Porte and the Patriarch, and as nothing is done at Constantinople without bribery, the episcopacies fall to those who can spend most money. Formerly, the metropolitans of Bucharest and Jassy presided over their respective legislative assemblies, but since the union of the two principalities into a common Romania, the Bishop of Bucharest takes the lead, and entitles himself primate, Church service is intoned in a monotonous, nasal cadence; and the ceremonial is mainly limited to genuflexions and crossings. The funeral ceremonies are peculiar. When a sick person is about to die, a consecrated taper is placed in the hand of the moribund, and at the moment of death a fearful shouting is set up to terrify the demons and prevent their getting possession of the soul of the deceased. The body is then washed, dressed in its best clothes, and laid out in state. It is conducted in a similar formal and open manner to the grave, preceded by a band of music, and the hearse is decorated with flowers and flags. Death is indeed looked upon as a joyous release. "Who," asks M. le Cler, "is in the right, the Christians of the West or the orthodox Christians?"

The worst feature of Romania is a prevalent immorality. The Koran authorises a plurality of wives. It is worse in Romania, at least in the towns. Conjugal virtue is disregarded; illegitimate unions are established on all sides. It is the perpetuation of what is known in Constantinople, the Levant, and Egypt, as the harems *à volonté*. There is no spirit of domesticity, no love for the family; with the Mussulmans under the tent as in the palace, at all events, the family groups itself and develops itself under a common parent. With the Romanian facility of divorce is one of the plagues of the country. The canon law permits only three divorces, but the clergy are so lax that money can procure any number. It is true that sometimes a minister of conscientious feelings insists upon the letter of the law, as once happened in the instance of a young and pretty personage, barely twenty-two years of age, and who appeared at the altar with a third husband. The papa deemed it to be his duty to warn her, and to intimate that she could not take a fourth, and that she must learn to content herself with the third Providence had sent her. "You are wrong, father," was the reply; "my first marriage was null and void, for it was with my cousin."

The social relations of people and clergy may be judged of by the following anecdote:

A wealthy prelate was one day engaged in celebrating the nuptials of a young couple. The bride was so fair that the heart of the dignitary was completely thrown off its balance. Instead of officiating, all he could do was to contemplate so many charms, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he so far mastered himself as to mutter the sacramental words which delivered her over to the arms of another.

But the sacerdotal heart was touched to the quick; the prelate's

appetite and sleep failed him alike. At last his emissaries brought word that means failed the young couple, just as much as their aspirations to luxury and expenditure increased. Of all Jupiter's metamorphoses the Romanian Danaës are most sensible to the shower of gold. Such was the stratagem employed. The worthy prelate was so liberal that the young couple could not refuse his benefactions. The style of their dress, their furniture, and their equipages soon attracted attention. Bad tongues—those of the envious especially—whispered scandal, and the name of the protector was bruited abroad.

The husband, who belonged to a liberal profession, received sundry intimations that he must succumb to public opinion. The doctor (for such he was) intimated, in a serious conversation with his wife, that she must break with the prelate. To effect this, it was resolved that she should go to the country. The prelate's happiness had lasted a year, and he was inconsolable. He wandered everywhere in pursuit of the lost sheep. The husband was at length affected by so much grief, he yielded so far as to grant a last interview, and let out the secret as to where his wife had taken refuge from the sacerdotal ardour. The prelate hastened thither as fast as his horses could take him; but scarcely had he arrived than the husband came in armed to the teeth. He reproached the prelate for his vile attempts to seduce an honest woman, and swore that he should not leave the house alive unless he disbursed fourteen thousand ducats. The prelate had only ten thousand in his strong-box; he was constrained to send a valet for them, and to sign an acknowledgment for the remainder. This done, he took his way back, confused and disconcerted. The most absurd part of the story is, that the note of hand for four thousand ducats was presented next day, and duly honoured; nay, there were not wanting those who declared that after the last shower was expended matters were made up, and things returned to their old course.

The monasteries of Romania present many peculiarities, and no one can be said to know the country who has not visited them. The religious communities all belong to the order of St. Basil, and the monasteries were founded to help the indigent, to aid the sick and the incapable, to endow poor girls, to give hospitality, and to aid in disseminating education. Except occasional hospitality shown to the wayfarer—after a most niggardly fashion—all these original intentions of the foundations have become utterly disregarded. Their wealth is now solely devoted to the support of luxury, and of the vices that spring from it, or to gratify personal ambition.

There existed until very recently two kinds of monasteries: those called "National," the revenues of which were spent in the country, and those termed "Dedicated," whose revenues were spent in the localities in which they were placed, more especially at Mount Athos, at Jerusalem, in Alexandria, and at Constantinople. The former have been recently made known to us by several travellers, but by none more pleasantly than by the Hon. Robert Curzon. A sum estimated at fifteen million francs was thus taken annually out of the country, and public opinion protested loudly and unanimously against this spoliation. The foreign monks, however, held by their long tenure, the support of the Patriarch at Constantinople, and of Russia. A long and fierce debate ensued, but it was

settled at last by the Legislative Assembly, which secularised the monasteries on the 12th of December, 1863. A whole series of similar establishments, including hospitals and colleges, were administered by the eldest son of the ex-Hospodar Bibesco. Government determined such an administration to be exceptional, and appropriated the responsibility to itself. To such an extent had the abuse of monastic establishments grown in the country, that two-fifths of the whole of the lands were in the possession of the "National" monasteries, and one-fifth in that of the "Dedicated," placing, in fact, three-fifths of the whole territory in the hands of the clergy. The sites of these monasteries are selected partly for safety, partly for beauty. They are, for the most part, situated on islands, which stand in the centre of a lake, the lake again being surrounded by a forest. The houses of the monks, each with its own garden, the hostleries for visitors, and, above all, the churches with their sparkling domes, group most picturesquely on these holy islands. Those which are situated in hilly regions are like the celebrated monasteries of Mount Athos, not less remarkable for their picturesqueness. While the monasteries are peopled mainly from the peasant class, the convents are, as in other countries where the monastic system is still in vogue, for the most part recruited from the wealthy middle class, or from the nobility. But they are not so much convents as old communities of canonesses. The nuns have their own habitations, can marry up to twenty-five years of age, can go out where they please, or receive company at home, and have music and repasts, with servants to attend upon them. Travellers can, it is said, claim hospitality for three days in either monasteries or convents; and although no doubt the system, already sapped to the basis, is destined to fall before the progress of enlightenment, there can be no question but that in olden times, when the country was ravaged by banditti, and villages and hostleries were few and far between, these islanded or rock-built asylums occupied the first place among institutions consecrated to public welfare.

With such a people as the Romanians, the theatre naturally constitutes the chief building of their capital. All kinds of stories characteristic of Oriental speculation are current in connexion with this pride of the Principalities. It is said, for example, that seventy-five thousand trees were cut down in the monastic forests for its construction; that five millions of bricks were manufactured, but not being hard enough, they were sold off and bought up again at three times the price they brought, and that a quantity of zinc was brought from Vienna for the roof, which, being stored away until wanted, was eaten up by oxygen. Two companies, one Italian and one native, are attached to this theatre, and play alternately. But at times, just as at Moscow, all kinds of nationalities—Hungarian, Austrian, German, and American—star it on this motley stage. A German and a French company have tried their fortunes at Bucharest, but with little advantage to their respective treasuries. In winter-time, what are called masked balls are given at the theatre, at which the ladies walk about in dominoes, holding one another by the hand, while the gentlemen sit on benches contemplating them! At the German theatre things are a little more dis-Orientalised, and people dance as in Europe. The society is not very select, but there are youth, vigour, animation, and beauty as an offset. Private entertainments are exceedingly rare; of late years,

indeed, political animosities have run so high, that they may be said to have died away altogether. It is to be hoped that, under the hereditary rule of the Hohenzollerns, a better state of things will be inaugurated; but as one of the causes of paucity of entertainments lay admittedly in paucity of finances, it is rather hard upon the Romanians that the Porte, so greedy of purses, should have made a stipulation of the recognition of the new suzerainty, that the amount of annual tribute should be doubled! The burden of such an exaction will fall upon the people, who will have to be doubly taxed—a proceeding which is neither favourable for industry, progress, or even recreation. It has often been remarked by travellers that the Romanians are not hospitable to strangers. The explanation of the fact lies in this, that their out-of-door and their interior life are at variance. Out of doors all is show, pomp, and luxury; in-doors the reverse is the case, and people do not like making a parade of the "*res angusta domi*." This state of things is the more to be regretted, as the young ladies are remarkably beautiful—combining, in fact, all the best points of the Greek physiognomy, tempered by an Italian or Spanish tinge. It must be remembered, too, that not half a century ago these now well-dressed, well-mannered, graceful, and exquisite beauties were as ill-dressed and as awkward as any inmates of a Constantinopolitan harem; and if, as Christians, they were admitted to an official reception, it was to sit down on their heels in the presence of smoking old bearded Boyards.

Justice is administered in Romania primarily, after the patriarchal fashion. Every Sunday, after divine service, a court is held by three elders, presided over by the papa, who decide cases by no other code than that of common sense. This in villages; but every chief town of a district has its court of justice, appeals against whose verdicts are heard at courts of appeal at Bucharest, Jassy, and Krajova, or Craïova; and there is also a high court of justice held at Bucharest. Civil cases are left to a jury to determine; criminal cases to the court alone. There are plenty of barristers, but few solicitors or notaries, and the code of laws is very imperfect; altogether, the judicial condition of the country is open to much improvement. It is often difficult to get the judges to attend to their duties, and complaints of venality are rife. It is, in fact, a common saying in Romania that justice is sold, not dispensed. Much of this tendency to calumny must, however, as in regard to social questions, be traced to the profligate and unprincipled character of the calumniators. The allocutions of the Hospodars testify, however, to the fact of a want of respect for the laws of the country on the part of some judges. It is especially, as is too well known to European consuls residing in Romania, in matters of debt that the laws are most lax, and that the most gross prevarication is practised. Bankers and merchants, to whom large sums are due, often wait till their debtors are in some other country to have them arrested. The same calumnies are current against the police and magistracy as against the courts of justice. M. le Cler relates, for example, as authentic, that in 1864, under the first Prince Couza, the neighbourhood and even the suburbs of Bucharest were ravaged by banditti. The gendarmerie succeeded in capturing them during a festivity at a public-house, and they were taken before a magistrate, who arranged the matter with the chief of the banditti for six hundred ducats, one being given to each of

the gendarmes. Thus it is that in Romania, as in Greece, the gendarmerie and the banditti are said to live in harmony with one another.

The commerce of Romania is as yet only that of an agricultural and pastoral people. Mr. Powell, an Englishman, has founded an establishment for the preservation of meat at Galatz, which supplies the French, Italian, and English fleets, and even the Austrian army, but the chief commerce is in cereals, the transport of which is mainly monopolised by the Greeks. We have explained recently, in an article on modern Greece, how it is that by joint action and interest, and a studious economy, the Greek boatmen can outrival those of any other nation in the coast trade of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. Marseilles is the chief market for the corn shipped at Galatz and Ibraila, but agricultural science is at so low an ebb in Romania, that it never fetches the price of the corn from South Russia. Yet is the soil infinitely more fertile than that of Russia, the Principalities being for the most part one immense alluvial plain, stretching from the Danube to the Carpathians, and watered by several fine rivers, the chief of which are the Aluto, or Olto, the Argis, and the Jalomitza. The finest plains of France or Belgium, the fat valleys of Piedmont and Lombardy, and the richest soils in Algeria, are inferior to the arable lands of Romania. The alluvium presents, indeed, an almost continuous depth of from four to five yards from the banks of the Danube to the hilly districts. It is never manured, and if planted with wheat, before being exhausted by two or three crops of maize, the straw is so long, and the ear so heavy, that the whole topples over, and never comes to maturity. And yet, strange to say, not a fifth of the superficies of this soil is under cultivation. A corner of Europe, possibly more favourable for agricultural pursuits than any other, is at present the most neglected. And wherefore this state of things? The Romanians, like the Turks, the Hindhūs, and other Oriental nations, know that if the workmen of the West were to get a footing on their soil, they would soon supersede the natives. They not only interdict, then, the sale of lands to strangers, but they forbid the employment of foreigners as labourers. No matter, also, to what extent a landlord may be in debt or over-mortgaged, the creditors cannot seize his lands. This adherence to the Turkish system, which fosters idleness and encourages dissipation—this wall of China, as M. le Clerc calls it—will inevitably fall one day before progress.

Strange to say, horticulture is in as backward a state in Romania as agriculture. What few gardens and conservatories are to be seen at Bucharest belong to Germans or other foreigners. There are actually around the metropolis itself but three or four pleasure-gardens, and not more market-gardens that are deserving of the name. The vineyards receive some attention, but the wine is made somewhat as it was in the times of the Patriarch Noah. The forests are so extensive, especially in the Carpathians, that no attention is paid as to how the wood is cut. The mineral riches of the same chain, carefully utilised on the Austrian side, are disregarded by the Romanians. The cultivation of the mulberry for silk was introduced for a time with the happiest results; but it has fallen off like every other thing—the merchants having, M. le Clerc asserts, acted with an utter absence of common honesty. The only manufactures at present at work are for stearine candles, coarse cloth, and tanneries.

The peasants manufacture their own clothes, shoes, and harness, and that after the fashion in which we see the Dacians represented on Trajan's column.

The prostrate condition of Romania is, however, to be traced to political evils quite as much as to social. For over a century and a half the Principalities have been wrung by the Turks, by the Fanariot princes, by their own native Hospodars, and by the monks. It is a proof of the extent of the natural resources of the country, that it has not been utterly exhausted by so many spoliations. Those who wish to thoroughly comprehend the devastations to which Romania has been subjected under the exactions of the Turks, the requisitions of armed interventions, and the necessitous condition of its own princes, can refer to the able works of MM. Vaillant, E. Regnault, Ubicini, Chanoi (nom de plume of Prince Ghica), and Le Clerc. Those who have seen and know the country, need no books to enable them to understand that the present social state is the leaven of political dependence, as much as of local mal-administration, and that while the Romanians are indebted to themselves for what progress they have made, they have to blame others for whatever they are in arrears.

The convention of the 19th of August, 1858, inaugurated a new state of things: an honest organisation was, it was said, to supersede organised robbery. Unfortunately, France, whose system of responsible accounts, matured by the much-abused M. de Villèle, is tolerably satisfactory, but whose system of taxation is by no means adapted to every condition of society, was appealed to to organise the political and military reformation of the country. From 1860 to 1862 the Principalities were invaded by a whole host of *officiers d'intendance militaire* and of *bureaux*; as also of officers of the staff, artillery and line, who were ready to set everything in order with the wand of the magician. The mission met, as many a mission to Turkey and Persia has encountered, no direct hostility; on the contrary, every apparent willingness to adopt each successive suggestion, but an indescribable indifference—"a strength of inertia," as it has been aptly termed, which all Orientals know to be more fatal to interference from without than any amount of open hostility. There is nothing more easy in individual life than to receive advice, to bow to it gratefully, and to neglect it utterly. The Orientals practise this system as a nation with the perfection entailed by long habit. Add to this, from the lowest to the highest, every one's private interest was implicated in the settling of accounts, and such as date anteriorly to 1861 never have been balanced, and probably never will be.

A good deal has been accomplished, however, and Romania possesses a regular army of some eighteen thousand men, including seven regiments of infantry, one battalion of rifles, two regiments of lancers, one regiment of gendarmerie, one battalion of engineers, one regiment of artillery, two squadrons of military train, one company of labourers, two of infirmaries, one of discipline, and four of marines for the flotilla of the Danube. The irregular troops number twelve thousand. They are divided into *dorobantz* or *trabans*, and *graniceri* or frontier guards. The *dorobantz* are a kind of gendarmerie; each man and horse, like the *cossacks* in Russia and the mounted *radifs* in Turkey, is supported by a village or by a certain number of families. He has to serve ten days out

of thirty—the remainder being supposed to be devoted to agricultural labours. The costume is the old national garb—the original of the Hussar. The service of the frontier guards is indicated by the name; they also do duty as custom-house officers, and as a sanitary cordon. The *dorobantz* and the *graniceri*, vigorous fellows, trained to fatigue and exposure, constitute the only true military force in the Principalities.

The great point in which Romania still remains more Oriental than European is in the absence of proper respect for the sex. It is impossible to be in the society of the better classes without being at once made painfully sensible of the fact. Women are neither esteemed nor respected. They are sought for if wealthy, and pursued if young and pretty. They revenge themselves by their irregularities. They marry young, at from thirteen to fourteen years of age, live fast, and age prematurely. A woman is deemed old in Romania at twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. The clergy countenance immorality by facilitating divorcees. The ladies of the *demi-monde* everywhere take precedence, by their impudence, of respectable females. Nor are the men more favoured than the other sex. Dissipated from early youth, they are equally prematurely aged by the enervating passions of gambling, drinking, and debauchery. Gambling is indeed with the Romanians a positive frenzy. Whosoever has not seen them seize the cards with nervous, febrile, tremulous anxiety, knows them not. They pass days and nights at play, forgetting everything, dress and food, duties and responsibilities, parents and friends, staking lands, houses, horses, equipages, furniture, jewellery, nay, they would play their wives and children, but that no one will accept the stake. Gambling has invaded all pursuits—the administration, the magistracy, the army, the mercantile community. Fortunes are made and lost daily. The Jews profit by the exchanges. A social plague scarcely less serious than the corrupt relations of the sexes, it will disappear, it has been said, only with the last ducat of the last Boyard.

It is thus that the Romanian passes his life in intriguing, dissipation, and gambling, with a cigarette ever in his mouth. He is old at forty, positively decrepit at fifty. There is neither time nor will for business, and hence how easy it is to comprehend why all love of domesticity is extinct, why probity in affairs is so rare, and the payment of debts rendered impossible. The taste for study, the pursuit of letters and science, professional, mercantile, or manufacturing skill, uprightness in the magistracy, integrity in principle, morality, and finally religion, are all sacrificed at the same shrine. In a society so constituted there are no intellectual resources, not even subjects for conversation, the latter being limited to prurient *double entendres* or the latest scandal. And yet there is no want of a certain cunning, of astuteness such as belongs to both Russian and Greek alike, and which all over the world displays itself to the greatest perfection in usury and in gambling. The woman, as things are, is better than the man in Romania, and that in the threefold relation of intelligence, education, and heart. Married to a German or European who will treat her well, she makes a faithful wife and an excellent mother.

The Romanian appears outwardly to be excessively mild, almost cold and apathetic, and yet he is easily roused. Two Frenchmen, going out one day to fish for frogs—reptiles that are looked upon by the Moldavians some-

what with the same feeling as in England—and further insisting upon cooking them at a neighbouring public-house, were set upon by the peasantry and severely maltreated. Other two Frenchmen, venturing in a boat to inspect certain Naiads who were bathing in a river, were set upon by the fair nymphs, who upset the boat and tumbled the impertinent intruders into the river. Servants and serfs are still habitually ill treated, and often most cruelly beaten. In fact, they are said, hyperbolically, to receive more blows than wages. Sometimes they receive a note for the aga, as a police-officer is called, Turkish fashion, to administer so many blows of a stick. In this case it is the custom, if possible, to get some one else to carry the note. A coachman was once beaten to death by an irritated husband because he would not say whither he had driven his lady.

Where there is so much ignorance, prejudices and superstitions flourish, as may be imagined, in rankness. The people believe in fantastic monsters, in fairies, and in the evil eye. Witches play a great part in rural life under the name of *babas*, while the papas rival them in their extraordinary exorcisms. Tuesday is so unlucky a day that no business or undertaking is commenced on that day.

The contrasts presented in such a country are very striking. The men of better rank are well-mannered, intelligent, amiable, and polite to strangers. To their peasants and servants they are the most tyrannical masters it is possible to conceive; they are idle, dissipated, and vain to a degree. The women are fair to look at, graceful, and well dressed; talk to them, and their voices are as coarse as their powers of conversation are limited. The middle classes are the most industrious and the best informed, but they are boastful, venal, unprincipled, avaricious, and as immoral as the upper classes. The peasantry are patient, laborious, and attached to the family, but so ignorant and superstitious as to be indifferent to progress. In the capital of the country we find, according to M. le Cler:

“A prince without a palace, a clergy without morality, an academy without members, a library without readers, immense streets without houses, splendid habitations by the side of the most miserable huts, magnificent promenades with open cloacas, plenty of water and no fountains, rivers without bridges or quays, a municipality without head, a police without policemen, roads unmended, courts of law without justice, intrigues without love, divorces with no restraint, wives without husbands, husbands without wives, families broken up, the sons with the mother, the daughters with the father, fortunes buried in debt, lands mortgaged for more than their value, noblemen without a halfpenny in their pockets, embroidered clothes and no linen, splendid furniture and empty wardrobes and pantry.”

Nay, if we were to take our author to the letter, when our own experience leads us to know how much exaggeration is superimposed upon a foundation of truth, Romania is a land loaded with heavenly gifts, and wanting in everything to render them available. No navigation—that is, in the hand of strangers; no roads, consequently no transport; all natural produce of an inferior quality, all manufactured articles, even to bread and wine, the same. Fuel is dear, meat is bad, vegetables coarse; everything is detestable, save the fish and game, and these are not to be

procured, as they are eaten up by the monks. The very fruit is eaten green and unripe, and were it not for certain preserved provisions and wines exported from the West, a Parisian of taste would perish of want in the metropolis of Romania!

Notwithstanding these adverse features, Romania presents many points of promise to the future. Its misfortune is to be placed between two antagonistic powers—Russia and Turkey—and to be treated occasionally as a shuttlecock or football. If incapable of establishing its own nationality, it would be best protected by Austria, especially if that power is driven to strengthen itself in the East in proportion as it loses ground in the West; at all events, it is not in the nature of things that Christian people with high aspirations should remain for ever under the dominion of the Turk. The Dacia of olden times comprised Bulgaria as well as Walachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia—that is to say, the right bank of the Lower Danube as well as the left. A Dacian monarchy, called that of Walach-Bulgaria, was founded in the twelfth century, and lasted until the thirteenth, when internal divisions caused a separation of the duchies of Walachia (1241) and of Moldavia (1293). A fatal alliance was brought about by war with Hungary between Mircea, Duke of Walachia, and the Turks in 1393, and between Bogdan of Moldavia and the same power in 1513. The consequence was the creation of a tribute for protection, its augmentation in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the acquisition by the Turks of the fortresses on the Danube, the tribute being further actually doubled in the present year under an hereditary Hospodarship. This, however, is no more than was done when the vice-royalty of Egypt was reluctantly conceded to be an hereditary power.

The decline of the Principalities dated from the imposition of Fanariot princes—unprincipled Greeks, who had been known to trade as pastry-cooks and vendors of lemonade in the Fanar before they were sent to rule over the Romanians. It was the insufferable state of things brought about by Turkish and Greek spoliation that led the natives to appeal to the Russians in 1711. The Muscovites, tempted by the fertile plains of the Principalities, crossed the Pruth for the first time, and their occupation of the country dated, a second time, from 1769 to 1774, a third from 1789 to 1791, and a fourth from 1808 to 1812. Bessarabia, which constituted one half of Moldavia, was incorporated with Russia by treaty of May 8, 1812. The acquisition of this important province gave to the Czar a permanent hold upon the mouths of the Danube. Previous, however, to this last act of dismemberment, the ancient kingdoms of Dacia and Mœsia had been long falling to pieces. The Turks had annexed the most extensive territory of all—that of Bulgaria; the Hungarians had got possession of the Banat and of Transylvania; and, in 1777, the Austrians obtained the concession of the Bukovina from the Turks, who had no power to make over a territory which never permanently belonged to them.

The struggle for political supremacy in the Principalities between Russia and Turkey attained its zenith after the acquisition of Bessarabia by the former. An attempt, however, to constitute a Russo-Greek Hospodarship under Ypsilantis, in 1821, failed, from the opposition of the peasantry; and the Turks, disgusted at the treachery of the Fanariots,

appointed Sturdza, a Romanian, Hospodar of Moldavia, and Gregory Ghica, a Greek, Hospodar of Walachia.

The Russians, determined not to be thus checkmated, invaded the Principalities on the 7th of May, 1828, and occupied them until the month of October, 1834, when the war with Turkey was brought to a conclusion by the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi. In the interval they had introduced eight different codes, which embraced all branches of the administration; the great fault of which codes were, that they were most beneficial to the Boyards, and cast back the peasants into hopeless serfdom. Although Russia had provided that no Hospodars should for the future be named by the Sultan without the consent of Russia, the election of Sturdza and Ghica was confirmed, and it was supposed that the Boyards had played into the hands of Russia, as they had before into those of the Fanariots. But intrigues, insurrections, and revolutions succeeded one another, attesting how little parties were agreed as to the domination of either one power or the other. The Russian occupation in 1853, and that of the Austrians from 1854 to 1857, failed alike to bring about a solution to a state of things which will probably constitute yet for some time an open sore in the most vulnerable extremity of Europe. In the mean time, an emigration of Romanians to Paris, consequent upon the revolution of 1848 and 1849, had, in the language of the French, "revealed the existence of a forgotten and unknown nationality." The Romanian language and poetry came into fashion; it was "discovered" that it was really of Latin descent, and, what is more to the purpose, the treaty of Paris of 30th of March, 1856, recognised the autonomy of the Principalities, and placed them under the disinterested protection of the Western Powers.

The same treaty stipulated that the laws and statutes in force, more especially the organic law introduced by Russia, should be revised, and the people consulted in order to found the basis of a new administration. This was virtually introducing a constitutional state of things. Divans or assemblies, composed each of one hundred members, of whom seventy-five were Boyards and twenty-five peasants, were accordingly convoked at Bucharest and Jassy, and a commission appointed by the protecting powers to guard the popular interests. Of four wishes formulated by the divans, two were accepted: first, the admission of the Romanian autonomy; secondly, the establishment of a constitutional rule. Two were left over for consideration: first, the union of the Principalities; and, secondly, the election of a foreign prince as Hospodar. The two latter have since been brought about by the force of circumstances, but the "autonomy" of the country is as yet theoretical. It is true that the Muhammadans never conquered the country, that its sovereigns never alienated their functions, and that the claim to suzerainty on the part of the Sublime Porte, and to nominate the Hospodar, sprang out of an offensive and defensive alliance, aggravated by the moral and military degeneration of the Romanians; and yet she refused to acknowledge the election of a foreign prince as Hospodar, although his nomination was collectively supported by the protecting powers, except on the condition of the poverty-stricken countries paying in future a double tribute! It is, however, a comforting reflection that time and the progress of events

will do justice to the absurd pretensions of those who conceive themselves to be the worthy descendants of the Amuraths and Suleimans of old.

All countries are not prepared to enjoy the benefits of constitutional government. It requires a certain training and experience—a stern education in the lessons of self-control and self-sacrifice. It will be seen from what we have said of the demoralised social condition of Romania, and above all from the prominent egotism, selfishness, cupidity, and want of principle, that it was the country least of all adapted for such a refinement of civilisation. The system has as yet been attended by nothing but successive intrigues, hostilities, and political disorganisation. The Boyards monopolised at the outset all parliamentary power, and established a real oligarchy. Intestine struggles were inaugurated from the first day, and have ever since kept growing in intensity. It is utterly impossible in a nation of place-hunters, just like modern Greece, ever to get the opposition to work with the executive—measures are never regarded as such, or taken on their own merits—it suffices to be out of office to be in the opposition, and no further idea of the public weal is entertained than that of getting into office again. It is a question if such is not a very common error of constitutional governments. But in Romania this is carried to a disgraceful extent. For four years no budget has been voted, all public works have been in consequence suspended, credit sacrificed, and business interrupted, all because the opposition wish to hoist the executive out of power.

In 1851 a project was discussed for putting Moldo-Walachia under the sovereignty of Austria—a project objectionable in one sense, owing to the unprogressive character of the Austrian government, but wise in another, as presenting the best shield that could be opposed to Russian and Turkish encroachments. It is questionable if it would not have been better than the Prussian domination, which has turned up with the wheel of time in the person of a Hohenzollern, Prussia being so far removed geographically from the Lower Danube. The union of the two Principalities under an hereditary chief found, however, most favour with the people. But both projects met with opposition from various quarters; the latter from the Porte, who was supported from jealousy by Austria, and from the mistaken political dread of weakening Turkey, by England.

The Romanians proceeded, notwithstanding, with the election of Couza, the descendant of a Greek merchant of Trebisond, but a naturalised Romanian, commandant of the Moldavian militia, and some time prefect of Galatz; and ultimately the protecting power confirmed the will of the people for union in the person of an almost unknown Boyard of the second order, on the 6th of September, 1859. The position of the new prince was anything but satisfactory. He was, it is true, the first chief of the united Principalities, but he had two capitals, two assemblies, and two ministries to rule; in fact, two different states, each with two opposed parties. There is no doubt that Prince Couza did his best to conciliate and amalgamate parties; he was ever travelling, moving about, working to the utmost of his power and strength; but need it be said with what results? Without a new system and an improved morality, an angel would fail in Greece or in Romania. The prince has fallen, and an

hereditary foreign prince has succeeded to the throne. The task before him is immense, but it is not insuperable. To the last the faults of Prince Couza were that nothing was done to revive the credit of the country, and the loans were too onerous for the people to bear. A factious hostility still suspended all public works, especially railroads. The peasants refused to pay for the concession of lands, which they claimed as their own; tobacco, which the Romanian prefers to bread, was too heavily taxed; and the mistrust of foreigners was upheld by the ever-dominant Greek-like duplicity. These errors, in the position of the country, can be easily rectified by a prince of western European origin.

It will be a far more difficult task to train the Romanian up to a wise and legitimate idea of what a constitutional government is. His ideas upon that subject are not so much those of a student of a De Lolme, as those of the most uneducated demagogues of all countries, who look upon constitutional rule as everything for themselves. It will require to reform manners, to proscribe venality, to extirpate corruption, punish extortioners, limit divorces, reconstitute the family, reorganise all things, courts of justice, army, public instruction, even to the clergy, introduce respect for the laws, and keep down rebellion. The Romanians themselves are fully aware that all these reforms are wanted before their country can be extricated from its false and fallen condition. They look around among themselves, and they admit that their own native princes are exhausted in the struggle. They then look abroad, and they select for the herculean task a foreign prince, but they have little or no faith in his success; they know their own vicious propensities; every one wishes to see his neighbour reformed, none care to reform themselves. Will other nations have more confidence in the success of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern? If the protecting powers will give him encouragement to act with a strong hand, and aid him against the rapacity of Turkey, the influence of Russia, and the insurrectionary tendencies of his own people, there may still be some hope for the regeneration of Romania.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

I.

It is justly remarked by a celebrated metaphysical French writer, that if there is a class of people in the world more pernicious than another to the happiness of their fellow-creatures, it is the class denominated *les gens médiocres*. The decidedly ugly almost always yield unqualified admiration to the beautiful; the positively stupid regard splendid talent as an ignorant Indian may be supposed to worship the sun, the influence of whose rays he feels, though he cannot comprehend or explain them; but persons of middling pretensions, whether physical or mental, are commonly possessed with a mean jealousy towards those whose superiority promises them distinction. Thence we continually see people of second-rate intellect condense all their limited powers of mind in a system of low cunning, by which they try to reduce every one to their own level—a sinister cast of character which often acts most fatally on the happiness of the gifted individual whom fate has placed within its reach. The evil offices proceeding from this envious disposition can only be surmounted by the powerful impulse of natural genius, aided by a certain combination of circumstances, that rouses the oppressed object to shake off by a strong effort the leaden weight by which he, or she, is crushed into the grovelling track of those earthworms of humanity.

There is an iron energy in the masculine mind that renders it less likely to be paralysed by this malignant influence. Man goes abroad in the world, and struggles with his fellow-men on a wide and open field of action; but for the woman of talent the case is very different; she revolves within a narrow sphere, and her greatest foes are often close at hand, ready to shed the mildew on the opening flower, and extinguish the spark of genius ere it kindles to a flame.

It is an almost unerring rule that where the intellectual capacity is greatest there exists likewise the most acute sensibility; those powers of imagination which grace and ornament the bright moments of life also deepen those of despondency and grief, laying the possessor open to the attacks of the covert enemy, who, under the mask of mediocrity, is always much more dangerous than one of higher powers. He, however much he may fear and hate in the spirit of rivalry, nevertheless cannot fail to appreciate what he so well understands. But woman's greatest foe is woman, whose evil feelings are not generally confined to herself, but are exerted on those of the other sex over whom her craft has obtained an influence; therefore, however insignificant the reptile be, let the eagle intellect beware its sting, nor ever forget that *the fatal viper of Amyclea was the smallest of all serpents*. Pertinent to the above observations will be found the following little history of one of those sensitive plants of genius, who by a train of adverse circumstances was thrown into the power, and nearly wrecked on the quicksands and under-currents spread around her by the cunning and malevolence of *les gens médiocres*.

Christina Drummond, the mother of my heroine, was the youngest of a family of several sons and daughters, and found herself an orphan at an early age, left almost alone, her sisters being already married—rather poorly—and her brothers dispersed in the army and navy, the professions in former days generally selected in Scotland for the ill-provided descendants of ancestors who had originally held a certain position in their native country. In a cheap boarding-school—where Christina's small portion had obliged her friends to place her as an assistant—she seemed destined to consume her days; but she was young, and in early life disadvantages are felt comparatively lightly. It is true that the gentle and sensitive girl bloomed less vividly, and laughed less merrily than formerly, representing an apt type of some rare and delicate plant removed from the rich parterre in which it had been carefully tended, into a cold and meagre earth, where it droops and degenerates, though it still lives on. But thus to die was not *her* fate, for a revivifying sun—in the shape of an old rich man from India—unexpectedly shone out on the frost-nipped flower, and soon transplanted it from its ungenial soil to the sheltered and decorated garden of gay life. It is true that Mr. Douglas—the gentleman in question—was nearly sixty, and Christina only eighteen, but he was polished and intellectual, and besides being a handsome man for his age, was the head of his house, having since his return home succeeded to the hereditary entailed property, and was in consequence the possessor of a large fortune. He met with her at her sister's in Edinburgh, during the Christmas holidays, was struck with her graceful and gentle manners, and charmed by the sweet voice with which she sang her plaintive native melodies. In short, he thought her just suited to be an amiable and attentive wife to an old man, and money being no object with him, he made her an offer of marriage. So far was Christina from even dreaming of a refusal, that she could hardly believe it possible such good fortune should be hers; she had formed no early attachment, and her ideas of her own attractions were but humble. She was, besides, depressed and harassed with anxieties about the future, and shrank from the vulgar quarrels and jealousies so constantly recurring among the set with whom she was doomed to pass so much of her time. Thankfully and joyfully, then, she accepted Mr. Douglas's proposal, and soon found herself installed the mistress of a fine house in Charlotte-square, with a handsome carriage and plenty of servants at her command. Some months of infinite pleasure and contentment followed her marriage; her husband was kind and attentive, her connexions and friends adulating, and she likewise became a person of some consequence in the fashionable world, where before she was unknown, or, if accidentally seen, passed carelessly by, or shoved aside as a *nobody*. Now, therefore, her state was comparatively one of bliss; but there is no rose without a thorn, so poor Christina was soon doomed to be pierced by hers, for her husband quickly began to show symptoms of jealousy. Her improved looks and gayer spirits rendered her an object much more attractive than he had at first considered her, and the kindly gentleness of her nature expanding in consequence of the easy position in which she found herself placed, her society became universally courted.

Mr. Douglas was subject to attacks of gout, which required the greatest care and attention lest it might prove fatal; he therefore was often

obliged to keep himself warm and quiet at home, which of course rendered him unable to accompany his young and admired wife to the many gay scenes where her presence was earnestly solicited. Instead of forbidding her to go out without him, he adopted the part of being morose and fretful, without assigning any cause for his discomposure, thus allowing to ferment in secret a temper naturally difficult and irritable, becoming every day more intractable by increasing infirmity and the galling consciousness that he was "mated, not matched." The affectionate Christina could not at first imagine what was the matter, and tried by every possible means to soothe and conciliate him; then, as the truth dawned upon her mind, she feigned that her situation—for she was in the way of becoming a mother—rendered visiting disagreeable and fatiguing. It was all the same thing; if she avoided displeasing him in one way, she roused his suspicions in another, and made him attribute to deceitful and interested motives her endeavours to please him. She was scoffed at and turned into ridicule in presence of their mutual acquaintances, and in private desired "not to grin and show her teeth to the fellows!" nor "to sing her love-lorn ditties to her sentimental friends." In short, nothing she could do, or leave undone, succeeded in giving satisfaction to her domestic tyrant, and the suspicion and irritability of the old man grew so intolerable as almost to make her regret the uncomfortable boarding-school which she had renounced to take possession of her apparently brilliant, yet in reality wounding, position.

The pure and warm heart, however, always finds comfort somewhere, and Christina found hers in the near prospect of the birth of her child, so she bore with unshaken equanimity her husband's variations of temper, studying to avoid doing or saying anything that might chance to irritate him, and conscious of being guiltless of intentional offence, busied herself in preparation for her approaching confinement. At last the happy moment arrived, she became the mother of a fine boy, and in the delightful task of nursing him forgot or disregarded all the petty annoyances inflicted by his father. In this respect, however, her situation improved considerably, for Mr. Douglas, proud and happy in having a son to inherit his name and fortune, became milder and more attached to the amiable woman whom fate had given him as a partner. His jealousy was almost forgotten in seeing the manner in which she devoted herself to her infant, or if remembered, it was only shown, by way of a variety, in reference to this new tie, in which, he insinuated, she forgot the stronger one that ought to bind her to him. At such, or similar, speeches Christina only smiled as she played with and caressed her darling, or hushed him to sleep on her bosom, thanking Heaven mentally that her husband had at last found so inoffensive a channel in which to discharge the stream of ill humour that she now so plainly perceived must flow in some direction, little dreaming how this concentration of affection on her child would tell upon the happiness of after life.

Three years passed over, during which time the old man's health visibly declined; and when at last he was summoned suddenly hence, his gentle wife scarce knew whether to be glad that his sufferings and her trials had ceased, or to be sorry at the loss of a husband who had left her in a state of affluence, besides having appointed her one of the guardians to her boy, whose dawning mind and endearing smiles promised to gild

her perspective of life with light and love. It was thus, at the early age of three-and-twenty, that Christina found herself a widow, in possession of wealth, beauty, and good health; but, with all these essential attributes to happiness, she continued devoted to her first source of joy, and, without hesitating, dedicated herself to her infant treasure. She watched over his early years with unintermitting tenderness, and then, with unceasing care, followed up and aided his first steps in education. When at a more advanced age he was removed by the authority of his other guardians from her immediate control, and was placed at a great public seminary, she fixed herself near, in order to be ever at hand to fill his leisure hours with pleasure, or to tend him when sick; but there is no good without its concomitant evil, and whilst the fond mother thought only of her boy, the boy began to think only of himself.

John Douglas was a very handsome, masculine lad, full of health and energy; his animal spirits were high and his temper good; but, from never having almost had a wish ungratified, he had no sympathy whatever with those who were less fortunate. He laughed at "long faces," as he called them, and rushed off in search of amusement whenever the restraint of school hours was past. He did not at all shine in the way of learning; but what did he care? he was heir to five thousand a year, and was always sure of finding some schoolfellow ready for a bribe to supply—when it was practicable—whatever flagrant deficiencies might occur either in his lessons or exercises. When, as it sometimes occurred, he could not escape punishment for idleness or any wild escapade he might have committed, he underwent it with such good-humoured indifference, that even his masters could scarcely be angry. This, to a person of acute discernment, would only have been indicative of great physical force and defective sensibility of character, but among his schoolfellows and teachers he was considered as a fine, dashing, manly fellow, with an excellent temper; and as for showing tenderness of heart, why he had nothing to try it—he had everything he wanted—a tear had scarcely ever wet his cheek, and he was so strong, as hardly to know—beyond the maladies incidental to childhood—what even the word "head-ache" meant.

In the midst of his growing selfishness, however, he apparently preserved much love for his mother; in her elegant home every person and everything was subservient to his will and pleasure. He was also proud of her, for, besides that softness of maternal affection which led her to cede her own inclinations to his on all subjects, he felt that she possessed much more grace and beauty than the mothers of most of his companions could boast. She was, therefore, not a person calculated to elicit the unamiable points of his character; and if he were guilty of anything she might have been obliged to blame, her temper was so unsuspicious, that he easily contrived to conceal it from her. At last he went to Oxford, and Christina withdrew herself in this her truly second widowhood to their country-seat in East Lothian, where she lived in the blessed perspective of his periodical visits at the vacations, when he generally joined her, accompanied by some of his college friends. This was the happiest period of her life; her natural taste led her to prefer the quiet of rural scenes, and her liberal jointure supplied her with all the luxuries which render a country residence so pleasant. Her door was ever open to

friends and relations; her kind and generous heart surrounded her with old and helpless dependents on her bounty, and even with favourites among the brute creation, all of which filled up her time and occupied those thoughts which were unconnected with her son, that star of her life.

He, meanwhile, passed his college life very pleasantly, and if he were quite undistinguished there, he at least committed no glaring faults; he associated with young men of a certain rank, but did not imitate their follies, though he never censured them. He sometimes even lent money when the being repaid was not a hopeless case, although it was remarked that he occasionally protested to have run short of funds when applied to in some desperate emergency. In short, he proved himself "a good kind of steady fellow enough," and all his friends felicitated him when the period approached which was to put him in possession of his fine fortune. Christina likewise joyfully anticipated the happy day, and busied herself at Birkhill with many preparations to celebrate the great event, which would restore her darling son to her for a little time before his being married to some "charming woman"—which she decided *must* be the case; but she soon found that she was destined not to wait quite so long as she expected for a daughter-in-law, for just at the time he was to have set out for Scotland, she received a letter from him apprising her of his approaching marriage with the sister of one of his college friends, the daughter of the Honourable Mr. Cleveland.

II.

THE unexpected intelligence of her son's approaching marriage at once surprised and saddened Mrs. Douglas; she felt that there was something unkind, which she neither liked to reflect upon nor endeavoured to explain to herself. She sought consolation, however, in repeating the hackneyed saying of "everything being for the best," and hastened to arrange all the preliminaries for the instalment of her successor at Birkhill. Another letter soon arrived, in which John apprised her that he would remain in England until he was of age, then marry, make a short tour, and bring down his wife to take possession of *her* country-seat—his mother having generously offered to renounce her life-lease of it. This was not to be misunderstood, and Christina was obliged to look out immediately for a new abode, and accordingly established herself in a small house in the neighbourhood, leaving for the use of her son and his wife the handsome furniture of Birkhill House, besides farm-stocking, carriage, horses, &c., which were all hers by her marriage settlement. There was great weakness of mind in this, but it was only an additional link to the chain of long-existing habit; her whole life had been devoted to promoting the welfare of her son; in him centred all the pleasure and hope she had near at heart in the world; and she thus sought to mark more strongly her devotion to his happiness, flattering herself thereby to conciliate her daughter-in-law and make her for ever a friend.

The important day at length arrived, and with a beating heart she saw the carriage drive up to the hall-door, to which she descended to receive the new-married pair. The pretty, pale, fashionable-looking bride entered, leaning on the arm of her husband, to whose shoulder her head

scarcely reached; Christina stepped forward to welcome them. The lady turned her large blue eyes upon her with a cold and surprised look; then raising them to her husband's face, audibly asked if "that was the housekeeper?" John Douglas blushed scarlet as he introduced his mother, and his manner to the latter was mixed with an expression of confusion and shame in presenting her to his wife.

With a forced smile, the pretty little bride made a constrained appropriate speech, extending, as she did so, a tiny hand, without the slightest approach towards either a pressure or a shake, and then moved on, Christina following them into the drawing-room in a state of mind quite indescribable; nor when fairly there, did anything occur to relieve the depression of her spirits. The young lady threw herself on a sofa in an attitude of languid indifference, and as her husband leaned fondly over her, seemed hardly to hear his questions as to how she liked the scenery and the house and grounds?—at all events, giving him but little encouragement to continue them, saying that she thought the view very bleak as they came along, and that she felt chilled to death with the breeze from the sea. Then glancing coldly round the room, she observed, that "perhaps the house would be well enough when it was properly furnished," but by no other words or looks than those exchanged in the hall did she honour her mother-in-law; at last she rose to retire to her dressing-room, still hanging on her husband's arm, and Christina was left alone. A sterner spirit would have felt indignation, disgust, or profound contempt for the puppet whom the foolish young man had brought into his father's house to supersede her; but hers was a spirit all gentleness and love. A few bitter tears fell, it is true, and for an instant there was a slight swelling of offended dignity, but that mood quickly passed off, and a feeling of painful surprise succeeded, accompanied with the cruel conviction that her darling son had not mated himself with one likely to make him either a more amiable or a more happy man. The gong at last sounded, and the footman came to announce that dinner was on the table; but no Mrs. John Douglas made her appearance, and, after waiting for some time, Christina opened the drawing-room door with the intention of going to her son's dressing-room, in order to ascertain if anything was the matter, when, to her surprise, she beheld him in the act of descending the lower flight of stairs with his wife, elegantly dressed, in his arms! When she reached the dining-room she found her already placed at the head of the table, with her husband beside her; she was speaking to him in a babyish manner when her mother-in-law entered, and, without vouchsafing her any notice whatever, continued in an affectedly playful way, "Now, Johnny, since you have been so kind as to carry your tired little wife down-stairs, you must likewise take care of her at table, assist her to help dishes, and give her something nice to eat."

"I am bound in duty to do what my Bessy orders," answered he, most meekly. And forthwith he began to try and find something dainty enough for her delicate palate; but this proved to be a very difficult affair indeed. She pronounced the soup ill made, the vegetables not well boiled; one dish was overdone, another too much underdone; some had either too much seasoning, and others not enough; in short, nothing pleased the finical fair one but her husband, and with him she appeared abundantly

contented, giving him the softest looks and sweetest smiles imaginable, mixed with pretty little bon-mots, to catch the inspiration for which she always appeared to be upon a most unnatural stretch. The transit upstairs was performed in the same interesting manner in which she had descended, much to the edification of those of the servants who witnessed it, Christina's old footman indignantly exclaiming, when he returned to the servants' hall, "Hoot, sirs, that's a queer bit wifie the master's gotten! When the leddy gaed down to meet her at the ha' door, in she cam 'like wha but me,' flingin' her head in the air, an' swoopin' into the drawing-room as if we war a' draff an' sand below her feet; an' whan she cam down to denner naithing wad ser' her but maister John maun carry her in his oter like a bit dall. I am thinking that she's a wee bit daft, puir thing! The Lord save us! but it's unchancy to hae gotten sic a sprigmadenty wee body for a gude dochter to the leddy!"

Mrs. John Douglas appeared no more that evening, and Christina only saw her son for a few minutes at tea, when his manner was constrained and cold, with an assumption of dignity which she could not understand. Upon rising to quit the room, in order to return to his wife, he gravely gave his hand to his mother, and in doing so observed that, "as Bessy was very delicate, it would be unnecessary to trench more upon her time and attention at present, but that she would always be happy to see her when well enough to receive visits;" and in the same condescending manner inquired whether he would order the carriage to-night or to-morrow morning to convey her to Westmain's Cottage, her new abode. Christina had intended to go home on the following day, but she felt this a hint for immediate withdrawal; so arming herself with passive courage she requested it to be got ready immediately, and going up-stairs assisted her maid in putting all her things into the boxes, and in half an hour descended to the drawing-room to bid her son good-bye. He was not there, however, so she contented herself with ringing the bell, and leaving compliments for Mrs. John Douglas with the footman, and then went down to the hall to see if the carriage was packed and ready for her departure. She was just preparing to step into it, when her son unexpectedly made his appearance from above, and presenting his hand to assist her, in a formal and dignified manner, made a speech for his wife, expressive of her regret that she was so overpowered with fatigue as to be unable to come down-stairs to bid her farewell. The carriage drove off, and thus Christina left a home in which, as mistress, she had so long exercised the rights of hospitality; where she had passed so many tranquil and happy hours in receiving the desolate and succouring the unfortunate, and which, she felt, she never would again enter but as an unwelcome visitor.

On arriving at Westmain's Cottage she found all cold and unprepared for her reception, her housekeeper not having expected her till the following day. Love makes all things easy, however, and the worthy woman and old James the footman contrived in a few minutes to kindle fires and cheer their chilled-looking and much-beloved lady by every means in their humble power. Christina was chilled, indeed—chilled in heart; and when she at last laid her head on her pillow it was but to steep it in tears. The morning, as usual, engendered lighter thoughts and more lively hopes, and she endeavoured to persuade herself that the

coldness with which she had been met by her son and daughter-in-law had arisen from some accidental cause, with which she was unacquainted. Two days, however, passed without any further notice; but the third brought a formal call from the new-married pair, and thus their intercourse continued for several weeks, interspersed with one or two elaborate and uncomfortable dinner-parties. A deep sadness sank down upon Christina's spirits; life became flat and joyless, for her son was completely changed; no confidential intercourse took place, and his conversation, when with his mother, was completely filled up with anxieties about his wife's delicate health, and an extreme and ill-disguised vanity as to the new and noble set of connexions into which his marriage had brought him. The lady herself always appeared just the same as she had done at first, full of refinements, fidgets, delicacy, and heartlessness, startling her gentle and natural mother-in-law with occasional flashes of wit and sarcasm, always far-fetched, it is true, but occasionally very bitter, particularly when touching her new country and its inhabitants. She neither expressed nor evinced gratitude nor friendship towards Christina, but took all her endeavours to please her, and sacrifices made to promote her comfort, as an indisputable right. Her husband was her slave, but it was a slavery that pleased him; he attended on her in all her variations of health and temper, and sacrificed everything to humour her slightest prejudice and whim. She was his senior by several years, and by superior knowledge of the world, and excessive cunning, obtained a power over him in which a woman of an age suitable to his own would probably have failed. She first began by weaning him entirely from old associations; she taught him to have no pride or pleasure in anything disconnected with herself and her relations; his natural prudence in matters of interest was fostered and fortified by her continual observations as to the necessity of increasing fortune by every possible means, in order to ensure consideration in the world, and to give him weight with the distinguished and titled set among whom his marriage with her had given him a place. Above and beyond all, she pointed out—in a sweet and caressing way—how indispensable it was to keep his own family connexions at a distance, with the exception of an old and wealthy aunt, who viewed things in pretty much the same light as they did themselves, and had, accordingly, a great partiality for her rich nephew and his well-born wife. She was a sister of old Mr. Douglas's, the last of her family, and from living very penuriously in the country had amassed some thirty or forty thousand pounds, of which she was the mistress to dispose as she liked at her death. She was flattered by her nephew and his fastidious wife coming to pay her a visit—an honour done to no one else of the set—and by their being at the expense and discomfort of living at an inn during the time they took to cultivate her acquaintance. She was particularly charmed by Mrs. John Douglas overcoming her natural delicacy of health so far as to walk with her all over her grounds, and entering *con amore* into all her farming speculations, at the same time speaking prettily with her as to her ideas of rigid economy, and agreeing so cordially in her opinion of the absolute necessity of taking good care of money when one was happy enough to be possessed of it. The visits of the other members of the family only served to strengthen her predilection for her new connexion, for outrageous at the cool impertinence of

the "fine Mrs. John," as they called her, they never ceased to inveigh against her enormities of rudeness to the old lady, in hopes of leading her to be of their own way of thinking; but it had a quite different effect. Mrs. Macnaughton—for so she was called—was a bad-tempered woman, and generally acted by the rule of contradiction; she was quite aware that those worthy folk had an eye to her succession, and she laughed at them in her sleeve. Christina alone had always been properly attentive to her, without any interested motive whatever, but, like many violent and capricious people, she despised her sister-in-law for that gentleness which was in such strong contrast to her own character; she only saw great weakness in her softness and generosity of disposition, and so far she was quite right, although unfitted to appreciate the higher qualities with which that loving nature was endowed. She enjoyed the mortification she so distinctly read in the saddened countenance of the disappointed mother, and had no scruple in taunting her with the requital she experienced for her devotion to her son, vaunting at the same time the superior attention and deference the admirable couple paid her, to whom they were under no obligation whatever. If Mrs. Macnaughton had ever been a mother, this, perhaps, would not have been the case, for, with all her faults, she was by no means one of *les gens médiocres*; but Heaven having denied her the pains and pleasures of maternity, she taught herself to consider as folly the anxieties raised in the minds of others by those amiable and natural feelings. She had much more wisely—as she thought—centred all her enjoyments in the possession of that wealth which gave her consequence, and it was simply the *possession* in which her enjoyment consisted, for she laid little of it out either upon herself or any one else. So things went on for more than a year, during a great part of which time the exclusive Mrs. John Douglas became entirely invisible from the interesting situation she was in, when she seemed to fear that the glance of any plebeian eye might have bad effects on her refined organisation, and cause her to bring into the world an infant unblest by the superior mental and physical endowments which adorned its distinguished maternal ancestry. When the great event of a son's birth took place, it caused more alienation than ever with the father's connexions; the lady's sisters came to attend her before and after she performed this great feat; brothers and cousins filled the house, or carried off the happy husband to pay visits at lordly mansions; and so completely dazzled did John Douglas become with the aristocratic society in which he now moved, that he actually felt ashamed of his own comparatively humble pedigree. His more coarse and vulgar relatives laughed at this assumption of consequence, although secretly envying his distinction of position, and prophesied that his pride would have a fall one day when he was not expecting it. Christina grew sick at heart; the cavilling of her own relations, the haughtiness and rudeness of her new connexions, and the complete estrangement of her son, preyed upon her spirits and undermined her health. For a few years she struggled on, making excursions from time to time, or paying visits to different people of her own set; but no change of home scene relieved the weight on her heart, and from sympathy and condolence she shrank, as from the emanations of ill-concealed triumph, like a slight sheath put on a sharp sword, and thrust into the hand with the intention that the edge should cut through and wound.

In this state of concealed and cruel suffering, Christina happened to meet with an old schoolfellow, the friend of her infancy. Miss Scott had just returned from the Continent, where for some years she had been resident. Her means were very circumscribed, and she found that in Paris there was some resource for the poor; in that gay town she was not looked down upon by rich acquaintance and relations; there she could enjoy a little relief from the cares which are entailed by indigent circumstances. She could even give lessons in an accomplishment which had been the amusement of prosperous days, to eke out her humble means, and yet not lose caste, or be considered inadmissible by the set in which as a gentlewoman she was entitled to take her place. In telling her early companion her reasons for preferring to reside abroad, she all at once observed :

“ But, dear Christina, why don't you make a start over to Paris, to cheer you up? I am sure it would do you good; and with an old friend like me to arrange everything for you, you could be at no loss. Make up your mind and accompany me there in a fortnight, and leave all those silly selfish people to their own heartless ways.”

It was the first time Miss Scott had ever touched upon the jarring string of poor Christina's heart, and she started on finding that her kind and cheerful friend had known so well to read what was passing there. She shrank, however, from the idea of leaving her native country for even a short space of time, until she was decided to do so by finding that her son, his wife and children—for they had now also two daughters—had gone suddenly off to the Continent, Mrs. John Douglas declaring that her health required change of scene and the warm climate of the South to restore it. Their town and country residences were advertised to be let furnished on long leases, and Christina, thus feeling quite divorced from the shadowy ties which had hitherto bound her to Scotland, agreed to accompany Miss Scott to Paris, on condition that her friend would make her house a home as long as she continued to reside abroad.

III.

ESTABLISHED in handsome apartments in Paris, Christina soon began to feel as if in a new world; the cloud which had hung over her mind became gradually dissipated by the brightness and hilarity that reigned around her. Her judicious friend, Miss Scott, smoothed all difficulties, prevented all impositions, and her liberal jointure of fifteen hundred a year more than supplied the luxuries of life, and gave her the consequence which everywhere attends the possession of wealth.

Although past forty, Christina was still a very pretty woman, and when dressed in the new and elegant fashions of Paris, her quiet deportment and extreme gentleness of manner gave her almost the appearance of youth. The improvement in her looks even surprised herself, and she felt a glow of irrepressible pleasure when she gazed in the mirror and saw the change from the pale, depressed, worn-out, old-fashioned image it presented on her arrival, to the still lovely and refined-looking figure now reflected in it. There are feelings of which no one can ever be entirely devoid, so it is not surprising that poor Christina should feel soothed and

gratified by the conviction that the mother of John Douglas stood quite on a level in external advantages with his conceited fine-lady wife and her haughty connexions, who had so studiously sought to make her feel herself their inferior in everything. She had always had a great talent for music, and in her earlier and happier days used to sing with infinite pathos and expression; this taste was now a source of extreme enjoyment, and she became not only an assiduous attendant on all public amusements of the kind, but had private concerts at her own house, although never exhibiting personally. Miss Scott's distinction as an excellent *pianiste* had brought her into acquaintance with all the musical world of Paris, and thus enabled her to assemble *artistes* of first-rate talent, as well as private performers of superior merit. Christina's unaffected manners, and long habit of presiding over a large establishment, combined to make her receive with peculiar grace, and rendered her an immense favourite with her foreign guests; in this manner she became the centre of a delightful circle of gratified friends and admiring acquaintances.

Among many professional musicians who embellished her *soirées musicales* with their superior talents was Ascanio San Isedora, a young Italian of a noble but impoverished Sicilian family. He had come to Paris in hope that his splendid voice would enable him to make his way in the world as a public performer, and ensure him independence in after life; but he was unknown and friendless, and found the path of musical distinction crowded with eager and able competitors, supported by high and powerful patronage. For present support he took to teaching, and in that way became acquainted with Miss Scott, who presented him to Christina. Her kind heart melted with pity when she understood the difficult position in which he was placed, and her attention was further fixed by his youth, his extreme beauty, and those attractive and insinuating manners with which Italians, beyond other men, are so eminently gifted. But with all those remarkable natural endowments Ascanio possessed a crafty and subtle spirit, and from the moment he perceived the extreme and absorbing interest with which he had inspired the amiable and wealthy widow—reputed much richer than she really was—he determined to strain every faculty to possess himself of independence by a more speedy and surer route than by waiting for and watching the precarious smiles of fortune. He therefore became an unfailing attendant at her musical parties; his fine bass voice was tuned to tones expressive of love, despondency, and despair; his intensely dark eyes followed Christina as the leading-star of feeling, hope, and life; and so completely did he possess himself of the key of her character as soon to raise in that gentle and pure mind a host of thoughts and sensations until then unfelt and unknown. How often our greatest misfortunes arise from the very best feelings of our nature! Whilst indulging in pity for the poor and friendless youth—young enough to be her son—she admitted an interest absorbing and profound, which the cunning adventurer knew but too well to turn to his own account. Having no real sentiment of love in his heart, he was better enabled to counterfeit it; he sighed, sang, looked pale and flushed by turns, and with *real* and intense jealousy he watched every man who addressed the apparent object of his worship. Sometimes he spoke impassionedly and unguardedly, as if hurried away by an irrepressible burst of feeling; at other times he sat sunk in a gloomy

silence, expressive of hopeless despondency, or absented himself from the house, until Christina became sick with anxiety and fear. She was an object of calculation to many more than to him, and to some men of a suitable age she was one of real interest and preference; but so completely did the crafty Ascanio contrive to absorb her, that every other aspirant to her favour seemed either insipid or presumptuous. She had never loved before, her young heart had met with no sympathy in her old and irritable husband, and her feelings of purity and duty had always been too strong to permit a shadow of preference for any other man, even had the manners of her country allowed advances towards a woman so surrounded by the halo of truth and innocence. When she became a widow her affections continued fixed where her loveless destiny had originally made her place them—on her son—and now that he had thrown her far and for ever from him, no wonder that she admitted compensation in the apparently hopeless devotion of the attractive and gifted being with whom fate had brought her in contact. It is said that “a woman who hesitates is lost,” and so it proved with Christina, although in a different sense than that to which the saying is applied.

Ascanio succeeded in his daring enterprise, and after a few months' exquisite acting and manœuvring, he carried his point, and became the husband of the yet lovely and wealthy widow. Time flew on, and Christina continued sunk in a dream of love, the more deep that it was delusive. What cared she that respectable friends and acquaintances withdrew from her society? had she not all she could wish in the devotion of her youthful husband? She listened to the exquisite tones of his deep voice with entranced attention, she gazed with profound admiration on his matchless beauty, and the natural loving weakness of her nature led her to confide in the most unlimited manner herself and her affairs to his guidance and management. From this unnatural state of self-deception, however, she was at last cruelly awakened. During the years of her widowhood she had saved from her liberal jointure about ten thousand pounds, which he had never mentioned to her son, intending in after life to lay it out in judicious presents to his younger children.

Ascanio persuaded her to raise this sum from the funds where she had placed it, and permit him to invest it in a more profitable manner. Having possessed himself of the money, and of everything valuable she had, he decamped one morning without leaving a word of intelligence as to where he was gone, or the slightest clue as to his future intentions. Who can conceive the horror and amazement of this weak and confiding woman when she found herself forsaken by the man she had so entirely trusted, and at a moment, too, when even heartless husbands often exhibit some sympathy with the most uninteresting of wives—for she was again about to become a mother? Horror-struck and frozen, she looked the image of despair, and for a long time could scarcely realise her situation to herself; she felt that she had received her death-blow, that her heart was broken, and that although her end might not be immediate, yet that it was not far off. Nothing remained in the world to live for, except the helpless little creature to whom she was about to give birth; but with that idea came a keen pang of agony. With whom could she leave this lonely scion of her ill-starred marriage?—who would

charge themselves with this evidence of her disreputable infatuation? The money that would have rendered the unhappy child independent was gone with its worthless father—whose flight she now perceived had been precipitated by her avowed intention of its application—and the perspective of her infant's life was all poverty and darkness. Suddenly a light glanced across her mind: in the hope of surviving its birth for some time, she would insure her life, and by the sacrifice of two-thirds of her income secure its future independence. This idea revived her energies; there was something yet to bind her to existence—at least, till her child grew up—a powerful motive to induce her to save her health and strength to the utmost; then when the little one no longer required her maternal care to watch over the perils of infancy, let her prepare herself to die; for of what use could the countenance of a poor, weak, erring creature like her be in after life to this poor child? How had her care thriven with her son to whom she had dedicated her youth and heart? Since her second marriage he had completely cast her off, swearing that he would never see her again, or hold any further communication with her; but when she was dying, she trusted he might hear her prayer, and grant protection to the helpless one she was leaving. Sometimes there arose in her dreary mind a mournful hope that the Almighty, in his infinite wisdom, might see it good to take them both hence when the eventful moment came; then John would have her jointure, the world would go on as usual, she would soon be forgotten, and occasion no more feelings of any kind either of grief or anger. This, however, was not to be; Christina not only lived to give birth to a daughter, but to make, in apparently restored health, her proposed sacrifice in order to ensure the future independence of her child. Miss Scott, now rich by an inheritance, attended her throughout her confinement with devoted interest and kindness, trying all she could to soothe and sustain her; but Christina had a feeling of insurmountable repugnance to receiving the attentions of this constant friend, who had argued strongly—perhaps too warmly—with her against her marriage with Ascanio, and she wished to leave Paris, the scene of her short-lived happiness and everlasting disgrace. Yet for two years longer she lingered on in France, in the vague and scarcely-allowed hope that the father would return and receive his child, to shelter and protect her when her mother was no more; but as no Ascanio ever returned, the drooping Christina felt that it was a sacred duty to try and interest some one for the innocent, helpless creature whom she felt sure she must soon leave behind her in a world of wickedness and sorrow. Hers was a truly maternal nature, and rousing all the energy left in her clouded intellect and broken heart, she determined to return to Scotland and throw herself upon the mercy of her eldest sister, Mrs. Macintosh—the only one of her relatives now remaining there—and to whom she had always been the most attached. Mrs. Macintosh was the mother of grown-up daughters, and Christina had ever proved herself the kindest of aunts before her unfortunate second marriage had given this respectable, but common-place, family just cause for displeasure, and consequently interrupted all kindly communication. They were coarse people, it is true, but coarse people had sometimes more heart than refined ones, as she had found in her son and

daughter-in-law's case, so she decided to throw herself on their mercy, as her strongest and almost only hope. She therefore sat down to write, and, after many efforts, succeeded in composing the following letter, which she despatched accordingly, when she convinced herself that she had said all that she felt it was proper and right to say :

"Do not, my dearest Barbara, throw my letter aside upon seeing the signature, but read, with some feeling of early years, the few words addressed to you by a sister who will not be long in the world to offend or trouble any one. I am dying, dear Barbara ; I know I am—not by any declared distemper, but by some slow consuming cause by which I feel myself gradually but certainly sinking. Had I no one to think of but myself, this conviction would be anything but unwelcome ; but I shrink with horror from the thought when I gaze on my poor child—for I am again a mother, Barbara, the mother of a daughter. The father forsook me just before her birth, taking with him everything of value I possessed, and the money which I intended to have been a portion for this helpless infant ; but it was only a just retribution for my weakness and folly. I felt it then, I feel it now ; you cannot say so more strongly, and condemn me more decidedly, than I do myself. My life all throughout has been one of great and unpardonable weakness, though, except in this last unexampled act of infatuation, I always sought and prayed to do what was right ; but I do not seek to excuse myself by saying that the error has been in my head, not my heart ; *that* alone remains to be my excuse before the great tribunal where we must all at last appear. Hear me, then, my dear sister ; by a great sacrifice of present advantages I have secured an independence for my poor little girl, and I should like to leave her in hands that, for her mother's sake, will watch over her infant years. I am therefore anxious to return to Scotland once more, in order to end my days beside you ; to settle in some country place where I shall be near you, and arrange what is best to be done for the little delicate being I must leave so soon. I cannot hope for anything from my son now so far away, and so completely estranged from me and mine, and whose last communication was of a nature to prevent all application to him for protection for his sister, except, perhaps, at a moment when no unkind answer can agitate me more. Write to me soon, then, dearest Barbara, for no time is to be lost in settling, as far as I can, what remains for me to do in the world I feel vanishing before me ; and whether your answer comes in kindness or displeasure, believe me ever your affectionate sister,

"CHRISTINA SAN ISEDORA."

An answer came in due course, honest, kind, and comforting ; in which no reproach was made about the past, but inviting Christina to come and join the family at their little country residence on the banks of the Tay, near Dunkeld, where they had just gone to spend the summer, and where Mr. Macintosh, who was a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, joined the circle from time to time when his profession allowed him sufficient leisure. With the least possible delay Christina prepared to leave France, and, with her darling in her arms, bade adieu to that city where she had lived through such varieties of happiness and

misery. Her faithful friend, Miss Scott, attended upon her to the last, and with eyes swimming in tears, marked in her own mind the difference in the pale, melancholy, attenuated, but elegant form before her, from the lovely, attractive, and confiding woman she had felt so proud of presenting to the gay and sparkling circle which had so eagerly welcomed her. Deeply did this faithful friend regret in her secret thoughts the well-meant counsel she had so heedlessly given her early companion, to induce her to cast her cares upon the world, and seek in a foreign land an alleviation for the disappointments of domestic life. That Christina should have married again, she thought, would have not only been right, but, in her situation, very desirable; yet the infatuation that had induced her to throw herself so foolishly away upon a young penniless adventurer, Miss Scott's masculine good sense could never fully comprehend, so difficult it is to understand the secret springs which actuate the mind and feelings of another. Thus, whilst she loved her old friend deeply, and admired her greatly, yet at the bottom of her heart she felt a pity bordering on contempt for that feebleness of spirit that had led her first to act so imprudently, and then to sink so entirely under the consequences of her infatuation. While she kissed the tiny little infant she took from its mother's arms when bidding her farewell, a feeling of deep depression came over her—a foreboding fear that, in the cold clime of the north, and in the prejudices of her coarse though respectable relatives, she might not meet with the tender care and delicate attention necessary to rear to a happy future a plant which, from its singular precocity and premature sensibility, appeared to give the promise of those acute feelings and brilliant talents often so perilous to the possessor, even in the walk of life the most sheltered from the dangers and storms of the world.

The carriage at last drove off, and the broken-hearted and humiliated woman rolled along the gay and busy streets of Paris, utterly unconscious of everything but the caresses of the little creature on her knee—now rather more than two years old—and who, with her large eyes fixed on her mother's face, kept kissing away the streaming tears that rolled over the pallid and sunken cheek, as if with the instinctive perception that with herself alone lay the balm for the sorrow which caused them to flow.

ZIG-ZAG PAPERS.

BY FRANCIS JACOB.

"NOT AT HOME."

A VEXED QUESTION.

To report yourself, by the lips of a servant, Not at Home, whenever, being at home, you don't care to be seen, is conventionally accepted as the commonest, if not the whitest, of white lies. What the degree of whiteness may be, or indeed whether so innocent and symbolical a colour can properly be predicated at all of so ugly a monosyllable as the word lie, is a vexed question. No question, perhaps, is more vexed in the everyday casuistry of everybody's conventionalism. To deal with it casuistically, with a view to its definite solution, is far from our present intention. In treating of it at all, we do so, not on ethical grounds, or with a clear moral purpose, but merely as affording scope for a perhaps suggestive, and at any rate recreative, series of literary illustrations. At the same time, the ethical element will, necessarily, be involved throughout—if it do not, indeed, constitute the one sole underlying point of interest.

Had a man like Martin Luther been asked whether it was allowable for a householder to "deny himself" to unwelcome visitors, what may we presume would have been his reply? Thousands of good people will probably, with one accord, and without a moment's deliberation, cry shame on you for making a query of it at all: Luther, they will tell you, would have scouted with vehemence of indignation, the bare notion of any such barefaced lying. But we are far from sure of that. True, we may not have Luther's opinion on that particular species of home-made white lying. But we know that Dr. Henning once proposed this question to him: "If I had amassed money and wished to keep it, and a man came and asked me to lend him some, might I with a good conscience say to him: 'I have no money'?" "Yes," replied Luther, "you may do so with a perfectly good conscience; for all it means is—I have no money I wish to part with."* *All it means is*—a most convenient and comprehensive formula, plastic and elastic exceedingly, the application of which to the denials that morning-callers are so familiar withal is too obvious to need any process of proof.

In treating as a popular fallacy the maxim that the poor copy the vices of the rich—"the force of example is so great"—Charles Lamb mentions, as something quite exceptional, his knowledge of a lady who was "so scrupulous on this head, that she would put up with the calls of the most impertinent visitor, rather than let her servant say she was not at home, for fear of teaching her maid to tell an untruth; and this in the very face of the fact, which she knew well enough, that the wench was one of the greatest liars upon the earth without teaching; so much so, that her mistress never heard two consecutive words of truth from her in her life.

* Tischreden, 64.

"But nature must go for nothing: example must be everything. This liar in grain, who never opened her mouth without a lie, must be guarded against a remote inference, which she (pretty casuist!) might possibly draw from a form of words—*literally false, but essentially deceiving no one*—that under some circumstances a fib might not be so exceedingly sinful—a fiction, too, not at all in her own way, or one that she could be suspected of adopting, for few servant-maids care to be denied to visitors."*

No such pleasant sophistry would have imposed on so much sterner a moralist, and less attractive an essayist, as Samuel Johnson. When Boswell first had the privilege of inspecting the Doctor's rooms in Inner Temple-lane, his chief interest naturally was in the two garrets over his chambers, which contained his library—a dusty and confused heap of books. The place, to Boswell at least, seemed very favourable to retirement and meditation; and Johnson told him that he went up thither without mentioning it to his servant, when he wanted to study secure from interruption, for he would not allow his servant to say he was not at home when he really was. "A servant's strict regard for truth," said he, "must be weakened by such a practice. A philosopher may know that it is merely a form of denial, but few servants are such nice distinguishers. If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for *me*, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for *himself*?"†

Austere moralist as Molière's *Alceste* may be, even *he* can exclaim against *Célimène's* too facile accessibility,

Quoi ! vous ne pouvez pas, un seul moment de tous,
Vous résoudre à souffrir de n'être pas chez vous ?‡

"Am I a liar?" asks David Hume, "because I order my servant to say I am not at home when I do not desire to see company?"§ David only put the question as an absurdity, to point his argument on a more serious subject, and coupling with it the query, Did ever one make it a point of honour to speak truth to children or madmen? He is standing up for what he calls an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation, without which, says he, it is impossible to pass through the world.

"The Duke of . . . called," we read in Byron's *Journal*. "I have told them forty times that, except to half a dozen old and specified acquaintances, I am invisible. His Grace is a good, noble, ducal person; but I am content to think so at a distance, and so—I was not at home." The same day's diary comprises this noticeable entry: "Sharpe called, but was not let in—which I regret."||

The reader of Swift's *Journal* must needs have noted the extraordinary frequency of denials therein referred to. One time Swift waits on Harley, and, being denied by the porter, "I suspected every word he said," writes Jonathan, "though the fellow told me no lie." Of this porter it was that Jack Howe told Harley, "that if there were a lower place in hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely, and with so civil a manner." Swift denied himself wholesale

* Last Essays of Elia, Popular Fallacies, No. v.

† Boswell's Life of Johnson.

‡ Le Misanthrope, ii. 3.

§ Hume to Colonel Edmondstone, 1764.

|| Moore's Life of Byron, ch. xix.

and on system. "Dr. Raymond called often, and I was denied; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him, without consequence, 'How Patrick denied me, and whether he had the art of it?' So by this means he shall be used to have me denied to him, otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me." Anon, weeks later: "He [Raymond] is gone, and will save Patrick some lies in a week: Patrick is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune." Months later, Harley's mildly mendacious janitor is thus alluded to: "His famous lying porter is fallen sick, and they think he will die: I wish I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you he is an old Scotch fanatic, and the damn'dest liar in his office alive. I have a mind to recommend Patrick to succeed him: I have trained him up pretty well." Again: "Cole Reading's father-in-law has been two or three times at me. . . . He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered Patrick to deny me constantly to him." And what can beat the following?—"He [Lord Shelburne] desires that he may *not be denied* when he comes to see me, *which I promised, but will not perform.*"

Patrick being packed off, Swift gets a new man, who hardly answers the purpose. "Some puppies have found me out, and my man is not such an artist as Patrick in denying me." Three weeks later: "My present man has not yet learned his lesson of denying me discreetly." Six weeks later: "My present servant has not yet his lesson perfect of denying me." But *courage!* Some three months after that we read: "My man begins to lie pretty well. My man knows all I will see, and denies me to everybody else."* This is the Swift in whose Houyhnhm-land never the meanest servant tells a fib.

Richardson makes it a distinctive characteristic of his *chevalier sans reproche* that he would have no fibbing done for him by those of his household. His Sir Charles Grandison is depicted as the one man in the world who is remarkable for his truth, while yet unquestionably polite. Sir Charles censures not others for complying with fashions established by custom; but he gives not in to them. "He never perverts the meaning of words. He never, for instance, suffers his servants to deny him, when he is at home. If he is busy, he just finds time to say he is, to unexpected visitors; and if they will stay, he turns them over to his sisters, to Dr. Bartlett, to Emily, till he can attend them."†

Richardson's great contemporary, rival, and literary torment, Henry Fielding, abounds in allusions to domestic *denials*. When Parson Adams, taking too literally at his word the most insincere of country squires, sends to him to borrow three half-crowns for travelling expenses, his messenger returns with the information (as early as breakfast-time) that the gentleman is not at home. Very well, is the simple parson's reply: but why, child, did you not stay till his return? Go back again, my good boy, and wait for his coming home: he cannot be gone far . . . and besides, he had no intention to go abroad; for he invited us to spend this day and to-morrow at his house. Therefore go back, child, and tarry till his return home.—The boy departs accordingly, but is back again with great expedition; bringing an account that the gentleman

* Swift's Journal to Stella, 1711-12, *passim*.

† History of Sir Charles Grandison, vol. iv. let. xxvi.

is gone a long journey, and will not be home again this month. Parson Adams is greatly confounded at this message, and says it must be a sudden accident, as the sickness or death of a relation, or some such unforeseen misfortune. But Joseph Andrews, his fellow-traveller, has had the benefit of some London experience in the servants' hall, and has heard "the gentlemen of our cloth in London tell many such stories of their masters." So that, says he, "when the boy brought the message back of his master not being at home, I presently knew what would follow; for whenever a man of fashion does not care to fulfil his promises, the custom is, to order his servants that he will never be at home to the person so promised. In London they call it *denying* him. I have myself denied Sir Thomas Booby above an hundred times; and when the man hath danced attendance for about a month, or sometimes longer, he is acquainted in the end, that the gentleman is gone out of town, and could do nothing in the business." "Good Lord," cries Adams, "what wickedness is there in the Christian world! I profess almost equal to what I have read of the heathens."* Even heathen Fulvia, by the way, in Ben Jonson's Roman tragedy, does not go the length of *denying* her presence in the house, when she declines to be seen :

Sirrah, if Quintus Curius come,
I am not in fit mood; I keep my chamber :
Give warning so without.†

She keeps her chamber; but, loose-living heathen though she be, is above instructing her man to utter a glib mendacious Not at home.

Again, in another of Fielding's novels, we have Amelia hurrying with the utmost impatience to Mrs. James's house, on receiving a message from that lady, announcing her arrival in town—and exulting with the thoughts of presently seeing her beloved friend: but how disappointed and perplexed when "she was answered at the door that the lady was not at home"—having "no suspicion that Mrs. James was really at home, and, as the phrase is, was denied."‡ Amelia's husband, about the same time, meets with a like experience at the door of his good friend the colonel. Not hearing from the latter for some days, Booth is uneasy; and his uneasiness is further increased "on finding that his friend refused to see him: for he had paid the colonel a visit at nine in the morning, and was told he was not stirring; and at his return back an hour afterwards, the servant said his master was gone out: of which Booth was certain of the falsehood; for he had, during that whole hour, walked backwards and forwards within sight of the colonel's door, and must have seen him if he had gone out within that time."§ Subsequent essays to effect an interview are equally vain: the colonel is as inaccessible as the best defended fortress, and it is as impossible for Booth to pass beyond his entry, as the Spaniards found it to take Gibraltar. He receives again the usual answers; first, that the colonel is not stirring, and an hour after that he is gone out. And the porter's brusque demeanour occasions the reflection that the porter at a great man's door is a kind of thermometer, by which you may discover the warmth or coldness of his master's friendship.||

* Adventures of Joseph Andrews, book ii. ch. xvii.

† Catiline, Act II. Sc. 1.

‡ Amelia, vol. ii. ch. vi.

§ Ibid., ch. viii.

|| Ibid., book v. ch. i.

When Duke Orsino is boring Olivia with his fruitless suit, "Go you, Malvolio," the lady bids the steward; "if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it."* Caritidès complains to Eraste, in Molière's comédie-ballet,

Mais de vous rencontrer il n'est pas bien facile,
Car vous dormez toujours, ou vous êtes en ville :
Au moins, messieurs vos gens me l'assurent ainsi.†

Galopin incurs his mistress's displeasure by telling Climène she was at home—"Diantre soit le petit vilain! Je vous apprendrai bien à faire vos reponses de vous-même." Whereupon the petit vilain proposes to mend matters by "Je vais lui dire, madame, que vous voulez être sortie."‡ In a subsequent scene he denies her to a welcome guest. When Don Juan's dunning creditor, Monsieur Dimanche, is announced by a valet, the latter is reproved by Sganarelle for not denying the Don to the dun. Why didn't you say the Don was not at home? The valet replies that he had tried that game nearly an hour ago—"Il y a trois quarts d'heure que je le lui dis; mais il ne veut pas le croire, et s'est assis là-dedans pour attendre."§ Dimanche will take no denial. So there in the ante-chamber he sits, and will sit—*sedet, æternumque sedebit infelix* Dimanche, until at least the Don will vouchsafe the dun a hearing and a settlement.

Peter Pindar has a story of William Penn and a bailiff in disguise, "dressed like a gentleman from top to toe," who "boldly knocked at William's door, expecting quick admittance to be sure—but no!"

Will's servant, Nathan, with a straight-hair'd head,
Unto the window gravely stalk'd, not ran—
"Master at home?" the bailiff sweetly said.
"Thou canst not speak to him," replied the man.
"What," quoth the bailiff, "won't he see me then?"
"Nay," snuffled Nathan, "let it not thus strike thee;
Know, verily, that William Penn
Hath seen thee, but he doth not like thee."||

When Bantam, in Douglas Jerrold's best (at least, most successful) comedy, rings the bell to see young Norman about some fighting-cocks, and is told by the servant that Sir Gilbert is not at home,—“I say,” rejoins Bantam, “I’ve heard people say truth lives in a well; if so, I’d advise you to take an early dip in the bucket.”¶

Miss Dunstable, Mr. Anthony Trollope's great Oil of Lebanon heiress, contributes a new reading, of an amusing kind, to the white lie in question. To one very undesirable visitor she emphatically reports herself to *be* at home. But she ingeniously fibs by announcing a companion to be with her whom that visitor would shake in his shoes to meet. Mr. Moffat, her black beast of a suitor, has been thrashed in public by Frank

* Twelfth Night, Act I. Sc. 5.

† Les Facheux, Acte III. Sc. 2.

‡ La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes, Sc. 2.

§ Le Festin de Pierre, Acte IV. Sc. 2.

|| Peter Pindar, "Penn, Nathan, and the Bailiff."

¶ Time Works Wonders, Act II. Sc. 1.

Gresham. So, when Mr. Moffat, after recruiting himself abroad, turns up again, and renews his suit to Miss Dunstable, that clever tactician and genial humorist adopts the plan aforesaid, of *not* denying herself, but of reporting Mr. Gresham to be with her. "Mr. Moffat has turned up again," writes the laughing lady to Frank. "We all thought you had finally extinguished him. He left a card the other day, and I have told the servant always to say that I am at home, and that you are with me."* That Frank Gresham is with her? That is quite enough for Mr. Moffat, who remembers *intus et in cute* Frank's swashing blow. Thank you, he'll not come in to-day: he'll call again some other time.

There is a story told† of Sir Charles J. Napier, that while he was dining one day with his family in huggermugger fashion, in a house that was for some domestic reason out of order, a visitor knocked at the door, and asked to see him. "Not at home," said the servant, obeying orders. "Why," answered the rude visitor, "I saw him through the window-blind!" Napier, overhearing this, put his head out at the door, and said, "I tell you, sir, I am *not* at home!"

"Monsieur Aurelly est-il au logis, André?" inquires that monsieur's one privileged visitor; and is answered by André, "Non, monsieur, pour personne; mais ce n'est pas pour monsieur que je dis ça: il faut que vous entriez, vous."‡

Theodore Hook has a good story, in one of his best fictions, of an unfortunate denial, in the instance of a dinner-party given by a man-œuvring mother, Lady Gorgon, who, last season, had given general instructions that she was to be never at home to a certain penniless Captain Sheringham. This season, however, has turned the poor officer, who would have made so ineligible a *parti*, for either of her ladyship's daughters, into a peer of the realm; and in honour of that peer she gets up a dinner-party, to which he accepts an invitation. It is long past the dinner-hour, however, and my lord comes not. After dinner, when the butler is questioned by Lady Gorgon as to the denials he has given to-day, that functionary can remember nobody, besides a hungry foreign baron, except "that Captain Sheringham, who used to call so often last year." "Captain Sheringham!" screams her ladyship; "why, Captain Sheringham is Lord Weybridge, the nobleman for whom we have been waiting; mercy on us, what did you say to him?" "He asked me, my lady, if your ladyship was at home; indeed he was a-coming right in, without asking one thing or another, so I said you was out; and he asked me if I was sure, for he was come here to dinner; and I said I was sure your ladyship was not at home, and that you did not dine at home; and then he made a sort of sniff with his nose, because he could smell the dinner quite plain in the hall; however, I persisted, and so at last of all he said, says he, my lady, 'That's uncommon odd,' and off out he went like a shot." "Why, what on earth could induce you to do such a thing, Stephen?" screams her ladyship.—"Why, my lady," answers the man, "your orders to me when we were in town last year were—says your ladyship to me, says you, 'If ever that Captain Sheringham calls when I am at home,

* Doctor Thorne, ch. xliv.

† In the *Controversial Letters* of Henry Holbeach, Student in Life and Philosophy.

‡ Beaumarchais, *Les Deux Amis*, Acte IV. Sc. 1.

say I am out ; and if he calls when I am out, and any of the young ladies are at home, say *they* are out ; and if ever he calls about dinner-time, as he sometimes does, never let him in.' So I did as I was bid,"* says the man, says he. Just Galopin's apology, in the *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*.

When Bailie MacLucre, in Galt's tale, knocks at the nabob's door—having come up on purpose to London in a trader from Leith—the flunkie tells him, "Master's not at home." "But I kent," quoth the canny Scot, "what not at home means in the morning at a gentleman's door in London ; so I said, 'Very weel, as I hae had a lang walk, I'll e'en rest mysel' and wait till he comes ;' and wi' that I plumpit down on one of the mahogany chairs in the trance. The lad, seeing that I was na to be jookit, upon this answered me, by saying he would go and inquire if his master would be at home to me ;"† and the short and long of it is, that the bailie gets at last an audience of his honourable friend.

Lord Tinsel, in one of Sheridan Knowles's best-known plays, when undertaking to make a man of fashion of the newly elevated Earl of Rochdale, almost starts with the rudiments of domestic denial. Enter man Williams with the announcement, "A gentleman would see your lordship." "Sir," interrupts the monitorial arbiter, "what's that?" Williams repeats his message,

A gentleman would see his lordship.

And is thus caught up by his master's fashionable guide, philosopher, and friend,

How know you, sir, his lordship is at home?
Is he at home because he goes not out?
He's not at home, though there you see him, sir,
Unless he certify that he's at home!
Bring up the name of the gentleman, and then
Your lord will know if he's at home or not.

[WILLIAMS goes out.]

Your man was porter to some merchant's door,
Who never taught him better breeding than
To speak the vulgar truth! Well, sir?

WILLIAMS having re-entered.

Will. His name,

So please your lordship, is Markham.

Tin. Do you know

The thing?

Roch. Right well! i' faith a hearty fellow,

Son to a worthy tradesman, who would do
Great things with little means ; so enter'd him
In the Temple. A good fellow, on my life,
Nought smacking of his stock.

Tin. You've said enough.

His lordship's not at home. [WILLIAMS goes out.] We
do not go

By hearts, but orders.‡

* The Parson's Daughter, vol. ii. ch. i.

† The Provost, by John Galt, ch. vii.

‡ The Hunchback, Act III. Sc. 1.

When Clive Newcome, returning from Rome to Pall-mall, called at his aunt's in Bryanstone-square, "Mrs. Hobson was from home; that is, Thomas had orders not to admit strangers on certain days, or before certain hours; so that Aunt Hobson saw Clive without being seen by the young man."*

When the Duchess of Dumfries, in one of Mrs. Gore's fashionable novels, embarrasses Mrs. John Watts by making her way into her room, while the very exceptionable Lord Stokesleigh is lounging there,—her Grace, with a ruffled air, begins pouring forth incoherent apologies. "I have really your pardon to ask," she says, "for having taken the liberty to distrust your butler's assertion, that you were 'not at home.' Had he said 'engaged,' I would not have ventured to intrude. It is always better to give the right *consigne* on such occasions."†

There is a naïf entry in Thomas Moore's Diary, one day that his wife was ill, and himself hipped and home-keeping. "While I was at dinner, Lord Lansdowne called; was denied to him; but he asked to write a note, and the maid was showing him up-stairs, so in my alarm lest he should surprise Bess, I made my appearance, and brought him into the parlour, where the little things and I were in the very thick of boiled beef and carrots."‡

What a pregnant passage that is in the life-history of the Abbé Sièyes, when, on his delirious death-bed, a foolish fond old man, fourscore and upwards, he says to his valet, "If M. de Robespierre calls,"—that sea-green Incorruptible having been turned to corruption these forty years and more—"if M. de Robespierre calls, tell him I'm not at home." If to "deny" oneself *be* a white lie,—then, with a M. de Robespierre at one's door, the whiteness surely becomes a very positive quality indeed; and, to pervert or parody the slang phrase, no man can say black's the white of *that* lie.

One of Judge Haliburton's piquant people defends what he considers a very justifiable piece of deception, by putting it into the same class with "what we conventionally call a *white lie*, as we desire our servants to say 'not at home,' when we do not find it convenient to see our friends." An objector takes Dr. Johnson's ground, and contends that, although the custom is sanctioned by the usage of society, and means nothing more than that we are not at home to visitors, yet servants are unsophisticated, and understand things literally. Not amiss is the suggestion§ that it might be better to copy the French in this matter. They say, "*Madame ne reçoit pas*;" or, "*Madame n'est pas visible*;" which is at once truthful, and conveys the information that is required.

Small sympathy has modern practice with the principle of one of old time, who said: There shall no deceitful person dwell in my house: he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.

But these are not lies, modern society will contend; or, if lies, such very white ones as to be a little more than kin to truth: as white as wool; as white as a lily; as white as a sheet; as white as snow; or like the *motif* in Meyerbeer's opera, *Plus blanche que la blanche Hermine*.

It was a matter of life and death to Sisera, captain of the host of Jabin,

* The Newcomes, ch. xl.

† The Diamond and the Pearl, ch. xxxvi.

‡ Diary of Thomas Moore, Nov. 6, 1818.

§ The Season Ticket, ch. vii.

King of Canaan, when, a refugee in the tent of Heber the Kenite, he bade Jael stand in the door of the tent, and enjoined upon her that should any man come and inquire of her, and say, Is there any man here? she should answer, No.

No such constraint supplies *motif* for a modern denial. But modern denials are, as we have said, scarcely allowed to be white lies at all, much less whity-brown ones. They have been characteristically discussed of late by the essayist of all essayists on Social Subjects. This master of his method, who discusses questions of casuistry with so clear an eye and so light a touch, referring to some kinds of white lies which are so very white that they cannot properly be considered lies, but are merely conventional instances of language employed by society in a secondary and not in a literal sense—goes on to assert that not even a Bishop would now-a-days object to his footman saying “Not at home” to an afternoon visitor; and that if the whole Bench of Bishops were to fulminate against the harmless equivocal, their objections would be treated as frivolous and hypercritical. “The obvious answer would be that ‘Not at home,’ in common parlance, does not mean not at home, but something slightly different. No one who understands English takes it for an assertion as to the bodily presence or absence of the person about whom it is employed; and we have a right to use the term in a sense which, whatever be its primitive grammatical interpretation, has been affixed to it by universal and recognised custom. If the world had agreed that henceforward green should mean black, it would not be the slightest departure from truth to call a black crow green. The most ingenious casuistry would not be able even to find a peg on which to hang an argument about it.” The footman, it is contended by the essayist,* neither intends to deceive nor does deceive anybody, and his mistress, for anything one knows, may be looking at one from behind the drawing-room curtains.

Space accorded, in the present issue, for another of these Zig-zag Papers; be the theme and the title,

LITERARY SOCIETY.

AGAIN and again in his voluminous writings does Mr. de Quincey enlarge on the flat and unprofitable character of merely “literary society”—by which society he means all such as, having no strong distinction in powers of thinking or in native force of character, are yet raised into circles of pretension and mark, by the fact of having written a book, or of holding a notorious connexion with some department or other of the periodical press. No society, he explicitly affirms, after long and varied experience, is so rapid and uninteresting in its natural quality, none so cheerless and petrific in its influence upon others. Ordinary people, in such company, are in general, he observes, repressed from uttering with cordiality the natural expression of their own minds or temperaments, under a vague feeling of some peculiar homage due, or at least customarily paid, to these lions: such people are no longer at their

* On White Lies (1866).

ease, or masters of their own natural motions in their own natural freedom; whilst indemnification of any sort is least of all to be looked for from the literary dons who have diffused this unpleasant atmosphere of constraint. They disable others, and yet do nothing themselves to fill up the void they have created. One and all—unless by accident people of unusual originality, power, and also nerve, so as to be able without trepidation to face the expectations of men—the literary class labour under two opposite disqualifications for a good tone of conversation: they are either spoiled by the vices of reserve, and of over-consciousness directed upon themselves—this is one extreme; or, where manliness of mind has prevented this, beyond others of equal or inferior power, they are apt to be desperately common-place. “Another mode of reserve arises with some literary men, who believe themselves to be in possession of novel ideas. Cordiality of communication, or ardour of dispute, might betray them into a revelation of those golden thoughts, sometimes into a necessity of revealing them, since, without such aid, it might be impossible to maintain theirs in the discussion. On this principle it was—a principle of deliberate unsocial reserve—that Adam Smith is said to have governed his conversation: he professed to put a bridle on his words, lest by accident a pearl should drop out of his lips amongst the vigilant bystanders.”*

It is not, however, by reserve, whether of affectation or of Smithian jealousy, that De Quincey pronounces the majority of literary people to offend—at least not by the latter; for, so far, he says, from having much novelty to protect against pirates, the most general effect of literary pursuits is to tame down all points of originality to one standard of insipid monotony. On the other hand, he takes a body of illiterate rustics. He bids us listen to the talk of a few scandalous village dames collected at a tea-table; and contends, that, vulgar as the spirit may be which possesses them, and not seldom malicious, still, “how full of animation and of keen perception it will generally be found, and of a learned spirit of connoisseurship in human character, by comparison with the *fade* generalities and barren recollections of mere literati!” Recalling one of his own earliest experiences in literary society—that, namely, which he mixed with in Liverpool circles, and which comprised Roscoe, and Dr. Currie, and Mr. Shepherd of Gatacre (author of a *Life of Poggio Bracciolini*), and others, of similar calibre,—the Opium-eater mentions it as a striking illustration of the impotence of mere literature against natural power and mother-wit, that the only man who was considered indispensable in these parties, for giving life and impulse to their vivacity, was a tailor; and this tailor, not a capitalist who employed sartorial craftsmen, himself sublimely remote from goose and shears, but one who drew his own honest daily bread from his own honest needle, except when he laid it aside for the benefit of drooping literati, who needed to be watered with his wit.

Elsewhere again, with characteristic emphasis of rhetoric, De Quincey thus paraphrases the warning proverb, “Put not your trust in princes,” which has been the farewell moral, winding up and pointing the expe-

* Autobiography of an English Opium-eater: *Literary Connexions or Acquaintances*. 1837.

rience of so many dying statesmen: "Not less truly it might be said—'Put not your trust in the intellectual princes of your age:' form no connexions too close with any who live only in the atmosphere of admiration and praise. The love or friendship of such people rarely contracts itself into the narrow circle of individuals. You, if you are brilliant like themselves, they will hate; you, if you are dull, they will despise. Gaze, therefore, on the splendour of such idols as a passing stranger. Look for a moment as one sharing in the idolatry; but pass on before the splendour has been sullied by human frailty, or before your own generous homage has been confounded with offerings of weeds."* The bitterness of disenchantment is painfully manifest in every line of this monition.

To only one other parallel passage from the same author will we refer in passing—to that in which, describing his London intercourse with Edward Irving, he records† the entire agreement that celebrated orator expressed with our author's dislike of common literary society, by comparison with that of people less pretending, left more to the impulses of their natural unchecked feelings, and entertaining opinions less modelled upon what they read.

Most persons of an unsophisticated mind, with any dash of vigour or originality in it, must share in the preference here avowed. A purer type of the literary man than Southey can hardly, perhaps, be named; but to him, too, literary society was altogether offensive. When he first made acquaintance with Charlotte Smith, in 1801, Southey rejoiced in finding her "more humanised, more akin to common feelings, than most literary women,"—and bore witness of her, that, although she had done more and done better than other women writers, writing had not been her whole employment—"she is not looking out for admiration, and talking to show off. I see in her none of the nasty little envies and jealousies common enough among the cattle."‡ His aversion to the cattle did not, however, keep Southey from anticipating with some zest, as the same letter shows, the prospect of dining with Longman on Wednesday, "to meet a few literary friends." They would probably be new to him, he said, and might furnish some amusement—at any rate, he loved to see all odd people.

Possibly his thoughts carried him to the odd people, in the style of a few literary friends, whom Matthew Bramble and his nephew met at Doctor Smollett's rather than of those assembled at Dick Ivy's, who seemed afraid and jealous of each other, and sat in a state of mutual repulsion, like so many particles of vapour, each surrounded by its own electrified atmosphere. Of these gentlemen Squire Bramble remarked, that there is seldom anything extraordinary in the appearance and address of a good writer; whereas a dull author generally distinguishes himself by some oddity or extravagance; for which reason the Squire fancies that an assembly of grubs must be very diverting. The reunion at Smollett's amply confirms his impression. There are eight or ten "unfortunate brothers of the quill" gathered round the Doctor's board, where they are treated (once a week, and all the year round) to beef,

* On Wordsworth's Poetry, by Thos. de Quincey, 1845.

† Autobiography of an English Opium-eater: Rev. Edw. Irving.

‡ R. Southey to Charles Danvers, Dec. 21, 1801.

pudding, potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt beer; and Jerry Melford questions if the whole kingdom could produce such another assemblage of originals; what strikes him being oddities produced in the first instance by affectation, and afterwards inveterately established by habit.* Odd people of this extravagant type, we may assume to be the only class of literary professionals in whose company Robert the Rhymer could sit with patience. In Smollett's set, it is observable, that there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; that they carefully avoided all learned disquisitions, and endeavoured to be facetious; nor did their endeavours always miscarry; some droll repartee passed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a sort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

A letter of Southey's to a distinguished literary friend commences: "I am so completely removed from what is called literary society (which is at this time about the worst society in the world),"† &c. In another, he congratulates himself on meeting Joanna Baillie at Rogers's, in 1831, with no other guests than Sister Agnes, and his own daughter Bertha,— "for, as to literary parties, they are my abomination."‡ One of the latest entries in Byron's journal runs thus: "In general, I do not draw well with literary men; not that I dislike them, but I never know what to say to them after I have praised their last publication." He makes several exceptions, to be sure; but these have either been men of the world, such as Scott and Moore, or visionaries out of it, such as Shelley: "But your literary every-day man and I never went well in company, especially your foreigner, whom I never could abide; except Giordani, and—and—and—(I really can't name any other)."[§] One of Byron's biographers lays it down as a general rule, that it is wise to avoid writers whose works amuse or delight you, for when you see them they will delight you no more. Shelley he distinguishes as a grand exception to this rule.||

Madame de Sévigné thinks her adored child a deal too innocently good natured when she talks of being afraid of literate wits in company. "Vous êtes bonne encore quand vous dites que vous avez peur des beaux-esprits: hélas! si vous saviez qu'ils sont petits de près, et combien ils sont quelquefois empêchés de leurs personnes, vous les remettriez bientôt à hauteur d'appui."[¶] Rousseau complains bitterly of the *cabales des gens de lettres* he encountered in Paris—of their *honteuses querelles*, the want of good faith in their books, their *airs tranchants dans le monde*, and the general offensiveness of their social bearing,—which he, at least, professes to have found intolerable.** Gibbon, who was familiar with literary Paris of Rousseau's time, and who mixed freely with D'Alembert, and Helvetius, and D'Holbach, and Diderot, and Barthelemy, and

* Humphrey Clinker.

† Southey to W. S. Landor, Aug. 14, 1824.

‡ Southey to Mrs. Hodson, Feb. 7, 1831.

§ Byron's Journal. See the last chapter of his Life by Moore.

|| Trelawny's Recollections of Shelley and Byron.

¶ Mde. de Sévigné à Mde. de Grignan, Jan. 13, 1672.

** Les Confessions, deuxième partie, l. viii.

Raynal, and Suard, and ever so many more, reports, that alone, and in a morning visit, he found the artists and authors of Paris less vain, and more reasonable, than in the circles of their equals, with whom they mingled in the houses of the rich.* Alexandre Vinet, by the way, in treating of Fontenelle and his circle, asserts that dignity of manners is much more common among men of science than of literature, because their passions do not furnish the materials for their works. Literary men, he says, live in the world of mankind; scientific, in the world of God. The solitude of the literary man is not a real solitude: among his books he lives with the dead and the living; especially he lives with himself, and often this is not too good company. Compare the lives of sixty-nine literary men with those of sixty-nine men of science, and the chances are, according to M. Vinet,† that with the latter you will be pleased, with the former disgusted and annoyed.

In one of Schiller's letters from Leipzig, written in his six-and-twentieth year, we find him describing the alluring invitations to Berlin and Dresden that come to him from various quarters, and which it will be difficult for him to withstand. It is quite a peculiar case, he tells his correspondent, half complainingly, half complacently, to have a literary name. "The few men of worth and consideration who offer you their intimacy on that score, and whose regard is really worth coveting, are too disagreeably counterweighed by the baleful swarm of creatures who keep humming round you, like so many flesh-flies; gape at you as if you were a monster, and condescend moreover, on the strength of one or two blotted sheets, to present themselves as colleagues."‡ Berlin, like most other cities, Mr. Carlyle has observed, prides itself in being somewhat of a modern Athens; and Hoffmann, the wonder of the day, was invited with the warmest blandishments to share in its musical and literary tea. "But in these polished circles Hoffmann prospered ill; he was sharp-tempered; vain, indeed, but transcendently vain; he required the wittiest talk or the most attentive audience; and had a heart-hatred to inanity, however gentle and refined." Accordingly we are told that when his company grew tiresome, he "made the most terrific faces;"§ would answer the languishing raptures of some perfumed critic by an observation on the weather; would transfix half a dozen harmless dilettanti through the vitals, each on his several bolt; nay, in the end, would give vent to his spleen by talking like a sheer maniac; in short, never cease till, one way or other, the hapless circle was reduced to utter desolation.¶

We have the attestation of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, when describing an evening spent among the more intelligent tradesmen of Birmingham, that nowhere is more unaffected good sense exhibited, and particularly nowhere more elasticity and *freshness* of mind, than in the conversation of the reading men in manufacturing towns. Thomas de Quincey bears witness that in Kendal especially, in Bridgewater, and in Manchester, he has been present at more interesting conversations, marked by as much information, and more natural eloquence in conveying it, than usually in

* Gibbon, "Memoirs of my Life and Writings."

† Histoire de la Littérature Française, ch. xii.

‡ Schiller to Schwann, April 24, 1785.

§ See Appendix II. to Carlyle's Miscellanies, vol. iv.

literary critics, or in places professedly learned. One reason for this assigned by him is, that in trading towns the time is more happily distributed; the day given to business and active duties—the evening to relaxation; on which account, books, conversation, and literary leisure, are more cordially enjoyed: the same satiation never can take place, which too frequently deadens the genial enjoyment of those who have a surfeit of books and a monotony of leisure. Another reason assigned by him is, that more simplicity of manner may be expected, and more natural picturesqueness of conversation, more open expression of character, in places where people have no previous name to support: men in trading towns are not afraid to open their lips, for fear they should disappoint your expectations, nor do they strain for showy sentiments* that they may meet them. "But elsewhere many are the men who stand in awe of their own reputation: not a word which is unstudied, not a movement in the spirit of natural freedom dare they give way to; because it might happen that on review something would be seen to retract or to qualify—something not properly planed and chiselled, to build into the general architecture of an artificial reputation."†

The young scholar, it has been said, fancies it happiness enough to live with people who can give an inside to the world; without reflecting that they too are prisoners of their own thought, and cannot apply themselves to yours. The conditions of literary success are, in Mr. Emerson's judgment, almost destructive of the best social power, as they do not leave that frolic liberty which only can encounter a companion on the best terms. It is probable, says he, "you left some obscure comrade at a tavern, or in the farms, with right mother-wit, and equality to life, when you [as Emerson himself did] crossed sea and land to play bo-peep with celebrated scribes."‡

It is one of Christopher North's Recreations to classify dinner-parties of all sorts and sizes, and among them a Literary Dinner stands out in capitals, backed by a note of admiration. On each side of the lord of the mansion he places a philosopher—on each side of the lady, a poet—somewhere or other about the board, a theatrical star—a foreign fiddler—an outlandish traveller—and a continental refugee.

And all the air a solemn stillness holds.

All lips are hermetically sealed. The author of the five-guinea quarto on the drawing-room table is sound asleep, with round unmeaning face, breathing tranquillity. The author of a profound treatise on the Sinking Fund sits beside him, with eyes fixed on the ceiling. The illustrious traveller, whose conversational prowess has been the talk of Europe, has been stroking his chin for the last half-hour, and nothing more. You might not only hear a pin drop—a mouse stir—but either event would

* When M. le Comte de Marcellus started with Chateaubriand for London, Madame de Montcalm, *cette aimable sœur* of the Duc de Richelieu, warned the young nobleman against exaggerated expectations of the people he would meet. "Chez ces génies qui expriment si bien le sentiment, le sentiment réside peu. Leur estime, leur confiance même, ne mène pas à l'affection."—Marcellus, Chateaubriand et son Temps, p. 214.

† De Quincey's Collected Works, vol. i. p. 158.

‡ English Traits, by R. W. Emerson, ch. i.

rouse the whole company like a peal of thunder.* A prandial parallel, in short, to Wordsworth's tea-bibbing "party in a parlour"—*all silent, and all d dash d*.

So, again, in the *Noctes*, the Shepherd interrupts a remark of Mr. North's, on all great poets being great talkers, with the conditional assent, "Tiresome often to a degree—though sometimes . . . they are a sulky set, and as gruffly and grimly silent as if they had the toothache, or something the matter wi' their inside."†

Sir Walter Scott could never "willingly endure," his son-in-law records, either in London or in Edinburgh, the "little exclusive circles of literary society,"‡ much less their occasional fastidiousness and petty partialities. He often complained of the real dulness of parties where each guest arrived under the implied and tacit obligation of exhibiting some extraordinary powers of talk or wit. "If," he said, "I encounter men of the world, men of business, odd or striking characters of professional excellence in any department, I am in my element, for they cannot lionise me without my returning the compliment and learning something from them."—But as for a table-full of essayists and reviewers, or an evening with bards and blues, give him a crack with Tom Purdie in preference to that, a thousand times over.

Leigh Hunt makes the hero of his seventeenth-century historical fiction record, after dining with Dryden and the wits, first at a ducal table, and afterwards in their own sphere, that at great tables they never appeared at advantage: either the host did not know how to treat them; or they were too anxious to shine; or they affected an indifference to their value, and wished to be confounded with fine gentlemen; or they were too many of them together, and so were afraid to speak, lest another should excel; or one of the lowest of their fraternity was present, who was most welcome on that account, and gave himself airs; or something else was sure to occur, which made them uneasy, and showed them to a disadvantage, both as wits and gentlemen.§ Happy, and rare the happiness of, a host like Mrs. Gore's Bernard Forbes, the circle of whose "literary friends," so far from meriting the stigma of "cold, solemn, and formal," assigned by the narrow experience of the coteries, was no less cheerful than intellectual; no one among them pretending to wisdom, because the pretension would have been ridiculous where the claim was so well established. "No one talked for conquest, as when two men of superior information find themselves matched against each other in an arena, in presence of a crowd of dunces. In Bernard Forbes's house there was still a Republic of letters. Every citizen furnished his quota, without pomp or parsimony."||

The unpleasantness of a literary party, gathered together mainly as such, is a by-word in satirical fictions founded upon fact. Theodore Hook describes one which, from its miscellaneous character, promised a great treat, the sequel of which was, however, "most disappointing"—every one of the guests being celebrated for something, and each of them jealous of his neighbour.¶ Mr. Peacock makes out the understanding of

* Salmonia, 1828.

† *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, January 1831.

‡ Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, ch. xix.

§ See *Memoirs of Sir Ralph Esher*, vol. iii. ch. xi.

|| *The Hamiltons*, ch. xxix.

¶ *Gilbert Gurney*, vol. ii. ch. i.

literary people to be so exalted, not so much by the love of truth and virtue, as by arrogance and self-sufficiency, that "there is, perhaps, less disinterestedness, less liberality, less general benevolence, and more envy, hatred, and uncharitableness among them, than among any other description of men."* What is it that makes you literary persons so stupid? asks Mr. Thackeray's Fitz-boodle of Oliver Yorke, Esquire. "I have met various individuals in society who I was told were writers of books, and that sort of thing, and, expecting rather to be amused by their conversation, have invariably found them dull to a degree, and as for information, without a particle of it."†

So again the same author's George Warrington impatiently exclaims, "A fiddlestick about men of genius!" when Pen, his protégé, is glorifying that august race. "The talk of professional critics and writers," Mr. George is pleased to add, after a deal of experience, "is not a whit more brilliant, or profound, or amusing, than that of any other society of educated people."‡ And after his younger associate has had *his* first experience of the same community, the disenchanted authorling comes to a not dissimilar conclusion. Pen was forced to confess, a subsequent chapter tells us,§ that the literary personages with whom he had become acquainted had not said much, in the course of the night's conversation, that was worthy to be remembered or quoted:—in fact, not one word about literature had been said during the whole course of that night at Mr. Bungay's, the eminent publisher; and Mr. Thackeray does not mind whispering to those uninitiated people who are anxious to know the habits and make the acquaintance of men of letters, that there are no sort of people who talk about books, or, perhaps, who read books, so little as literary men.

But, sir, once said Boswell to Johnson, when the Doctor was praising a life of rustic seclusion—but, sir, is it not a sad thing to be at a distance from all our literary friends? "Sir," was Johnson's reply, "you will by-and-by have enough of this conversation which now delights you so much."||

Leigh Hunt, in his essay on Amiability as superior to Intellect,¶ refers assentingly to a remark of Hazlitt's, that the being accustomed to the society of men of genius renders the conversation of others tiresome, as consisting of a parcel of things that have been heard a thousand times, and from which no stimulus is to be obtained. But a common complaint by men of genius themselves is, as we have seen and shall see, rather the other way.

Converse with a mind that is grandly simple, says Emerson, and literature looks like word-catching. "The mere author, in such society, is like a pickpocket among gentlemen, who has come in to steal a gold button or a pin."**

Chesterfield, from quite another point of view, warns his son that a company wholly composed of men of learning, though greatly to be valued and respected, is not "good company"—"they cannot have the

* Headlong Hall, ch. v.

† Pendennis, ch. xxxii.

‡ Boswell's Life of Johnson, *sub anno* 1778.

¶ The Seer, No. li.

† Fitz-boodle's Confessions, Preface.

§ Ch. xxxv.

** Emerson's Essays, The Over-soul.

easy manners and *tournure* of the world, as they do not live in it." So pray let young Mr. Stanhope beware of being engrossed by such company; for, if he is, he will be "only considered as one of the *litterati* by profession, which is not the way either to shine or rise in the world."*

Horace Walpole shared notably in these precautionary principles and practice. Consistent enough, and rather too demonstrative, was his avowed aversion to literary society, as such. He writes of young Mr. Burke, in 1761, that, although a sensible man, he "has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days."† Of Rousseau he writes from Paris, some five years later, "But, however I admire his parts, neither he nor any *Genius* I have known has had common sense enough to balance the impertinence of their pretensions. They hate priests, but love dearly to have an altar at their feet; for which reason it is much pleasanter to read them than to know them."‡ Seven years later we have Horace trying to decline the acquaintance of Mr. Gough, and telling a correspondent, "Besides, you know I shun authors, and would never have been one myself, if it obliged me to keep such bad company." They are always in earnest, he complains, and think their profession serious, and dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning; while he laughs at all those things, and writes only to laugh at them, and divert himself.§ This was one of Walpole's most cherished and most transparent affectations.—And once more, we find him recording the avowal of a fellow-feeling by one of Fanny Burney's favourite friends. "Mr. Cambridge has been with me, and asked me if I knew the famous Beaumarchais, who has been in England. I said, 'No, sir, nor ever intend it.' 'Well, now,' said he, 'that is exactly my way: I made a resolution early never to be acquainted with authors, they are so vain and so troublesome.'"|| For all which, Horace is persuaded that this protesting friend has already got acquainted with Beaumarchais.

Bayle says in one of his letters—which, after the earlier ones, are notably free from *la superstition littéraire pour les illustres*—that when once you have come to know personally a good number of persons celebrated for their writings, you find out that it is no such great matter after all to have composed a book, and that a good one.

Montaigne duly records his sire's enthusiasm—with more zeal than knowledge—in imitating the king's ¶ new-born ardour for literature and for the company of literary men. "Moy," adds Michel the malicious, "je les aime bien, mais je ne les adore pas." The point of the *adoration* consists in what Montaigne had said just before—that his father kept the doors of his house for ever open *aux hommes doctes*, whom he as reverently as eagerly welcomed under his roof *comme personnes saintes*.

When pleasure and business combined first brought Francis Jeffrey to London, in 1804, his account of the great metropolis, in its social aspects, includes this avowal: "The literary men, I acknowledge, excite

* Lord Chesterfield to his Son, Oct. 12, 1748.

† Walpole to G. Montague, July 22, 1761.

‡ Walpole to J. Chute, Esq., Jan., 1766.

§ Walpole to Rev. W. Cole, April 27, 1773.

|| Walpole to Mason, Feb. 29, 1776.

¶ Francis I.

my reverence the least.”* One of Charlotte Brontë’s letters, which is almost entirely occupied with the works and ways of Mr. G. H. Lewes, has this passage to the purpose: “He gives no charming picture of London literary society, and especially the female part of it; but all coteries, whether they be literary, scientific, political, or religious, must, it seems to me, have a tendency to change truth into affectation. When people belong to a clique, they must, I suppose, in some measure, write, talk, think, and live for that clique; a harassing and narrowing necessity.”† Long before Currer Bell’s time had Washington Irving’s “poor devil author” put on record his experiences to a like effect—how he determined to cultivate the society of the literary, and to enrol himself in the fraternity of authorship—how he found no difficulty in making a circle of literary acquaintances, not having the sin of success lying at his door (“indeed, the failure of my poem was a kind of recommendation to their favour”):—and how soon he discovered his want of *esprit de corps* to turn these literary fellowships to any account: he could not bring himself to enlist in any particular sect: he saw something to like in them all, but found that would never do, for that the tacit condition on which a man enters into one of these sects is, that he abuses all the rest.

“I perceived,” says honest Dribble, of Green Arbour Court, “that there were little knots of authors, who lived with, and for, and by one another. They considered themselves the salt of the earth. They fostered and kept up a conversational vein of thinking, and talking, and joking on all subjects; and they cried each other up to the skies.”‡ *Orna me* is apt to be a *bien entendu*, all round, for a good understanding in such circles.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

YE who gaze on God’s blue sky,
Walk the meadows, scent the flowers,
Cannot grasp the agony,
E’en in thought, of my past hours—
Lonely, lonely, all alone,
With no human voice, no sound,
Pent within damp walls of stone,
All my world that narrow bound—
Oh, the horror who can tell
Of the solitary cell?

* Life of Lord Jeffrey, vol. i. p. 156.

† Miss Brontë to W. S. Williams, Esq., April 26, 1848.

‡ Buckthorne and his Friends: The Poor-Devil Author.

Night might fall, or day might waken,
 Day and night the same to me;
 Were my cell by earthquake shaken,
 That at least some change would be:
 But my lot was changeless ever,
 Nought to mark slow time I knew—
 One Dead Sea where breezes never
 O'er the poison'd waters blew:
 Oh, the sadness who may tell
 Of the lonely, silent cell?

How I've long'd to see the features
 Of home's darlings, none may know;
 E'en one word from human creatures
 Would have soothed my pining woe:
 But no face—no voice—no greeting—
 Silent, lonely, still alone;
 Souls were made for social meeting,
 Hearts, though erring, are not stone:
 Oh, the misery who may tell
 Of the solitary cell?

Pacing, pacing, to and fro,
 Now across and back again;
 Gazing upward, then below,
 Like a tiger in his den;
 With no book to please or cheer me,
 Feeding on my own sad heart,
 Sometimes fancying people near me,
 Weeping as their shades depart;
 Oh, the horror who may tell
 Of the lonely, silent cell?

When, out-worn, deep sleep has bound me,
 Free again I've roved in dreams,
 Hills, and vales, and flowers around me,
 Basking in the sun's glad beams;
 Friends, wife, children! tarry longer!
 But the happy dream would flee,
 And I'd wake in anguish stronger,
 No one there, save Grief and me:
 Oh, the torment who may tell
 Of that lonely, silent cell?

Give me labour, crushing, weary;
 Give me stripes—I'd calmly bear;
 But the long hours, dark and dreary,
 Voiceless, friendless—torture there!
 Memory's burden, brooding sadness,
 Living inly, and yet dead,
 Thoughts that goad, and turn to madness,
 Days of languor, nights of dread—
 Oh, the horror who may tell
 Of the lonely, silent cell?

SNOWED UP.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART VII.

THE SPIRIT'S PROPHECY.

I.

HARRY ST. CLAIR.

IN the little town close to which Mrs. Rivers resided, there lived a coloured youth who was a connexion of Mr. St. Clair's; in fact, the illegitimate son of a brother of his. The boy's father, and his mother a mustee, were both dead, and Harry, who had been permitted to assume the name of St. Clair, though in general the offspring of such ties as those which had existed between Mr. Charles St. Clair and the girl Angelica, commonly called "Jelly," take the surname of the mother, if she has a surname, which is not always the case.

Harry, however, was allowed to call himself St. Clair, and was always treated kindly by the family at Clair Hall. He bore a strong resemblance to Adela, and had her finely-shaped nose and brow, and very white teeth; but of course his complexion was much darker than hers, and his hair was rather crispy, showing the negro origin on his mother's side. He was about Adela's height; she was tall for a woman, he short for a man. It was strange, but there was also a resemblance in their voices.

Harry had good manners for a lad in his station of life, and he was not without education, for Mr. St. Clair had sent him to a school in America, where he had remained three or four years. Mr. St. Clair had advised him to learn some trade, and settle himself in that country; but the boy was always begging to be allowed to come home. He had been much petted by his grandmother, an old mulatto washerwoman, and he did not like being looked down upon by the white boys who were his school-fellows in the North American state to which he had been sent. It is a well-known fact that black and coloured people are treated in the United States with the utmost contempt, notwithstanding all the clamour that is made by a certain set about their rights and their privileges—these clamourers being about the greatest oppressors and enemies that the poor negroes, and the descendants of negroes, have in reality.

Harry begged so hard to "come home," that Mr. St. Clair allowed him to do so, of course paying his expenses. He could not, however, be left to live in total idleness in his native island, and Mr. St. Clair placed him as a clerk in a store. Here he might have done very well, but his temper, or his feelings, got the better of him.

Harry was ambitious. No fault can be found with that quality of the mind when it is governed by good sense; in fact, ambition, when it is directed to excelling in any pursuit, in any praiseworthy object, in success, no matter with what labour attained, is to be respected and lauded. But

the mere ambition, or wish to hold a position higher than one is born to occupy, without making any effort to entitle one to distinction, cannot be called a lofty aspiration.

The president of the United States of America, Mr. Andrew Johnson, is a man to be honoured. He has risen to the highest position in the New World—to one of the highest positions in the whole world—by his great talents, his strong determination to do right, his moderation in the midst of success, his bold and brave resistance to the selfish, malicious, narrow-minded party who would sacrifice the good of an entire country to their greed of power, and their low-minded revenge.

But there are few Andrew Johnsons in the world, and ambition is not always a noble inspiration. Harry St. Clair was ambitious certainly, but he was also conceited. He knew that he was extremely good-looking, he was aware that he had had quite as good, if not a better, education than any of the coloured boys, and most of the white boys, in the island, and he valued himself on his father's having been a member of one of the first families in the colony, forgetting that his mother had been only the daughter of a laundress, an old mulatto, and a white carpenter.

Harry did not get on well with the clerks in the store; they did not consider a coloured youth on a footing with them, and he was somewhat inclined to be insolent. He was discontented, therefore, and wished to get away to some other place. Moreover, he did not like his grandmother's house, which was still his home, as well as he used to do. Indeed, he considered the good-natured, fussy old woman as quite beneath him, and cared no longer for her cakes and jellies. The lad had heard that his mother was nicknamed among the negroes—who are very fond of giving nicknames—"Guava Jelly;" and though that is a delicious preserve, he never wished to taste it again.

In this uncomfortable state of mind Harry St. Clair had applied first to the former mate, afterwards captain of the sloop, and subsequently to Colonel Mentilla himself. He had asked a passage to the Spanish Main, and expressed his great wish to enter into the patriot army. But the captain told him he had no power to grant his request to go as a passenger to La Guayra, and Colonel Mentilla did his best to dissuade him from joining the patriot army, assuring him that he would not be strong enough to undergo the hardships and fatigues which he would have to encounter, and that he had better wait until things were somewhat settled on the continent, and then he might come over and find some employment at La Guayra or Caraccas, when he—Colonel Mentilla, if he survived the war—would be happy to assist him in as far as he could.

Mentilla mentioned to the young ladies at Clair Hall Harry's application to him, and both Linda and Minna said he had acted most judiciously in declining to take the foolish boy. Adela only remarked, with a sigh, that she did not wonder Harry wished to escape from the tedious monotony of his life in a small West India island, and was fired with ambition to see something of the struggle going on in Spanish America.

"Were I of your fortunate sex, Colonel Mentilla," she continued, "I would go without caring about the future; I would not vegetate *here*, while heroic deeds might be achieved in yon not far-distant land. Ah, how I envy you and Don Alonzo leaving this living grave to go where glory calls."

"Would to Heaven that you could go with us, dear señorita!" exclaimed Don Alonzo Alvaez, clasping his hands, and looking imploringly at Adela. "Ah, if—if—my dreams could have been realised, how proud I should have been!"

Both Colonel Mentilla and Linda were afraid of a scene, therefore they changed the subject of conversation as fast as possible.

But Harry's wish to get a passage in the ship which had brought the South American strangers caused Adela a good deal of reflection.

"If he could manage to get on board, and to hide himself somewhere until the vessel had gone out to sea, even Mentilla would not think it worth while to come back merely to land the boy; they would take him on with them, and no doubt be kind to him."

She smiled to herself, exclaiming almost aloud:

"Yes, I see it can be done. The old proverb says, 'Where there's a will there's a way.' I shall order some new clothes for Harry," she laughed this time, "and tell Burton to get them all packed in a port-manteau, with the initials H. L. painted white outside, and to have it sent on board the evening the sloop sails; I will pay him for them at once, and desire him to say nothing about the things to anybody, especially on no account to tell Harry."

So said, so done. Adela went to the town, called upon Burton, the tailor, and ordered, as a present to Harry, two frock-coats of some material not so heavy as cloth, some vests, and some pairs of pantaloons not made to fit tightly. She bought at a store some linen under-garments, pocket-handkerchiefs, collars, &c., and desired that they should be sent over to Mr. Burton's, who was instructed what to do with them; nor did she forget sheets, pillow-cases, and towels; and having made this provision for the comfort of the passenger who was to smuggle himself on board the ship, she returned to Clair Hall, minus a tolerable sum of money, but in good spirits after her morning's work.

Mr. St. Clair was very liberal to his daughters, therefore they had always plenty of money at their command.

The youth Harry had made no secret of his anxiety to leave the store in which Mr. St. Clair had placed him; he said he did not like the sort of life he led there, measuring calico to negroes, selling hams and barrels of pork to managers, and cases of champagne and claret to gentlemen. He wanted to be a gentleman himself, to have a horse to gallop about on, and to have nothing to do but play billiards and read novels. For this was his idea of the occupations befitting a gentleman. He was idle and lazy, and would soon have been dismissed from the store, had it not been that the storekeeper was afraid of offending the lad's patron, Mr. St. Clair. To that gentleman Harry made no complaint; he, too, was afraid of offending him; but he indulged his ill humour at home, and bullied and worried his old grandmother, until she often felt inclined to turn him adrift. However, she bore with him marvellously, and the only answer she used to make to him when he was rude to her was, "You no wort you salt, buoy; neber mind, you is de child eb my pore Jelly, so I put up with you."

II.

BUCKRA JEM.

THERE was an extraordinary character who had taken up his residence near the little town which has so often been mentioned. The abode, however, of this strange being could hardly be called a residence; it afforded a slight shelter, but was neither so good a domicile as an Indian wigwam or a watchman's hut. It consisted of a few branches of a cocoa-nut-tree, tied together at the top, with the other ends planted or driven a little way into the ground, and cocoa-nut-leaves plaited together, wound round the support-branches to form a wall. A very pretty verdant wall, certainly, when fresh, but when the green became faded, and the leafy creation covered with dust or shrivelled by rain, it looked anything but a fairy bower.

A fairy bower, however, would not have suited the inhabitant of this *al fresco* abode. He was a man still young, though he looked much older than he was—in fact, in middle age—so bronzed and broken down by exposure to all weathers, by scanty and often unwholesome food, and, worse than all, by intemperance. There was no furniture in his hovel except two small rough wooden benches, an old blanket for his bed, a bag of shavings for his pillow, an earthen pot, which stood upon an iron tripod—his sole cooking apparatus—an old knife and fork, a wooden spoon, a metal plate, and a couple of calabashes, one to hold water, the other used as a drinking vessel, doing duty for a tumbler and a cup. There surely could not be a less expensive and more primitive inventory of any man's household goods!

The owner of these goods and of that humble shelter went by the name of "Buckra Jem." He was a white man, though it would have been difficult to have believed that he was not a dark mulatto. His parents had lived in another island, and Buckra Jem had come to this one as a mere boy. He had found employment as a fisherman, and being a bold, smart, active lad, he could have made a comfortable living but for his erratic propensities and love of rum. Buckra Jem feared nothing or no one. He would swim out in the bay infested with sharks, carrying no weapon with him but a short thick stick in his right hand, and none of these savage creatures ever got the better of him; he would dive to the sandy bottom of the bay and bring up the most beautiful shells; he would go out fishing by torchlight, and no one ever brought in such quantities of fish as he did. He seemed to be almost an amphibious animal, and any of the principal fishermen would willingly have paid him good wages if he would have been steady. But sometimes he would be off for days, and come back half starved, having lived only upon berries and wild fruits during his wanderings among the woods. At other times he would buy a quantity of rum, and drink until he was insensible. Poor Buckra Jem! he was nobody's enemy but his own. He never stole anything, he was not quarrelsome even when intoxicated, and never injured a creature. But he did not like the trammels even of the lowest scale of civilisation, so he gave up all attempts at regular occupation, knocked up for himself the little cocoa-nut shed mentioned above, which was perched

on the top of a bank rising on one side of a road that skirted the sea-shore, from which it was separated only by a double row of cocoa-nut-trees and some bushes bearing wild flowers. This road was a favourite drive and walk in the cool of the evenings; and ladies were sometimes shocked by the apparition of a reddish, brownish figure, unencumbered by garments, flitting past. Clothes had been over and over sent to Buckra Jem, but he did not much care to wear them, and generally bartered them for rum. He kept one suit, however, for Sundays, when he was always clad in decent apparel. To do Buckra Jem justice, however, he seldom ventured out of his lair at the hour when the ladies and gentlemen in the neighbourhood generally took their evening rides and drives, but if, by an unlucky chance, he encountered any of them, he would dash across the road and plunge into the little thicket of bushes, no matter how much he was scratched by some of them. He still lived by fishing, and his boat, moored on the shining beach, was a source of great pride and pleasure to him. Sometimes he was to be seen equipped in a pair of coarse canvas trousers, his brawny chest and muscular arms bare, cooking his supper outside of his hut in his earthen pot placed on the tripod, within the centre of which a fire was blazing. He was rather a picturesque object then, and the ladies, no longer obliged to hide their faces, would occasionally throw up to him a piece of money, with a kind "Good evening, Buckra Jem."*

Master Harry, notwithstanding his aristocratic feelings and exalted opinion of himself, sometimes condescended to have a chat with "that half-crazy Buckra Jem" on the sea-shore, and this unfortunate pariah was generally willing, when in a condition to do so, to listen to Harry's complaints and wishes.

"Buckra Jem," Harry said to the man, one evening, when he had followed the outcast down to the beach, "I want to speak to you. I am tired of that confounded store, and the miserable life I lead here. I want to get away. But how to manage it is the difficulty. None of the English or American ships would take me without my paying passage-money, and putting on board my bedding, and perhaps some provisions. I can't do this. So here I am imprisoned by the sea. But, my good fellow, you can help me."

"Me! How can I help you?" replied Buckra Jem, in much surprise. "I can't pay your passage. What bedding have I to lend you? And I don't think anybody would take my calabashes for crockery-ware." Buckra Jem grinned at the idea.

"No; but you have a boat, and you could put me on board the Spanish sloop yonder."

"What for?"

"To go in her, to be sure. I want to get to the Spanish Main. Once landed there, I dare say I shall do very well. One of these Spanish gentry, Don Alonzo Alvaez, is Miss Adela's sweetheart, and no doubt, for her sake, he will do what he can for me. After all, I am her cousin."

"But you are not a Buckra, and these gentlefolks don't care for their coloured kin."

* Buckra Jem—White Jem—is a sketch from life, or rather a faithful portrait.

"Look here, Buckra Jem, I didn't come to ask your opinion or your wise advice," said Harry, in his favourite insolent tone. "I came to ask if you would let me use your boat for half an hour, you yourself going in it to bring it back, and I would pay you for the job. If you agree, I will bring you two bottles of the best rum in Higgins's store and a bottle of brandy. Three bottles of spirits! I do think it quite payment enough for only pulling me on board a ship in the harbour close by."

Buckra Jem's grey sunken eyes twinkled faintly as he agreed to the terms. The offer of two bottles of rum and one of brandy was not to be resisted by the poor slave of strong liquor.

"But you must hold your tongue, and not go telling that you are engaged to take me to the Spanish sloop. If my plan gets to the ears of that old curmudgeon, Mr. St. Clair, or my stupid old grandmother has an inkling of it, there will be a deuce of a row, and I guess I shan't be able to make my escape."

"And who was I to tell it to, pray, young man?" replied Buckra Jem. "To the cocoa-nut-trees and the salt sea waves? I holds no talk with any one mostly, except Long Bill, the old grey-headed watchman of this Caledonia estate, when he buys my fish, and sells me some yams and ochroes and gub-a-gub peas. I was out torching the night before last, and Long Bill came early yesterday morning to buy fish, and left some corn-meal for fungy with me; he won't be back for a few days, I suppose."

"All right!" exclaimed the coloured youth.

"But how is I to get them bottles you were speaking of?" asked Buckra Jem, whose mind was fixed on the promised rum and brandy.

"I'll bring them to you myself at sundown," said Harry, "and the evening before, when it is dark, I will fetch out to you a box with my clothes, and a little leather bag with cigars."

"You had better fetch me one of the bottles of rum, too," said Buckra Jem, whose mouth watered to have the liquid he liked so much at his command.

"No, no, my good fellow," replied Harry. "If I were to bring you a bottle of the rum the night before, you would be dead drunk all next day, and not able to take me on board the sloop."

"It takes a good deal to make *me* drunk," observed the white man.

"I won't trust you. I don't want to be drowned, or eaten by a shark."

Buckra Jem shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, then asked at what hour his boat would be wanted.

"About half-past eight o'clock, I guess, or thereabouts," was Harry's answer. "The Spanish folks will hardly go on board before ten o'clock. They won't likely sail till the moon rises, which will be about eleven, and I'll have plenty of time to stow myself away somewhere before they come."

The bargain was struck, and the colloquy between the degraded white man and the self-conceited coloured youth ended to the satisfaction of both.

"Hurrah!" cried Harry, thinking aloud, as he almost danced along the road on his return to the town—"hurrah! I'll have my own way at last. Good-bye to this wretched hole and everybody in it. I shan't have

that old idiot, my stupid grandmother, jawing at me much longer now. I shan't have to sleep in that little room close to hers, and hear her snoring all night, or if she's awake, bawling out to me through the partition to know if I'm in bed. She watches me like a cat, that old woman, and I'm so glad to give her the slip. I shan't have that pompous old donkey, Mr. St. Clair, lecturing me on the necessity of paying attention to business, and giving satisfaction to my employer. 'My employer,' as he calls the storekeeper he put me with, does not give *me* satisfaction; he's a cross-grained, crabbed cur, and I sometimes feel awfully inclined to kick him. Then those impertinent puppies of white clerks, who think themselves greater than me—how I long to horsewhip them round. Well, thank goodness, I'm off, and the first thing I dare say that they'll hear of me is, that I am an officer in the patriot army—*Captain St. Clair*, very likely. If it is a handsome uniform, I shall look quite killing. By-the-by, I must not forget to pack up my little looking-glass, the one in a case that I bought at New York."

Congratulating himself on his near departure from his native island, and looking forward with the fearlessness of boyhood and the natural presumption of his character, the now joyous Harry approached the town, sobering his pace to a saunter, and betaking himself to a grog-shop to buy the rum and brandy—both of very inferior quality—which he had promised poor Buckra Jem.

III.

THE PARTING HOUR.

THE Spanish sloop was repaired, in as far as it could be in the small West India island, in one of whose harbours it was now lying. Two or three black sailors had been engaged, and provisions of all kinds, with no lack of choice wines, had been sent on board for the use of the cabin passengers by their liberal host, Mr. St. Clair, and the parting hour was at hand.

The parting hour! What a sad hour that has been to thousands, nay, to millions, in this sublunary world! There are few who have not felt, at some one period of their lives, the fulness of its sorrow. How often has it not been thought that the heart would break under the pressure of such cruel grief! But the heart bears a great deal. Its wise Creator has so ordained it, in mercy to the weak human race.

All was gloom at Clair Hall. The agreeable strangers, who had so enlivened and charmed the family there, were going, and going with no great prospect of returning to renew their pleasant intimacy with father or daughters. The gentlemen were grave—indeed, sad; the young ladies could scarcely restrain their tears; tears often rose even to Minna's eyes, probably from a sort of sympathetic feeling, for *she* could not, of course, entertain the same sentiments as her sisters did. Adela's sorrowful looks and seeming absence of mind, as if her thoughts were fixed on some subject of which she dared not speak, brought a slight measure of consolation to the yearning soul of her admirer, Don Alonzo Alvaez.

"It is of me the lovely girl is thinking," he said to himself. "Ah! *she* would not have given me such an inhuman answer as her father did.

Would to Heaven I had first addressed myself to her! I was a fool not to have done so; now it would be useless to ask her to be mine. Knowing her father's wishes, she would not disobey them. I must only try to look forward to the time when I may return, and, with his permission, make her my wife. Will that happy time ever arrive? Shall I live through the fierce campaigns in which we may expect to be engaged? Oh! that remains with destiny. But, as the Italians say, '*Chi ama, teme.*' Love is always burdened with fears!"

Adela seemed certainly much more willing to endure Don Alonzo's companionship the last day or two of his stay in the island than she had ever been before, and Colonel Mentilla and Linda took advantage of this unexpected courtesy on Adela's part towards her admirer to snatch a few private interviews—interviews of strangely mingled happiness and grief. Linda might have exclaimed with the clever, accomplished, and pleasing French countess, Madame d'Houdetot, when her lover—or rather the lover she preferred, for the celebrated Rousseau was also a lover of hers—St. Lambert, was leaving her to join the army,

"L'amant, que j'adore,
Prêt à me quitter,
D'un instant encore
Voudrait profiter!
Félicité vaine!
Qu'on ne peut saisir,
Trop près de la peine
Pour être un plaisir!"

Mr. St. Clair, luckily or unluckily as it might have been considered, had been attacked by fever the last two or three days that the patriot officers were to be in the island. His illness, however, was only what is called "the fever of the country," which, though very severe while it lasts, is not generally dangerous in itself, as the deadly yellow fever is, but may become so if it remains hanging over the sufferer for a long time, or returning frequently. In these cases it weakens the system, destroys the constitution, and brings on other complaints, but a change of climate for a short period almost always removes it. Mr. St. Clair, though much better the day his guests were to take their final leave, was yet not well enough to accompany them on board, but he gave his daughters permission to go to their aunt's that day, to bid a last farewell to their friends before they embarked.

"Do you think that we ought to quit papa?" said Linda to Adela, "or take leave of—of"—Linda gulped down a sob—"take a last leave of *them* here?"

"I do not see why we should not go," replied Adela. "Dear papa is much better this morning; he is in no danger whatsoever, and I think we can very well leave him to the care of Aunt Grace, who is such a capital sick-nurse. Minna has promised to stay with him, and, if he is quite free of headache, by-and-by she can read to him, or take her work into his room and keep him company. I think our South American friends would be dreadfully disappointed if we were to refuse going to Aunt Dora's this afternoon. She said she would have dinner a little earlier than usual on their account."

"But they won't need to go on board *very* early, will they?"

"Oh no; Alvaez said they would not go on board until nearly ten o'clock, perhaps. They won't be in any hurry to go, depend on it."

Adela looked that morning even paler than usual, and Linda's slight rosebud tint had disappeared from her cheeks. Both the girls seemed restless and unhappy. Minna thanked Heaven in her own mind that her Hector was not going away, but that his and her native island was also his home.

"I wonder, however," she said to herself, "when his uncle intends to begin repairing Hector's house or building a new one, as he sometimes speaks of doing. If I were Hector, I would not put up so patiently with his indolence and never-ending delays. Hector is too good natured, and lets that Mr. Craft take his own time and his own way in everything. What can be the matter with Adela this morning?" asked Minna of Linda, when she caught her alone for a few minutes. "She is wandering through the house as if she were a troubled ghost, or a thief looking out for something to carry off. I absolutely saw her catch up and put into her pocket papa's favourite little paper-cutter, the one with the mother-of-pearl handle. I can only suppose she took it in a fit of absence. I hope," added Minna, laughing, "that her penchant for one or other of those Spanish cavaliers has not turned her brain."

"For shame, Minna!" cried Linda. "How can you speak in this manner of poor Adela? Because you have no feeling yourself, are other people to have none?"

"Humph! Is there nobody on earth worth caring for but Spanish patriots?" asked Miss Minna, rather saucily.

"Well, don't let us stand bandying words here," said Linda. "Remember, papa is left to your care to-day; see that he gets everything he can wish for."

But Linda put much more faith in the attention of the housekeeper, Grace, to her father, than Minna's.

The carriage was at the door. The young ladies and their father's guests were going to Mrs. Rivers's to spend the remainder of the day—"the last day," as Linda called it. The girls went into their father's room to bid him good-bye, and the old gentleman, who, equipped in a dressing-gown, was reclining on a sofa, was astonished at the agitation displayed by his usually so calm and collected daughter, Adela. Her emotion quickly communicated itself to Linda, and both the girls stood by his sofa crying, as if their hearts were breaking.

"What is all this for?" asked the good man, in great dismay.

"Dearest papa, you are better, are you not?" sobbed Adela.

"We shall find you better when we come home to-morrow morning, I hope," half sobbed Linda.

"My dear girls, one would think you were taking an eternal farewell of me," said Mr. St. Clair, trying to smile. "I am not quite at death's door yet."

"Oh no, no, papa!" exclaimed Adela, vehemently, "or nothing on earth would induce me to leave you for an hour."

"Thank you, my dear child; I have full confidence in your affection."

Adela turned away, almost convulsed with grief.

"What is the matter with her?" asked Mr. St. Clair, in a low voice, of Linda.

"Dear papa, excuse her," answered Linda, vainly endeavouring to restrain her own tears. "She is very much grieved at parting with our guests. Oh, papa! we *all* feel this a sad trial."

"I am very sorry too, my darling," answered her father, "but you know chance brought them here, and we could not expect them to stay with us always. Remember what they have at stake in their own country."

Colonel Mentilla and Don Alonzo were then introduced to take farewell of their kind host, and assurances of cordial friendship were given on both sides, while grateful thanks were poured out by those who had been so hospitably received at Clair Hall.

"You will write to us, will you not?" said Mr. St. Clair.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," replied both the gentlemen, "if you will allow us to do so." And with kindest wishes, and every expression of good feeling, the old gentleman and his guests bade each other farewell.

IV.

GONE! IT MAY BE FOR EVER!

"WILL you come on board and see our little cabin?" asked Don Alonzo Alvaez of Adela, a little time after they had reached Mrs. Rivers's house.

Adela was willing to go, but Linda did not feel inclined to accept the invitation without consulting Colonel Mentilla, who was not in the room at that moment.

"I don't know," she said, "whether it would be exactly according to *les bienséances* to visit your vessel."

"Mrs. Rivers will kindly accompany you, I am quite sure," persisted Don Alonzo. "There can be nothing to offend *les bienséances* if she is with you."

"Order your phaeton, aunt," said Adela, addressing Mrs. Rivers; "though the distance is so short to the harbour, we can't well walk in this burning sun."

"The phaeton, my dear! why, it won't hold five people!" exclaimed the surprised Mrs. Rivers.

"No, certainly not, *señora*, but it will hold you three ladies, and Mentilla and I will walk."

"Colonel Mentilla may not follow up your invitation, Don Alonzo, and what then?" asked Linda.

"We will see about that, *señorita*," said Alvaez, as he left the ladies, and proceeded to the room which had been assigned to the gentlemen for their use that day.

Colonel Mentilla was, at first, rather averse to the proposal, but Don Alonzo urged it on him, reminding him that their little cabin would seem sanctified after having been graced, or rather hallowed, by the presence of the two charming sisters. So the party went on board, much to the surprise of the loungers in the street close to the quay, and the pale clerks in the stores facing the harbour, who, having very little to do, were standing at the doors of these establishments, crowded with multifarious articles, chatting with every coloured female who happened to pass.

"And this is your cabin!" cried Mrs. Rivers. "I see you have two berths in it. There is not much room in it, but it is very clean and airy. You could not take many passengers, however."

"But you have not seen all our accommodation," replied Don Alonzo. "We have two more little cabins: this one holds our glasses, crockery-ware, &c. &c.; and in this other is a spare bed, in case any one should, by chance, join us. The mate, or rather I should call him by his present title, the captain, has a hole for himself just close to the companion-way; of course the rest of the crew sleep forward."

Linda left some flowers she had brought with her, which Colonel Mentilla carefully placed in a glass of water, and Mrs. Rivers bestowed some money upon the sailors, and as there was nothing more to be seen, and nothing to be done on board *La Estrella*, the ladies and their escorts returned to dry land.

Adela seemed in better spirits after her visit to the sloop that was to convey the patriot officers to their homes; while Linda seemed more depressed than she had even been before. Hector Graham joined the little party at dinner, and had promised to see their South American friends off in the evening.

It was a very silent and sad repast, that last dinner, although poor Mrs. Rivers exerted herself to talk, and Hector endeavoured to keep up some conversation. The soup and the fish had hardly been removed, when Adela rose suddenly and begging her aunt and her aunt's guests to excuse her, as she had such a bad headache that she could not possibly sit up longer, but must go to lie down for a time, she left the table. Before quitting the room, however, she went to Linda, and stooping over her, while she took her hand and pressed it affectionately, she whispered:

"Dearest Linda, do not be uneasy about me, and don't let them disturb me."

"I will send you some guinea-bird, my dear, or golden plover, as you have had no dinner," said Mrs. Rivers.

"No, thank you, dear aunt, I could not touch either."

"Then some guava tart by-and-by, and cocoa-nut cream?"

"No, no!" replied Adela; "I will get Mariana to bring me a cup of coffee in a little while."

And, to the great dismay of Don Alonzo, she retired to her own room.

When Mariana, the confidential old servant, went to Adela's chamber with the coffee, she found her reclining on the bed in her dressing-gown, her eyes swollen from weeping, and altogether in a state of great mental distress.

"My dear Miss Adela, dis won't do," said the woman; "you will work yourself into a feba. I berry sorry for you. It is hard dat you sweet-heart mus go 'brought you, and leabe you behind, so long—long here. But, dear Miss Adela, you mus not gib way so, you mus be as brabe as Miss Linda. See how she keep up! You tink she no feel? Ah, pore ting, pore ting, she sorry too much; but she bear up for all dat!"

"Oh, Mariana!" cried the weeping girl, "you do not know, you cannot conceive, what I feel."

"My pore Miss Adela! I know you is in great trouble. God help you! But you mus only put you trust in *Him*, dat, as Mass' Parson says,

'orderet eberyting in dis world, and temper de wind to de shorn lamb.' And der may be a good time coming. De Lard is berry merciful to us sinners."

"Yes—oh yes, Mariana, and I will put my trust in the Lord, and in His protection! Go now, please; I shall try to take a little rest. The coffee is very refreshing, and I shall want nothing more. Don't let Aunt Dora or Linda come to disturb me. Even when the gentlemen are going, my good Mariana, don't let me be called. I am not able to bear a parting scene."

"Better not, dear Miss Adela. Go to sleep, den you won't tink ob noting. Sleep is de best ting for you, my pore child."

The kind-hearted Mariana darkened the room by partially closing the jalousies, though she left them sufficiently open to admit of the air, which was becoming cooler as the evening advanced.

Mrs. Rivers felt rather ashamed that Adela should allow her feelings to get so much the better of her, for she naturally thought her niece was grieving at the approaching parting with Colonel Mentilla, and she was excessively uneasy lest Adela, when the moment of the final adieu came, should forget herself, and show too plainly her attachment to the colonel, who, Mrs. Rivers well knew, had no love to bestow on her in return. Suffering under this fear, she became quite silent and unhappy, and heartily did she wish that the evening were over, and the gentlemen gone, without any unpleasant exposé.

When the ladies left the table, Hector, as master of the ceremonies, tried to push round the bottles; but the South Americans, always extremely temperate, would hardly drink anything, but they remained a little while out of civility to Hector, and the conversation was entirely on the affairs of the Spanish Main, and the patriots' hopes of success.

In the mean time, Mrs. Rivers said to Linda, "I cannot but think, my dear Linda, that it was wrong to conceal from Adela your private marriage, or, at any rate, she ought to have been told of Mentilla's preference for you, and that you were engaged to him. Adela would, doubtless, have been much hurt and disappointed, but her pride would have prevented her from showing her feelings openly, as she is doing now, and she would have got over this mad fancy in time. It is very unfortunate that you and she should have taken a fancy to the same man. I have read of this in novels, and I have been told that it occurs in real life sometimes; but I never heard of any case of the kind myself, except of one in Trinidad, where two young ladies—sisters—fell in love with the same young officer, who paid great attention to them both. But I don't believe he cared for either of them, for he used to laugh and sing,

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away.

From the 'Beggar's Opera,' you know, my dear; and he went away without marrying either of them. Let us now go and see how Adela is."

Before reaching Adela's room, however, they were stopped by Mariana, who begged them not to go in to awake her, as she had gone to sleep, and did not wish to be disturbed.

They turned back, therefore, and Mrs. Rivers betook herself to the chamber of her invalid and half-witted daughter, where she remained a

long time playing, with the untiring patience which only a mother's devoted affection could have inspired, push-pin and cat's-cradle with the afflicted Julia, whose mind was as childish, or more so, than that of infancy.

Linda had gone to the drawing-room, and, being its sole occupant, she ventured to give way to the feelings against which she had been contending for so many hours. Resting her elbows on the table, she buried her face in her hands, and did not attempt to check the tears that came rolling in large drops down her smooth, soft cheeks, and finding their way through her slender fingers. The door leading into the drawing-room was half open, and some one entered the room so quietly that Linda did not hear any approaching footstep. Suddenly she felt her hands taken from before her tearful eyes, and perceived Colonel Mentilla leaning over her.

"My darling Linda!" was all that he could say at first, and the trembling tone of his voice showed how much he too felt; but by degrees he mastered his own emotion, and tried to comfort her. It was a vain effort, for Linda could not be brought to look forward with anything like hope.

"Ah! fear casts its dark shadow around me," she exclaimed. "I can see no ray of hope to dispel the gloom."

"Oh! But there *are* rays of hope, my Linda, and bright rays, too. When these troublesome times are over, when we drive our oppressors from our country, and it is blessed with freedom and peace, think what a happy future lies before us!"

"But that future may never, never arrive. You—oh, my God!—*you* may fall in battle, and—and——"

Linda could say no more; her voice was choked by her sobs.

"This will not do, my dearest one! Remember, you are the wife of a patriot leader; you must not unnerve me, and make me unfit for the arduous duties that I have vowed not to neglect. If Alvaez returns alone, and I remain here with you, my name will be disgraced, branded with infamy as a cowardly recreant, who sought personal safety when every arm was wanted for the defence of his country. Could you bear that such a stigma should be cast on me?"

"Not for worlds, my beloved Mentilla. Go! and may Heaven protect you in the hour of danger!"

"I shall have your prayers, my Linda; and the prayers of an angel on earth will surely be heard up yonder!"

He pointed to the skies, so serenely blue, amidst which the stars of evening had just begun to sparkle.

"Let us go," he continued, "to the Bell-apple arbour; we shall be less liable to interruption there than here."

They went, and spent the greater part of the evening together in that quiet retreat.

In the mean time, Don Alonzo and Hector sat smoking cigars in the gallery, Don Alonzo starting every now and then, as he fancied he heard a step approaching, and thought that Adela might be coming to join them. But no Adela came.

At length the hour for their departure was close at hand, and still she did not make her appearance. Don Alonzo was in despair, and could not

refrain from begging Hector to go and see if she were with her aunt. Hector soon returned with the information that she was not with Mrs. Rivers, who had not seen her since she had left the dinner-table. He added, that Mariana had told him Miss Adela had locked her door not to be disturbed, and that she had no doubt cried herself to sleep.

"It would be a pity to wake her, merely to say those unpleasant words, 'Good-bye,'" remarked Hector.

It was some balm to the heart of Don Alonzo Alvaez to hear that the young lady had been crying so much. For whom were her tears? For himself, of course, he thought, and for the fourth or fifth time he inwardly vowed to return and marry her, if he survived the war.

They were gone—the strangers who had been so hospitably received at Clair Hall, and had made such havoc in the hearts of two of the young mistresses of that pleasant abode. Adela did not come to say farewell, and Don Alonzo wrote a hurried and passionately worded billet to her, which he charged Hector to deliver to her. Hector accompanied the voyagers to the little town, and took leave of them at the wharf. It was getting late, and as the sloop was to sail almost immediately after they got on board, he did not think it necessary to go off with them.

He drove back to Mrs. Rivers's house, and remained a little time with her, but did not see either Adela or Linda. The latter had gone to a room at the top of the house, from which an extensive view of the sea could be obtained, to watch the departing vessel, and follow with her aching eyes to the last the bark that was carrying from her one so inexpressibly dear; while Adela's room door remained locked, and no one liked to knock loudly at it, or disturb the poor girl in any way.

"There will be a long dreary morrow for her, poor girl," said her compassionate aunt; "leave her to forget her sorrow in sleep, if she can."

"Ah!" she thought to herself, but she did not express *these* thoughts to Mariana, to whom she had been speaking, "Linda is better off than Adela, for *she* knows that nothing but death can separate her from the man she loves, and she knows that, as his wife, she has a legitimate right to love him. This must be a comfort to her amidst all her sadness and all the uncertainty of the future; while Adela has only dreams to go on, she only fancies that Colonel Mentilla is attached to her, and she *has* given away her heart to one who can never be what she thinks to her. It will be a terrible blow to her when she hears that he is the husband of her sister! I pity her most sincerely, and blame myself very much for not having given her a hint of it, at any rate. But then, how could I do so, when I had given my sacred word to keep silence, and never to betray by word or deed their private marriage? I have tried over and over to convey to Adela an idea of the truth, that Colonel Mentilla cared for Linda, not for her, but she would not believe it, and blindly went on fancying herself his favourite. Well, it is all very sad; but Heaven knows I have acted for the best, and, if I have done wrong, I am very sorry."

V.

MORE THAN ONE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

THE next morning the ladies were rather late of making their appearance. Mrs. Rivers had passed a sleepless night, not in grieving over the departure of the South Americans, but in thinking what her brother would say if he knew all that had been going on without his knowledge or acquiescence. Though much attached to Mr. St. Clair, she stood greatly in awe of him; and now that the whirl of excitement in which she had been kept was over, the idea of what would be his displeasure, if he found out that she had countenanced a private marriage between Linda and Colonel Mentilla, stood forcibly before her, and filled her with alarm and dismay. She blamed herself, she blamed Mentilla, but not Linda, for whom she was so kind hearted as to make much excuse. She remembered that, after all, Linda had at first refused to marry the colonel clandestinely, and had only been prevailed on to agree to do so if her aunt did not think it very wrong. She felt, therefore, that the fault lay mostly at her door, and she groaned in spirit at the thought of what her brother would say, and how she could exonerate herself in his eyes. Self-reproach was of no use. What was done could not be undone; but the poor woman passed a night of great misery.

Linda had been almost as wakeful as her aunt, for, whenever her wearied eyes had closed in sleep, she started up in dreams that frightened her, and awoke her from their very wretchedness. First she saw the ship, which she had watched till it had faded from her sight, like a speck on the ocean, suddenly reappear in its full size—but she saw it as suddenly go down headforemost, and beheld Colonel Mentilla on the sinking vessel waving his handkerchief to her, until the waves had swallowed him up. From this frightful dream she awoke in a shivering-fit. Later during the night she slept again, and this time the dream-world showed her a battle-field: she heard the booming of the cannon, she saw the opposing squadrons advancing to close combat, and, as she gazed on the daring leader on one side, she saw him fall, and at the same moment recognised the features of her beloved Mentilla, as his eyes were closing in death! This time she awoke with a smothered shriek; and sleep, more cruel even than reality, fled, to return no more the livelong night.

Mrs. Rivers ordered breakfast as soon as Linda came down, supposing that Adela would soon join them; at her house, as at home, the girls occupied separate bed-chambers, therefore Linda did not know if her sister were up or not. It was agreed to wait for her a little while. But when half-past nine o'clock came, and Adela remained still up-stairs, Mrs. Rivers sent Linda to ask her maid if Miss Adela had called her. The girl said she had not; and Mariana mentioned that she had been twice to Miss Adela's door, which was still fastened, and had knocked, but received no answer.

"She cannot be sleeping all this time," said Mrs. Rivers, "unless, indeed, she has taken laudanum."

"Taken laudanum!" echoed Linda; "what could put that into your head, Aunt Dora?"

"Only, my dear, if she awoke early in the night, and could not sleep again, she might have taken a few drops of laudanum to put her to sleep."

"But in the dark!" cried Linda. "Good Heavens! she may have taken an overdose, and now—now——" Linda, whose nerves were quite unstrung, burst into tears.

Mariana asserted that there was no laudanum in her room; but Mrs. Rivers persisted that she might have taken it for all that, as she knew that there was laudanum in the medicine-chest, and that she also knew was kept in a closet just outside of the door of Mrs. Rivers's own room, and it was often left unlocked. The medicine-chest was immediately brought forth, but the laudanum-bottle was quite full—not a drop had been taken out of it.

"Thank Heaven! she has not poisoned herself, then, by mistake!" exclaimed Linda.

The two ladies and Mariana went to Adela's door; they knocked, at first very gently, then more loudly, and listened for any sound inside the room. But all was still. There was not the slightest rustling sound—not the faintest breathing could be heard by the anxious listeners. Mrs. Rivers looked at her watch—it was ten o'clock; she then sent Mariana for one of the men-servants to force the door open, and Jacob, who was a bit of a locksmith, forthwith came up. He brought up some iron instrument with him, and forced the lock with it, telling his mistress, at the same time, that the door had been locked on the outside, not bolted in the inside. The door was thrown open, and Mrs. Rivers and Mariana entered the room hurriedly, but Linda hung back, and Jacob, of course, did not go in.

Presently Mrs. Rivers uttered a wild shriek, and Mariana groaned, "Gar Almighty! Gar Almighty!"

"What is it?" cried Linda, rushing in, followed by the black man, Jacob.

The bed was empty—the room was empty! No Adela was there!

They searched the whole room, Mariana even looking under the bed, for in her agitation she forgot that the person missing was a white young lady, not a black girl, who would most probably have preferred sleeping *under* a bed to sleeping *on* one. Mrs. Rivers looked narrowly about, to see if she could find any note from Adela, but there was not a vestige of one. The dress that she had worn the day before was thrown on the sofa over her lace shawl, and her bonnet was placed in the nicely lined bonnet-box that was kept in the room for her use when she visited Mrs. Rivers.

"Where can she have gone, Linda?" asked Mrs. Rivers, in consternation.

Linda shook her head in mute despair.

Mariana signed to Jacob to leave the room, which he immediately did; then she told Mrs. Rivers and Linda that she thought it very likely that, when Miss Adela awoke the evening before, and found the gentlemen were gone, she had walked to the town to bid them good-bye at the wharf.

"But she would not go without her bonnet?" said Linda.

"She would not mind dat," replied Mariana. "She might tie a henkechie over her head."

"But she could not go without some dress on," observed Mrs. Rivers.

They opened her drawers and her dressing-case. Everything was right in her dressing-case except her comb, hair-brush, and tooth-brush, which were gone; her dressing-gown and a dark-blue Canton crape shawl were also missing.

Mariana exclaimed triumphantly that Miss Adela must have gone in her dressing-gown, which was as nice almost as a dress, and her large blue shawl.

"But she would have come back, surely," said Linda. "She could not have stayed on the wharf all night, and Hector certainly did not see her there."

Mariana suggested that, finding it late, she might have gone to Mrs. Sutherland's, whose house was near the bay.

Mrs. Sutherland was an old lady, an intimate friend of the family, and Adela's godmother.

Linda and her aunt seized on the idea, and ordered the phaeton to take them and Mariana to town. Neither of them could touch a morsel of breakfast; they only swallowed each a cup of tea, and, as soon as the carriage was ready, they hurried off to town.

But dire disappointment awaited them there. Mrs. Sutherland had neither seen nor heard anything of Adela, and was shocked to hear of her disappearance.

"She must have strolled down to the bay, thinking to meet Hector Graham," she said, "and, as it grows dark so soon, she must have missed her footing, and fallen over that unprotected wharf. Poor child!—poor dear child!"

This was a most painful idea; nevertheless, the suggestion was possible, and Mrs. Rivers and old Mrs. Sutherland were discussing it, when Mariana entered the parlour in a great flutter, with the intelligence that Harry St. Clair was also missing. Mrs. Sutherland sent instantly to the store at which he was employed to inquire if the report were true, and the head clerk came to tell her that it really was the case. Harry had not come, as usual, to the store that morning, and Mr. Brown, the store-keeper, thinking the lad might be ill, had sent to his grandmother's to inquire about him. Old Calista, the grandmother, was in great distress, for "de buoy" had not come home all night. He had gone out about sunset with a parcel under his arm, but had returned for tea, and had eaten some turtle's eggs with it, which had been sent as a present to the old woman by a fisherman in the town. After tea he had gone out again, and had never returned. Old Calista said that the watchman at Caledonia estate had seen Harry and Buckra Jem together shortly after sunset that evening, and had overheard them talking about Buckra Jem's boat being ready to take Harry *somewhere*, but he did not hear where.

"Harry's disappearance is very extraordinary," said Mrs. Rivers, "but it can have nothing to do with Adela's."

Mrs. Sutherland was not so sure of that; but Mrs. Rivers and Linda were afraid of asking what she thought, lest she should speak of Adela's penchant for Colonel Mentilla, which she had taken so little pains to con-

ceal. It was determined to send off for Hector Graham, whom the ladies knew they could trust, and a boy was despatched to Mr. Craft's house, with orders to scamper as fast as his mule would go, and to deliver a sealed note to Mass' Hector.

Hector came as speedily as possible, and set about making inquiries in the town; he found out all about the clothes and other things which Adela had ordered to be sent on board the Spanish sloop for Harry St. Clair, and that she had paid for everything; this proved that there must have been some understanding between Adela and the coloured youth, but no further elucidation of the matter could be obtained, and it afforded no explanation of her mysterious disappearance.

Mrs. Rivers and her niece were preparing to go home, when Mariana, who that day appeared destined to be the messenger of evil, a second time rushed into the sitting-room, with the intelligence that Buckra Jem's boat had been found cast ashore, keel upwards, at the other end of the bay!

Here was a new panic—Buckra Jem's boat upset, and drifted ashore! Then whoever was in *it* must have been drowned!

"Adela could not have been in that poor creature's boat," said Hector. "I will go down to the wharf, and hear what they are saying there."

After half an hour of agonising martyrdom to Linda and her aunt, and much anxiety to Mrs. Sutherland, he returned with the news which he had gathered.

A sailor belonging to one of the ships in the harbour said that soon after dark he had been leaning over the side of the vessel looking about him, when he perceived a boat passing near. As it approached his ship, he distinctly saw Buckra Jem, whom he knew very well by sight, steering the boat; his body was swaying about, he did not seem to know what he was doing—in fact, he had all the appearance of being quite drunk; there was one other person certainly in the boat; there might have been two, but he only observed one, a lad who was attempting to row the boat, but he was not handling the oars properly, and did not seem to have the least idea of rowing. As they scudded past his ship he sung out to them to take care, for if they went on as they were doing they would upset the boat, and soon be down among the sharks. He watched them a little way; they were going in the direction of the Spanish sloop, but he was called off for some duty on board, and when he returned to look out for the boat it was gone. He saw nothing more of it, and had heard nothing more of it until that morning, when he was told, on coming ashore, that Buckra Jem's boat had drifted to land on the other side of the bay, keel upwards.

Hector volunteered to go to poor Buckra Jem's hut to see if he really were absent, for, as he said, "people do tell such stories."

But he came back with a rueful countenance. The unfortunate man was not there; but he had evidently been drinking, probably to excess, the evening before; a bottle of brandy, opened, but only a little taken out of it, was lying in one corner of the hut, while a bottle which had held rum was empty, and a small quantity of strong rum-and-water was in a calabash on one of the wooden benches, as if the wretched owner of the hut had been interrupted while drinking it.

The whole town was agog by this time, and the keeper of the grog-

shop, where Harry had bought the spirits for Buckra Jem, sent to tell Hector Graham of the purchase Harry had made, and that he had said he was going to bestow a bottle of rum on poor Buckra Jem.

Linda did not know what to do, her aunt was in such a dreadful state of mind that she did not like to leave her; and yet she felt that it was her duty to return to her poor father, who would too soon hear rumours of the terrible occurrence, or rather occurrences. She determined on leaving Mrs. Rivers, who positively refused to go with her to Clair Hall, to Mariana's care, and, accompanied by her kind friend Hector, she returned to her own desolate home.

The news they had to impart was a fearful shock to poor Mr. St. Clair. Grief, anger, and mortification all struggled together in his mind, and Linda was sadly afraid that they would have brought on a paralytic fit. But he calmed down by degrees, and at last came to the conclusion that Don Alonzo Alvaez had carried off Adela, either with or without her consent. Neither Linda, Minna, nor Hector believed anything of the sort; but they thought it was better to let Mr. St. Clair encourage this idea than to let him fancy his daughter was drowned in a wild attempt to see Colonel Mentilla once more.

Such, clearly, was their own idea, and the sisters grieved most bitterly at their bereavement.

There was quite a hue and cry throughout the island; the name of St. Clair was in every mouth, and all manner of reports were circulated among high and low.

Poor Mr. St. Clair, formerly so cheerful and conversible in his own family, became silent and moody; he seemed always buried in reflection except when compelled to occupy himself in necessary business. At length, one day, he said to his elder daughter:

"Linda, I feel that I have been very wrong. I neglected the warning sent to me—the spirit's warning. It bade me beware of strangers; it told me evil was hanging over us; but in my folly I thought not of those solemn words, and see now how truly is fulfilled the Spirit's Prophecy."

EGYPT: AND A JOURNEY TO PALESTINE, VIA MOUNT SINAI
AND PETRA.*

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL R. H. MILES.

IX.

It is quite time—judging by the impatience of some of my readers, who have not scrupled to make known to me their anxious wishes to hear all about the forty days' journeying in the "Wilderness," as well as to read my personal description, in print, of my visit to Mount Sinai and Petra, and all about Ezion-geber, where we learn from the Holy Scriptures King Solomon, in his day, constructed "a navy of ships" (1 Kings ix. 26)—it is quite time, I repeat, I should say farewell to Cairo, and commence my long, tedious, as well as most fatiguing journey to Jerusalem.

This I find to be no such easy task, for, after having resided from November until the latter end of February in the Egyptian capital, with the exception of the seventeen or eighteen days which were so very agreeably spent in the Isthmus of Suez, I feel somewhat loth to quit the neighbourhood of the Esbékíéh, upon which my windows have looked so long, and especially when one last word more will be sure to make itself heard, through these "world-circulated" pages, of some further description of "men and things" at Cairo, which have been hitherto, in the *embarras de richesses* of other, perhaps more interesting, subjects, temporarily "shelved."

One of the most curious sights to be witnessed at Cairo is the departure of a "caravan," as it is generally called, for Palestine, by either the short desert route, or by that of the long desert one; but especially the latter, for it is much larger, and forms a far more attractive object to the stranger fresh from Europe to behold than the former one does. There is an open space in front of both of the two large and most frequented hotels at Cairo, and as soon as the party is made up, and the dragoman engaged, and the necessary "kit" got together, the whole of the camels, which had been previously secured by the dragoman, are brought to this spot, where they bivouac until the hour for the departure of the caravan. The tents having been pitched and duly inspected by each member of the party who is to occupy them, as well as the small, low, and narrow camp iron bedsteads, and the articles of bedding thereon, together with the "stores" and casks of Nile water for drinking and culinary purposes, and, lastly, the arrangement for the kitchen having been looked to, each traveller generally mounts the dromedary, which the dragoman selects for him, and tries its paces on the light sandy ground of the Esbékíéh. This last proceeding affords great fun and merriment to the European visitors who are residing at these hotels, and to whom it forms an era in their Egyptian life, the recollection of which sight will long remain fresh and vivid in their minds after their return to their own country.

These animals have not all the same equally easy and gentle pace;

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several of them, especially in the present day, are extremely rough, and most uncomfortable in their paces. The race or breed of riding camels, commonly called dromedaries, would seem to have become either extinct, or, at all events, to have greatly deteriorated; for I have a vivid recollection of a very different and far superior class of riding camels, on which I rode all the way from Cairo to Ramléh (the ancient *Arimathea* of Scripture) in April, 1845.

The stranger in the land who mounts a dromedary for the first time in his life, unprovided with a pair of stirrup-irons and leathers, and finding he has only a slight cord wherewith to hold or to guide his animal, certainly cuts a strange figure, and his appearance in such a novel character is enough to make the lookers-on die with laughter.

This first general assembling of the "caravan" must be witnessed to be thoroughly realised. So strong are first impressions with some persons, that I recal to mind the instance of a German baron who had just returned on board of the passenger steamer from a visit to Upper Egypt, and who was staying at Shepherd's Hotel, on witnessing from his bedroom window the assembling of a "caravan" on the eve of starting for Palestine, *viâ* Mount Sinai, leaving his room, to which he had been for some days confined by an attack of diarrhœa, contracted on board of the steamer, as he informed me, and, actuated by the first impressions on his optic nerves, hastening to mount one of the dromedaries, in order to ascertain whether he could endure the fatigue of such a conveyance throughout the whole of the journey which he contemplated making, *viâ* Mount Sinai and Petra, to Jerusalem. On descending from off the camel's back on to *terra firma*, the baron confessed to me it was rough riding!

The first great difficulty, previous to starting from Cairo, is to make up a party who will all agree to go the same route you yourself have made up your mind to travel by; for, although more than half of the European visitors who have proceeded to Upper Egypt go on to Palestine and to Syria, in order to complete their tour, yet, as no less than four different routes are available by which Jerusalem can be reached, it is no easy matter to find fellow-travellers with the same views as your own.

Many persons prefer the sea route from Alexandria to Jaffa, as being not only very much shorter in regard to the time occupied on the journey, but likewise as being much cheaper, and performed with considerably less bodily fatigue.

In my own case, I found several travellers who were bound to Jerusalem, some of whom had made up their minds to proceed by the sea route, whilst others had determined to travel by the way of the short desert; one or two Englishmen had no objection to forming a party to proceed as far as Mount Sinai and back to Cairo; whilst others, again, wished to visit the shores of the Red Sea, ascend Mount Sinai, and thence make for Jerusalem, *viâ* Nakl, Beersheba, and Hebron, thereby foregoing Ezion-geber and Mount Seir; the fourth route was *viâ* Akaba and Wady Mōōsa.* Having at length found a party of three other travellers, who had but just arrived from England, both willing and ready to join me in visiting Mount Sinai and Petra, on the

* The modern names of Ezion-geber and Mount Seir.

journey to Jerusalem, immediate arrangements were made for our early departure; but, before these were accomplished, the steamer returned from Upper Egypt, and no less than four of her passengers—two of whom were English and the remainder Americans—on hearing of the party already made up to “do” Mount Sinai and Petra, on their way to Jerusalem, were most anxious to join it, and, as our “quartette” was agreeable to the same, the party now consisted of eight persons.

In proceeding by either the long or the short desert route, it is not only preferable, but advisable, to travel in company; for it is too monotonous work to travel over such a dreary extent of country for so many days, all alone, without the chance of seeing or meeting with a white face until you reach your journey’s end; while, again, it is extremely expensive for one person to have to defray the whole costs of this journey, to say nothing of its offering a very great temptation to one’s being attacked and plundered by some of the wandering Bedouin tribes, when they perceive you are the only European in the caravan. In case of sickness or sudden illness, the case would be deplorable indeed.

Sometimes two caravans, consisting of ladies as well as gentlemen tourists, agree to travel, for company’s sake, together; but each distinct and separate from the other—each having its own dragoman and establishment, and, in this respect, perfectly independent the one of the other. For the sake of society, and in the hour of sickness, this plan has its advantages.

The month of January is far too early to proceed to Palestine, inasmuch as if the traveller should proceed *viâ* Mount Sinai, he will be unable to ascend that mountain from the depth of snow on its summit, and which extends even for some distance down its sides; and should he proceed *viâ* the short desert route, he will arrive at Jerusalem in the winter season, when the weather is very cold, and the air chilly, and damp, and raw, from the frequent heavy rain which falls.

On my return to Cairo, after the *Dahabiéh* voyage to Upper Egypt, the latter end of March, 1845, I had intended to have proceeded to visit Mount Sinai, but the hot season had already set in, and the weather had become too sultry and too oppressive to do so with any comfort. I may here observe that at Philæ, above the first cataracts of the Nile, and as far down that river as Osiôôt, on my return trip, the thermometer in the shady side of the main cabin, or sitting-room, registered between the hours of two and four P.M. from 90 deg. to 94 deg. Fahrenheit.

On the journey to Mount Sinai through the “wilderness” in which it still stands, as of old (Exodus xix. 1, 2), I was informed at Cairo I should find the heat unbearable in a tent, and I was strongly recommended to forego a visit to it at such an advanced period of the season, which, as the advice proceeded from old residents in that city, I considered it only prudent to follow.

We (for there were two of us) therefore proceeded to Jerusalem, *viâ* “El Arish,” or by the short desert route, where we arrived in time to accompany the pilgrims of the Greek Church down to the river Jordan.

The French have a saying that, “*tout arrive à bon tems à celui qui*

sait attendre," and I most certainly had a long time to await my *bon tems'* arrival; for it was only after the expiration of one-and-twenty years that I had an opportunity of carrying out my long and anxiously wished-for desires!

The second great difficulty, for those who intended to proceed by way of either "desert" route to Palestine, was the choice of a thoroughly efficient, safe, as well as honest dragoman, whose services are indispensable on the journey. Now, there are four different races of dragomen to choose from—Arabs, Maltese, Syrians, and Greeks, and a few very excellent dragomen are to be found among the three first-named of these classes. The Greek, however, I would avoid engaging, if it is intended to proceed by the long desert route, in case of any misunderstanding arising between the dragoman and the different Bedouin tribes, which might jeopardise the lives and property of all the caravan. But early application is necessary to secure their services, as the best of these men are almost always bespoke by parties, by letter, as early as the end of September, and by the end of October the few really good men have been already engaged.*

Great and frequent have been the complaints on the part of several European travellers against the conduct of the different dragomen they have had the misfortune to engage, shortly after their arrival in Egypt, without having taken sufficient precautions, and made particular inquiries from several distinct sources into the characters of the men they were about to engage for a period of several weeks' duration, on such high terms, too, as had been ruling during the last four or five winters in Egypt. So many parties having been wronged, ill fed, ill served, and even flagrantly cheated and "fleeced" by the dragomen whom they had hired, I have thought it necessary to bring this very important subject into prominent notice, whilst I am alluding to dragomen.

Our party of eight was finally increased to nine gentlemen, in all; for, at the eleventh hour, a young English clergyman, who had a few days previously expressed his anxious wish to be allowed to join our already large party, put in a "personal appearance" (as the lawyers say) at the chancellerie of the British consulate, just as we were all assembled to ratify—as is customary at each of the different European consulates at Cairo—mutual "agreements," to be held binding on both parties thereto—viz. the travellers on one part, and the dragoman on the other—for the period therein named.

Since the month of December previous I had had in view a good and

* I had hoped shortly after my arrival in Egypt to have obtained the services of a most excellent dragoman, an Egyptian named Ali, who, whilst we were all proceeding down to the Jordan (in April, 1845), placed his own life in the greatest jeopardy to save that of one of the three American gentlemen (the same party who had renounced visiting Mount Sinai) who had been pulled from off his horse, between Jerusalem and Bethany, by some Mahomedan fanatics, with green flags in their hands. The dragoman, on this occasion, was not only severely handled, but was badly wounded, and had to be conveyed back, on a litter, to Jerusalem, where his wounds were attended to, one of the three American gentlemen accompanying him. Should either Mr. Maxwell (of Kentucky) or Mr. Thompson see this article, they will at once recognise the valuable services their dragoman rendered them on this occasion. But I learnt, to my great regret, poor Ali had become too infirm to travel any more as a dragoman, and had accepted a quiet post in the household of the Italian consul at Alexandria.

trustworthy dragoman of the name of Hussānēēn Bedawee, whom I recollected during my last previous visit to Cairo, and who had a book full of very excellent certificates given to him by the different parties whom he had accompanied to Upper Egypt, and likewise to Palestine and to Syria. This man had had, also, the advantage of having travelled several times by the long desert route, where he was well known to the different Shaicks on the road; he had, moreover, visited Petra several times, while he had also made the overland journey with an English traveller from Aleppo to Bagdad, and likewise a voyage from Suez to Bombay. He was well known as a good, honest dragoman at Cairo, and the only thing I could hear to his prejudice, and that from one of the oldest lady residents at Cairo, was, he was considered to be given to parsimony, and was not sufficiently liberal in the table he provided for his party—in short, a *grippe-sou*.

As soon as our first party of four persons was made up, Hussaneen's services were secured, and an agreement was made with him that he was to give us safe escort to Jerusalem, *viâ* Mount Sinai, Akabah, Petra, and Hebron; that he should find us in carriage, in tents, and in food (three substantial meals a day), with a good dromedary for each of us to ride on, and a sufficient retinue of servants.

That if our party should be limited to four persons, each one of us should pay him the sum of two pounds five shillings, English value, *per diem*—the same whether halting or marching—for the forty days' journey, *viâ* the long desert route.

2ndly. That if our party should consist of five or six persons, the dragoman was to receive the sum of one pound fifteen shillings *per diem* from each of us; and,

3rdly. That if more than six persons formed the party, the dragoman was to receive only one pound ten shillings *per diem* from each person; and that in this last case this sum should include the "fees" and "taxes" invariably levied by the Shaick of Wady Mōōsa (Petra) on all travellers, European, Egyptian, or Asiatic, who visited and encamped in this dangerous valley. We were, however, to pay the "fees," as well as the customary *bukshēēsh*, or "present," at the convent of Mount Sinai, as well as at all the monasteries, and convents, and churches we might visit, after entering Palestine, besides all sums expended on "sight-seeing."

In this agreement the dragoman had in his favour not only the great advantage of having the full period of forty days conceded to him for accomplishing the journey from Cairo to Jerusalem in, and which at thirty shillings a day would cost each of us the sum of sixty pounds sterling, besides other little incidental expenses by the way, as well as a *buono mano* to the dragoman and to his servants at the conclusion of the journey (for such is the rule that obtains in all Eastern countries, and both dragoman and servants would think they had not given satisfaction to their masters and employers were the expected *bukshēēsh* withheld), but he was, moreover, to receive the same sum for each day's halt on the journey.

The usual time allowed to accomplish this journey in (as I have previously observed in part second of this narrative) is thirty-six days; but as a halt on every Sabbath-day is almost invariably stipulated for, this

prolongs the journey by four days, and to this proceeding no dragoman offers any objection, as these additional halts are, unless otherwise specified in the written agreement, a clear advantage to him, and tend to swell his gains on the whole trip.

It was on Saturday the 18th of February, 1865, that our camp was regularly pitched in the open space fronting Shepherd's Hotel, at which house the majority of our party were staying. First of all, there was a goodly array of bran-new and snow-white cotton canvas tents, no less than six in all—viz. a large saloon one for sitting in and for the meals to be served in; four sleeping-tents, one of which was an extra large one to accommodate three persons therein; besides a tent for the dragoman and the servants, which served by day as a pantry and store-room.

The camels were inspected, for the greater number thereof had to travel with their heavy loads all the way to Akabah before being changed for fresh ones; the dromedaries were then made over by the dragoman to each traveller to mount and try its paces, as well as to adjust the lengths of the stirrup-leathers, &c. &c. This being accomplished, the "supplies" were next looked to, as well as the several wicker-work cages, made of stout reeds, which contained our portable poultry-yard, consisting of turkeys and fowls, but no geese or ducks; and this total absence of the two last from our stock was accounted for by the greater quantities of water they would consume on the march, and which, if withheld from them, would cause their dying off, whilst it would have required an extra camel to have carried a couple of casks of fresh water to have kept them alive, to say nothing of the additional trouble they would have caused to the servants in keeping them together, and preventing their straying far away from the camp, in search of a pond or water to bathe themselves in. On the above grounds, ducks and geese are very rarely taken by the dragomen on the journey through either desert.

On the afternoon following, the camp was struck; the camels were all laden, and our heavy luggage sent on with them to Suez, where we were to join the camp by rail, and by four P.M. the Esbékíéh was clear of the last camel.

The departure from Cairo of our large caravan had attracted not only the greater portion of the inmates of Shepherd's Hotel to witness a sight so novel to the majority of the visitors from Europe, as well as from America, who were therein located; but several persons from the other neighbouring hotels, on witnessing the crowd that had gathered around it, hastened to swell the throng by their presence also; and this could scarcely be wondered at, when I inform my readers the caravan consisted of no less than seven-and-twenty camels and dromedaries—a sight certainly well worth the looking at.

The whole were to encamp, or rather bivouac—for the tents were not to be pitched—a short distance outside of the city, so as to be prepared for an early start the following morning. It is three days' march for camels, heavily laden, from Cairo to Suez, which gives an average of nearly seven-and-twenty miles for each day's journey across this portion of the desert.

I should observe, before I proceed further, that no person is allowed

to visit the interior of the convent at Mount Sinai, without being furnished with an order, or special written authority to do so, from the Greek patriarch, or "bishop-metropolitan" of the Sinaitic peninsula, who resides at Cairo, which said order formerly cost nothing; but a few years ago a fee of five francs was charged thereon, which has since been raised to one napoleon, or sixteen shillings, which sum we were charged for our "permit."

The Greek metropolitan, seeing around him the numbers of people who had been enriched by their speculations in cotton, thought it would not be a bad expedient to bring grist to his "mill" by levying a tax on all tourists who might wish to visit the interior of this convent. The amount of this tax was levied on a single traveller, but it covered, at the same time, a party who travelled in one company, or who formed one caravan.

The train for Suez was "timed" to leave Cairo at half-past seven o'clock every morning, but it was frequently much later before it started, and this morning (Wednesday, the 22nd of February) it was eight o'clock before the train got away. We had now said our last adieu to Cairo, and had fairly entered upon the long desert journey we had before us. It was half-past two P.M. before we reached Suez, where, on our arrival, we learnt our camels had not yet reached that place, but that they were in sight, this being their third day from Cairo.

On drawing up the "agreement" with our dragoman, it was stipulated that we should each of us have to pay our respective railway fares to Suez, but that he was to pay for our expenses for board and lodging at the hotel during our four-and-twenty hours' stay at that place.

The only word, I must here repeat, I could hear previous to our departure from Cairo, in disparagement of our dragoman, was, that he was considered to be rather "close-fisted," and this failing on his part was first exemplified the day after our arrival at Suez; for we had each brought with us by the train several travelling-bags and small handy portmanteaux, which we made over to the dragoman, early on the morning after our arrival, to be placed upon the camels, as part and parcel of our baggage; but this proceeding on our part seemed to take him by surprise, as he said he had made no arrangements for carrying this luggage; and, secondly, that it was always customary for travellers to carry their bags and minor packages in the coarse canvas sacks, or wide-mouthed bags, which every camel carried under the saddle, and which served in Egypt the same purpose as our own leather saddle-bags did in Europe.

This proceeding on the dragoman's part was so novel to me, that I told him, when I travelled to Jerusalem some twenty years previously by the short desert route, our dromedaries were for our especial riding, and were not laden like beasts of burden with our baggage, as it would have very greatly interfered with the comforts of our daily journeying, and have proved both irksome and extremely inconvenient to each traveller; and that I insisted he should procure additional camels to carry all this extra luggage, which, it should be observed, he was shown over and over again at Cairo, and informed that we should have to take with us. He seemed to be very much "put out" by my

resolution not to carry any luggage on my dromedary, save a small leather-bag containing a few clothes and books, &c., &c., for handiness; for the camel-drivers more than half fill these large bags, or rather half sacks, with beans and other food for their animals for the journey, which not only increases the load the dromedaries have to carry, but which has the effect of rendering the rider's seat a particularly uncomfortable one; and, as we were all, fortunately, agreed on this point (although I had not been long in discovering we had amongst our party one whose tenets savoured of *white* "pandyism"*), the dragoman had no alternative but to hasten the procuring of two additional camels—which increased the number to twenty-nine in all—to enable us to commence our first day's march this afternoon to Moses's wells.

Whilst the dragoman has gone in search of the head Shaick of the camels, in order to procure the two additional beasts of burden, I will just refer to my note-book and see if I have not omitted any little bits of information picked up and forthwith "booked" at Cairo, which might possibly prove interesting to give to the reader.

At the period of my leaving the Egyptian metropolis, I learnt there were between three and four thousand labourers and workmen, in all, employed on the Suez Maritime Canal, of which number, however, eleven hundred were attached to Monsieur Cazeaux, on the line of the Suez Fresh-water Canal.

During my sojourn at Cairo, I endeavoured to ascertain from various persons who inhabited Alexandria, and who occasionally visited the former city, the number of Europeans in Egypt, and the result of my several inquiries was, there were from seventy to eighty thousand Europeans in Alexandria alone, and about fifteen thousand in Cairo, which were classed as follows:

* The term *white* "pandy" was an odious nickname, expressive of unmitigated contempt, given by the public voice, through the press, to those Englishmen who held influential and lucrative appointments under the government during the Sepoy rebellion in India in 1857-58, and who not only sympathised with, but took every opportunity of screening, the black murderers of their own countrymen and fair countrywomen and children. The term was also frequently used to denote those Englishmen who, from a morbid sensibility, always upheld and sided with the black race (howsoever much in the wrong) against their own race (howsoever much in the right); and to instance a late case in point, the members of the "Jamaica Committee" in England would, were they in India, have earned the *sobriquet* of "white pandies." Had the dangerous policy, so suicidal, of Lord *Clemency* Canning been carried out to the very letter of his proclamation, when he issued that insane order for every European in India to give up his arms, because it would have been invidious to have disarmed the insurgent black race only, at that moment of extreme danger to the stability of the English rule, not a single white-faced man, woman, or child would have escaped being butchered in India. Most fortunately, however, his lordship's orders on this, as well as on other heads of mistaken leniency, were disobeyed by the white race, who were fighting for their very existence, and who were, numerically, as one only to somewhere about five thousand of the insurgent black race! In all *émeutes* and insurrections of the people, and in all cases of mutinies of soldiers, it is an axiom that the *first* blood shed, in quelling the same, is *always* the least. Had an early example been made in India, in March, 1857, of the mutinous conduct of the Sepoys at Berhampore, the mutiny might have been nipped in the bud; which, afterwards, caused two years of hard fighting to suppress, and which caused the destruction, by hanging, shooting, and bayoneting, of upwards of fifty thousand of the black race! Who proved to be the most *humane* governor, "*Clemency*" Canning, or Mr. Eyre?



Frenchmen, as well as French subjects, in Alexandria	. .	16,000
Italians	" Italian "	18,000
Greek	" Greek "	30,000
Maltese	" "	8,000
Total		72,000

The remainder, English, German, Spanish, Belgian, and Russian, would bring up the grand total to eighty thousand.*

On the morning of the 13th of February, 1865, at three o'clock (to be particular in such matters), an old man died in Cairo, at the great age of seventy, of the name of Cheriff Pasha, a Turk by birth, who had been attached to Mahomed Ali's court and ministry, but who during the last six years had been quite blind. He was a great miser, and had a harēm of slave girls. At the age of sixty-five he had a child born unto him, a little girl, which, however, soon died; his youngest child is now five or six years old. This ex-minister, when selecting for purchase the different slave girls that were brought to him for sale, as he could not see their beauty, nor enjoy a sight of their "outward" loveliness, used to feel them, as old Isaac did to his son Jacob (Genesis xxvii. 21, 22), and if they were well rounded and plump, and of a full bust, he would then make an offer for them to the owners, the slave-dealers, in money. This old man was reputed to be *immensely* wealthy; and it was said no one could estimate his riches, for he had not only lands and houses, but likewise jewels, diamonds, pearls, and money in quantities. He has left a large family, however, to inherit all this immense wealth.

Those who saw the late Viceroy of Egypt, Saïd Pasha, at the Exhibition of 1862, at South Kensington, will recollect the surprise felt in England on hearing of his death so soon after his return to his own country, and whispers were afloat of his having been quietly made away with, or, in plainer language, poisoned. Such, however, does not seem to have been the case; for I was informed, whilst in Cairo, by a party who seemed to be *au courant* to the real cause of the Pasha's death, that it was caused by fistula and a mortification of the intestines, and that he died after having undergone very great bodily suffering. He left only one son. When Saïd Pasha was in Paris, on his return to Egypt, he consulted the French eminent surgeon, Dr. Ricord, for his disease; and the doctor, knowing his antecedents and the sort of life which he had accustomed himself to lead, told him, if on his return to Egypt he did not alter his mode of life in his harēm,

* Since the above was written, I have read in the *Times* of December 29th, 1865, under the head of "Egyptian Intelligence," the following information, which I here insert, as I have previously mentioned the swarms of Italians that kept pouring into the land of Egypt: "In a former letter I spoke of a considerable emigration from Southern Italy to Egypt. The number of emigrants, principally Calabrese, has so increased as to render it necessary for the Egyptian authorities to interfere. They arrive, it appears, in great misery, without any engagement, and thus become a public burden and annoyance. The consuls have been required, therefore, to apply to their governments to devise some mode of putting a stop to this influx, and the Board of Health in Alexandria has ordered the agents of the steam-boat companies to prevent the landing of these unfortunate creatures until their consuls have provided for their necessities."

he would not survive beyond six months. The doctor's prognostication of his patient's case proved correct; his diagnosis thereof was not at fault, for Saïd Pasha was dead before the expiration of the six months, and at the age of forty only.

Just previous to my leaving Cairo, I was shown, through the kindness of Dr. Ignace Zagiel, some small grains, which by some persons were supposed to be identical with the "manna" of Scripture. Dr. Zagiel was a Polish prince by birth, from the province of Lithuania, in the government of Kovno, and after having resided some time in Paris, as well as in London, to perfect himself in medical science, had of late taken up his residence at Cairo, where he had been nominated private physician to one of the Pashas, and where he likewise enjoyed a good private practice. This kind-hearted *savant* informed me, the stalk on which the above grains grew was as sweet as that of the sugar-cane, and glucose, as well as ceviloze and dextrine, in its properties. It is conjectured that bread was made from the flour of these grains by the Israelites.* This plant or stalk is found in the Desert, and is known to botanists (so my informant stated to me) under the name of *Leuconora esculenta*. I had greatly wished to have seen the stalk itself, but the only specimen Dr. Zagiel had by him he had left with one of the pashas, the Minister of the Home Department (as we should say in England), if my memory does not in this instance fail me.

I had had the pleasure of being personally introduced to Dr. Zagiel, on the first evening on which I had "assisted" at one of those most agreeable and intellectual *conversazioni* which Monsieur de Lesseps invariably held in his large salon whenever he dined at home, by the worthy

* Very possibly—although there is no mention made thereof in the Holy Scriptures; but the grains of the *Leuconora esculenta* and the manna of the "Wilderness" of Sinai were two very distinct products, and which must not be confounded the one with the other. In the Book of Exodus we find the first description of what "manna" really was (chap. xvi. 14 and 15), and the truth of which, so simply narrated, holds good to this day, as our party all witnessed; for it was on our entering the *Wady Ghurundul* that we first noticed and remarked "a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost (or rime)," not, however, on the ground, as in the days of Moses, but on the thinnest and slightest branches and twigs of the tamarisk-trees, some of which we gathered and tasted, and, from its colour and saccharine taste, we all, I will not say pronounced, but supposed and conjectured it to be the manna of the "Wilderness." The nearest and best description I can give of its appearance on the twigs is that of a small, very pale-yellow coloured flat button—perhaps, in point of colour, like our palest honey in England, or like those small round and flat bits of flour-paste called *pâte d'Italie*, which is much used in soups on the continent of Europe. These "small round things" are "few, and very, very far between," and are by no means plentiful, even where tamarisks largely abound. Dr. Robinson, in his "Biblical Researches," says truly, "that the manna is not produced every year, while the quantity in general has greatly diminished"—that "it is found in the form of shining drops, on the twigs and branches (not upon the leaves) of the *Turfu* (the *Tamarix gallica* of Ehrenberg, from which it is an exudation caused by the puncture of an insect (the *Coccus manniparus* of the same naturalist)." I did not see any of this manna on the ground, near the trees or bushes—and it melts when exposed to the sun. This was the bread which the Almighty gave the children of Israel to eat in the "Wilderness" of Sinai (Exodus, xvi. 15). Compare the above with the description of manna in the Book of Numbers (xi. 7, 8), where we learn the manna was "baked in pans, and, also, made into cakes."

Président himself; and amongst several little interesting matters which were opened to scientific discussion, and which happened to be brought on the *tapis* that same evening, two thereof, from the great interest which I myself felt therein, and on which I observed various persons ventured to give an opinion, led me likewise to join in the conversation; the first was the nature and the value of the *Sinaitic* "turquoise," in comparison with those found in Persia. Dr. Zagiél showed to Monsieur de Lesseps, as well as to his guests, a specimen of each kind, and instanced their respective prices, as estimated by, and known to, the lapidaries in the Cairo bazaar. To outward appearance they appeared to be nearly alike in colour; but whilst the Persian turquoise retains its colour throughout, those found in the Sinaitic peninsula are, however, strange to say, of a bluish hue on the outer surface only, for on friction, or on scraping them with a penknife, the body of the stone resembled a piece of lime! The argument, therefore, was, of what material were these Sinaitic turquoises formed, and to what chemical agency were they indebted for their external colouring matter? After each *savant* had had his "say" upon this point, and had enunciated his own opinion on the *vexata questio* of the evening, the subject was changed to that of a curious fly, a specimen of which Dr. Zagiél stated he had in his "laboratory," and which had been given to him by a native traveller who had just arrived from Upper Egypt. Dr. Zagiél's reason for introducing this particular fly to "buzz" in all our ears was, that he considered it might have something to do, in all likelihood, with the murrain of the horned cattle in Egypt; and from what he had read in the published accounts given of their travels by those travellers who had lost all their teams of oxen when journeying in their waggons in the far interior of South Africa, he concluded this insect was no other than the "*tsetse*" fly, so dangerous and so fatal to horned cattle and horses, and yet so innocuous to human beings and dogs.

As I had been shown, through the kindness of Mr. Oswald, whose personal acquaintance I had had the pleasure to make in Cape Town in the year 1852, on his return from his last excursion (in company with Dr. Livingstone) from the *Zambési* as well as from the *Limpōpō* rivers, a small glass phial full of the "*tsetse*" flies, which he had procured and brought away with him from the land of their *habitat*, I had very great doubts in my own mind as to whether Dr. Zagiél's fly was identical with the one found near the river *Zambési*, and likewise in the far interior of South Africa; and I begged the particular favour of his being so good as to show me the one he had, which he very kindly promised to do if I would call on him and see it at his own quarters; which I accordingly did, but it had been unfortunately mislaid, and lost to view for the time being, in the multitude of "nicknacks" and "rarities" and "odds and ends" which had accumulated in the worthy doctor's studio, in as great a ratio, seemingly, as the objects of *virtù* and the several "odds and ends," picked up in travel, had done in the laboratory, as well as in the small museum attached thereto, of Dr. Chambart at Port Saïd. I hold still to the opinion that the fly given to Dr. Zagiél is not the "*tsetse*" fly of the interior of South Africa; if it were so, other travellers, espe-

cially those who have sought for the sources of the Nile, would have discovered and have consequently noticed it in their journals; for the appearance of such an insect in anywise resembling the "*tsetse*," if once seen or even heard of, would have been sure to have been alluded to by one at least of the different travellers who had visited those regions.

Whilst seated in the railway carriage I took a last farewell look at the desert plain to the northward, just after we left the last station at which the train stopped, before arriving at Suez, and I could not help reflecting that it was more than probable the waters of the Red Sea did, in the days of Moses, actually extend up to the modern Lake Timsah, and that the present site of the two deep "bitter lakes" originally formed the bed of the Red Sea.*

King David must have known the true version of this fact about which in modern times there is so much controversy, from the traditions handed down, from one generation to another, of his own ancestors, in whose breasts the reminiscences of that most wonderful and miraculous passage would have been ever kept alive, and not allowed to die out or to become extinct.

David did not forget this wonderful incident; for he not only alluded to it when he wrote the seventy-eighth Psalm, but he, *in a measure*, describes almost the very spot where this miracle took place, and where the passage of the Israelites occurred. I quote it from the Book of Psalms, not having seen it alluded to elsewhere, or by any former writer.

In the twelfth verse of the above psalm, according to our authorised version of the Holy Scriptures, David wrote:

"Marvellous things did He (*i.e.* God Almighty) in the sight of our forefathers, *in the land of Egypt*; even [bear this point in mind!]
—even in the field of Zoan."

Now the ancient city of Zoan was in the land of Goshen, and it stood in a large plain, rendered by our translators by the word "field." The head of the Red Sea, therefore, would have been to the south-east of the site of the city of Zoan, called by the modern Egyptians *Tsan*.

Now what were these "marvellous things" which God did? Let David tell us; for in the next verse he wrote:

"He [*i.e.* God] divided the sea, and let them go through; He made the waters to stand on an heap"—that is, "the waters were [as] a wall unto them, on their right hand and on their left" (Exodus xiv. 21, 22). Now what sea did the Almighty divide, if it were not the Red Sea?—and *if* it were the Red Sea, why in that case its waters could not have been far distant from this "field," or rather "plain," of Zoan!

At any rate, how does this version, which King David has thrown

* Since these notes were penned, the author has perused, in the *Times* newspaper, an interesting letter on the Suez Canal, dated 15th of January, 1866, in the sixth paragraph of which it is stated that, in clearing away the heaps of earth, beneath which the rocks of Chalouf, in the Desert, have been buried for ages, the workpeople discovered a quantity of marine shells; whilst remains of fish, more particularly of the shark tribe, have also been brought to light.

into the argument, suit the Biblical commentators of the old school, who hold, "through thick and through thin," that the Israelites passed through those narrow rocky defiles in the mountainous country east of Cairo, and then *debouched* therefrom upon the shores of the Red Sea, nearly facing Moses's Wells? Is King David's "field [or plain] of Zoan" to be looked for in *this* direction?

During this present winter (1864-5) the visiting of a mountain, called the "Bell Mountain" (or, in Arabic, *Jebel Nakōōss*), became fashionable, and "the thing" to do. This mountain is situated to the south of Mount Sinai, and not far distant from the cape called "Ras Mahomed," at the point where the gulfs of Suez and Akabah unite or bifurcate. This mountain, at particular times of the wind, gives forth an echo, which sounds somewhat like a bell; hence its name. If I mistake not, it was first discovered and brought to notice by an officer of the Indian navy, whilst on survey duty in the Red Sea, who published an account of it.

During the month of December one of the English chaplains from the Bombay presidency obtained leave of absence to visit Egypt, and the two objects he was most bent on visiting, after his arrival at Cairo, were Mount Sinai and the "Bell Mountain," to which places, as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements for his journey, he proceeded. This clerical gentleman was one of the greatest as well as bitterest opponents of the "Suez Canal" scheme; for I heard him, on that great work being alluded to, at the house of the Rev. Mr. Lieder, the German missionary at Cairo, utter the imprecation, that he wished both Monsieur de Lesseps and the Suez Canal were at the bottom of the Red Sea!

On the afternoon of our arrival at Suez we found, to our great disappointment, neither beds nor bedrooms were to be obtained, as the hotel was quite full. We were nine of ourselves, but there were, besides our party, no less than seven or eight English and American ladies and gentlemen, that had accompanied us from Cairo by the same train, with the double purpose of visiting "Moses's Wells" and the Red Sea, and of seeing our large caravan make its final start from the regions of civilisation into the "wilderness." Amongst these tourists were the American Bishop of Minnesota, a young English curate, and an American gentleman, with his wife and daughter, from the Southern Confederate States.

The ladies, very fortunately, found accommodation through the landlady giving up her own room; but all the gentlemen, including a couple of Admiralty agents (in charge of the Indian mails) who were on shore from their respective steamers, and one or two more travellers, had to find sleeping-"berths" on the broad couches or sofas which were fixtures all along the sides of the large saloon on the upper floor, and which in Eastern countries go by the name of *divans*. There was no want of blankets, and Indian *rāzais*, or coverlets, and, with the exception of the insects which attacked us, we all passed a better night than we anticipated; but "Oh! the bugs!" were the constant cries during the night; first one person and then another would get up from off his divan, and hunt and look about everywhere for these vile intruders upon their night's rest.

Thursday, February 23.—All the camels having been laden, the "caravan" left Suez about one P.M. for the first day's encamping-ground at Moses's Wells, distant about eight miles by the way which the camels had to travel round the head of the bay. Our party started about three P.M., and after crossing the ferry—which at high tide is of a good width—we found our dromedaries all ready on the opposite shore for us to mount. The weather had suddenly changed; for after a warm and clear forenoon the sky became overcast, and the wind arose and made the air feel very chilly, so much so, indeed, that we were all glad to put on our overcoats.

After taking a last look at where the Suez Canal* was to débouche into the Red Sea, we proceeded on our journey, and reached our first day's encamping-ground as the tents were about half pitched, which operation had to be greatly hurried, for the weather looked cross and stormy, and our camp was scarcely ready before the rain fell.

From Suez to Mount Sinai there are no less than three distinct routes; first, by sea, on board of a small Arab "*dow*," or sloop, or even by a large boat, as far as Tor, a miserable village on the east coast, from whence camels must be hired to march across to Mount Sinai, a journey of two days; in this case tents, camp equipage, and all the requisites for the trip must be taken on board the large boat or sloop; it is not a route that I should select or even recommend, as it offers so many inconveniences; secondly, by following the route *viâ* the Wadee Humr and Sarâbut-el-Khâdeem to the left; and, thirdly, the route *viâ* the Wady Mookuttub and Wadee Pharân (Feiran) to the right, these two roads branching off after passing the Wady Ghurundul, or not quite half way between Suez and the mountain of Sinai. The route we took was *viâ* the Wady Pharân, making a divergence to visit the valley of "Inscriptions" by the way. We quitted our encamping-ground at Moses's Wells, after having visited the springs and ponds, as well as the two gardens, in which a few vegetables were raised for the supply of the Suez bazaar, about half-past nine o'clock this morning (24th February). Our march this day was across a most extensive gravelly plain, intersected with small stones; and we had

* Since this account of the Suez Canal was written, my readers will have read, in the early part of the present year (1866), a notice in the *Times* newspaper, under the head of "Money Market and City Intelligence," that advices from Alexandria mentioned the definitive settlement of the Suez Canal question, and that the "*Compagnie*" do not now retain a single acre of ground, except such as is needed for the maritime canal, and that in consideration of this cession the Viceroy had added (10,000,000) ten million francs to the already large indemnity fixed some time back by the Emperor Napoleon, and that he is to pay the whole within four years from this, instead of sixteen, as was stipulated originally; and that, furthermore, the "*Compagnie*" were to sell their property, or rather territory, called the Ouadi (which they purchased of the late Saïd Pacha for 2,000,000 francs) to the present Viceroy for the sum of 10,000,000 francs, being five times in excess of the sum the "*Compagnie*" paid for it; but which large amount, considering the great sums which have been expended in improvements, and in bringing the land under cultivation, by the said "*Compagnie*," was not thought extravagant. Politically speaking, this arrangement would remove all possible questions of diplomatic dispute, whilst it will shut the mouths of the "croakers," who have all along predicted the non-completion of the Suez Canal from want of funds!

a cloudy sky, with a high wind, which rendered the march rather a gloomy one than otherwise. On our right hand was the Red Sea, with the high range of Egyptian mountains in the background; and on our left there was a range of high mountains likewise. Not a particle of vegetation, nor even a solitary tree or bush, was to be seen or met with, save and except a small, coarse, rough-looking plant, stunted in growth, and dried and shrivelled from the effect of the sun's powerful rays. I should have observed that it took us just one hour in crossing the ferry, even with the sail set, from Suez to the opposite shore, from the time we embarked (for the boat took the ground once or twice) up to the time we reached our dromedaries, as the tide, having commenced to recede, had left about a furlong of soft mud to traverse betwixt the boat and the dromedaries, and which we had to cross by two at a time only, by being carried on our boatmen's shoulders. The removal of the baggage occupied, likewise, no little time, and our ride to camp was accomplished in about a couple of hours.

The second day's march occupied eight hours; we halted in the midst of the sterile and stony plain of the Wadee Sōdr.* The third day's march was to the Wady Ghurundul, having passed on our road "Ain Hawarah," supposed to be the site of the encampment of the Israelites, and called Marah in the Bible (Exodus xv. 23). This was likewise a long day's march of upwards of nine hours. The fourth day's march was to the shores of the Red Sea, a march of nine hours. It was a pleasing as well as a most welcome sight to behold again the waters of the Red Sea, in which almost the whole of our party took a swim; but its shores were uninhabited—not even a fisherman or a hut was to be seen. The fifth day's march occupied eight hours, and the camp was pitched in a wady whose name I have forgotten. The sixth day's march was to the Wady Pharan (Feiran), which spot was a perfect oasis in this dreary "wilderness." Here our camp was pitched under the shade of several fine large date-trees, which were watered by a running rivulet of cool and delicious water. This small current of fresh water, which flowed past the site of our encampment, took its rise in a copious spring not very far distant; but its course was a very short one, as it was soon buried in the sand after having irrigated the Wady Pharan. The sight of the green grass growing so luxuriantly along the sides of this rivulet was most refreshing to all our eyes, for we had only met with such a pleasing sight on two previous occasions—viz. at Moses's Wells, and again in the pretty-looking and sylvan Wady Ghurundul. The seventh day's march was to the Wady-es-Shaick; and the eighth and last day's march took us to the foot of Mount Sinai, where the usual encamping-ground was distant but a short half-hour's walk from the convent.

* This dreary and stony plain, called the Wady Soodr, is considered to be five-and-forty miles in extent from north to south, as it is estimated to take the camels about fifteen hours to traverse it.

HARROLDSTONE TOWER.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

CHAPTER I.

HARROLDSTONE TOWER—ITS INHABITANTS AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

"WHAT makes ye look sa sad, Mistress Rabbitts? Have ye seen the wraith of any of the family, or have the baskets of fruit and vegetables I last sent up to London been found fault with? Were the peas not tender eno', or the strawberries o'er ripe, or the gooseberries too forward for tarts, or has anything else happened that displeases you?"

"Something is likely to happen to displease me, Mr. Andrew, and, I may say, to displease everybody connected with the family of our late respected master, Sir Guy Raymond," answered Mrs. Rabbitts, a lady of a certain age, who held and had held for many years the responsible office of housekeeper at Harroldstone Tower, the other speaker being the head-gardener at that princely domain. "What think you, Mr. M'Callum? How long is it since the good Sir Guy has been dead? Just tell me that. Is it two years or less?"

"Ye of all people ken well eno', Mistress Rabbitts. It's better than twa years, for I was planting this very bed of strawberries when the bad news came, and it's only this season that they have arrived at full bearing, and I have sent five baskets of them up to her leddyship in London," answered the old gardener. "But what was it that ye was ganging to tell me, Mistress Rabbitts? Is the young leddy ganging to be wedded? though to be sure she's o'er young to marry yet, or has the young master, Sir Guy, run away from school again, or what has happened, Mistress Rabbitts?"

"I tell you I did not say that anything has happened, but that something is going to happen in which you, Mr. Andrew M'Callum, as the oldest servant of the family, must of necessity take a deep interest. The young Sir Guy isn't at school, remember that. He was at school, but ran away, and instead of being sent back, as in my opinion he ought to have been, has had a tutor, a young gentleman, Mr. Arthur Floyd, against whom it would not become me to speak a word, for he may be a very good tutor as he is certainly a very good-looking young gentleman, but, in my opinion, Mr. Andrew, he should know his place as we know ours, and not go and aspire as he has done to what do you think, Mr. Andrew? To Miss Evangeline? you'll ask. No, there might have been sense in that, great as would have been the presumption, but to the hand of my lady herself! Yes, Mr. Andrew, he is going to marry Lady Clarissa Raymond, the widow of our dear departed master."

Andrew M'Callum opened his eyes as wide as their red-fringed lids could expand, and exclaimed,

"Ye dinna say that—Lady Clarissa ganging to marry her son's

tutor! He may be a very braw young gentleman, and erudite and amiable; but mark my words, Mistress Rabbitts, there'll ne'er guid come to the house of Raymond if she who ought to be the guide and manager sa soon forgets her dead lord, and takes another into his place to rule over us. What does Mistress Evangeline say to the matter, I wonder? Ah, I doubt but that it will be a sair thing for her. And the young Sir Guy? But the poor boy is too thoughtless and too wild, I'm fearing, to care for it, so that they let him have his own way. Aweel, aweel, Mistress Rabbitts, ye could ha' brought me pleasanter news, and I'm fain to own that this has quite upset me."

"So it has me, Mr. Andrew, that I can tell you," said the worthy housekeeper, putting her handkerchief to her eyes to wipe away the tears springing into them. "Little did I think when that soft-spoken, gentle-looking, smooth-faced young man came to the house so humble and respectful when my lady deigned to address him, with his sweet smile and his profound bow, with his silk waistcoat and his stiff-starched cravat, and his black coat and pantaloons without a crease, as unlike our good, honest, hearty Sir Guy as—as——"

"As a ripe peach is to a black currant," put in Mr. Andrew. "Ye maun weel say that, Mrs. Rabbitts."

"Or a dish of roast beef to a blancmange," observed the housekeeper. "Yes, as I was saying, so unlike is this sweet young minister—for he has got reverend to his name—so unlike is he to dear Sir Guy, that little did I think that he was ever to become our new master. Just think of Sir Guy, standing six feet three in his stocking-soles, with his fine, full, commanding figure, his ruddy, cheerful countenance, his hearty voice and merry laugh, as he appeared in the hall in his red coat and top-boots on that fine autumn morning that the hounds met before he left the Tower for the last time. It was the cold he caught on his journey to London killed him, but in my opinion, if he had stayed at home, and kept out of the doctors' hands, he would have been alive at this present moment. Well, well, he's gone to a better world, there's no doubt about that, and it's only to be hoped that you and I, and those he cared for on earth, and who cared for him as we did, and revere his memory, I will say, may join him there some day."

This conversation took place on a fine forenoon during spring in the kitchen-garden of Harroldstone Tower, the property of the late Sir Guy Raymond, whose death has been alluded to. Harroldstone Tower owed its name to a lofty and handsome tower which had existed for some centuries on one side of the family residence. Large additions had been made from time to time to the house in a style of architecture to suit the tower, till a fine and lordly-looking mansion was the result. It stood on the summit of a knoll, with a fine sweep of parkland sloping down to a rapid and clear river. On the other side were gardens and pleasure-grounds, with woods outside them, and beyond, from the terrace in front of the Tower, a range of high and picturesque hills. The course of the river could be traced as it flowed between green meadows and wooded heights, occasionally concealed by them till it reached the blue and far-off ocean. Acres upon acres of arable,

meadow, and pasture land, woods and upland downs, let to wealthy tenants, formed the estate of Harroldstone, and brought money into the coffers of its owners. About two miles off up the river was the town of Hamlington, in which parish Harroldstone Tower was situated, though the estate itself extended into two or three other parishes. Hamlington was a neat, picturesque market-town of some size, containing a considerable number of haberdashers', grocers', shoemakers', and harness-makers' shops, showing that it was in the centre of a large and flourishing agricultural population. Hamlington returned a member to parliament. He had been from time immemorial nominated by the Raymond family, and no one thought of opposing Sir Guy while he himself stood, or indeed the candidate he nominated, as long as he lived; but there had been a dissolution soon after his death, and Lady Clarissa discovered that she was not as popular as her husband had been, from finding that the gentleman she supported had an opponent in the field.

No, Lady Clarissa was not generally liked either by her equals—that is to say, by the surrounding gentry, who, by-the-by, she would have been astonished at hearing called her equals—or by the tradesmen of Hamlington. She had gained for herself the character of being imperious, self-willed, and indifferent to the feelings of others. Her manner was certainly supercilious towards those for whom she felt contempt, and she let those who had offended her know it clearly, though, at the same time, she could be courteous and condescending enough when she pleased, or, rather, when she was pleased. Hamlington was an advanced place. It had its town-hall and its institute, its two churches, its parish church and its district church, while the Independents, Wesleyans, and Baptists had handsome chapels; indeed, all denominations of dissenters had places of worship well supported and attended—a significant fact worthy of note.

The Rev. John Broadfield was the vicar, and, as the living was a good one and the duties onerous, he had as a curate the Rev. Hugh Shepherd, on whose shoulders a very considerable amount of the parochial duty devolved. Mr. Shepherd had, however, a large family, his boys went to the grammar-school in the place, and, had he even the desire to move, he could not have afforded to do so. He was a humble-minded, painstaking man, whose heart was in his work, his great aim and desire the salvation of souls. Mr. Broadfield, the vicar, had no objection to the opinions he held or to the sermons he preached, unless they exceeded the prescribed length of thirty-five minutes when he had to listen to them; he got more work out of him than he could expect to get out of most men, and he was generally liked in the parish; so the vicar let his curate go on in his own way, and do and say what he thought fit.

The parish church stood in an elevated position on the top of the high street, and was a structure of some pretension, the high substantial tower of roughly hewn stone, half covered with ivy, giving it an air of venerable antiquity, which it indeed really deserved. The Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale was the new incumbent of St. Ninan's, the district church. All that was known of him was that he had been appointed through the influence of Lady Clarissa Raymond, that he was a gra-

duate of Oxford, a friend of Mr. Arthur Floyd, and a bachelor. A very elegant little parsonage-house had been built near the church, and here he had lately taken up his residence. When people called, as the neighbourhood had begun to do, they found him very courteous and pleasant in his manners, apparently a man of the world though so young, and well informed on the general topics of the day, while he was pronounced decidedly refined and good-looking. Even after he had preached several sermons, none of his congregation could determine to what section of the Church of England he belonged. In vain they searched the subscription-lists of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Church Missionary Society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the numerous other religious societies supported by either one or the other of the two great parties. His costume was rigorously ecclesiastical, but that was not considered as at all a near indication of his theological opinions. Two or three of his visitors had endeavoured to elicit some information from him on the subject, but with much tact he avoided replying directly to the leading questions they put to him, and, while apparently entering frankly into the question, left them as much in the dark as ever. Mr. Broadfield called on him, and was convinced that he privately approved of the *Essays and Reviews*, thought highly of Dr. Colenso, and looked upon "Ecce Homo" as a work calculated to effect a large amount of good, especially among young men at the universities whose minds might have been somewhat unsettled by other works that they had read. Mr. Shepherd, when he heard this, remarked, in his quiet way, that if such was the case, it must be on the principle of applying one violent poison to cure the effects of another. When, however, Mr. Shepherd himself called on Mr. Dimsdale, he was convinced, from what he said, that he could not possibly approve of the work in question, and was, indeed, tolerably well pleased with what he said, except that he expressed a somewhat unmitigated contempt for dissenters. Mr. Shepherd was much pleased with his remarks. As for Roman Catholics, he had nothing to do with them; he mourned over their errors, and prayed that all might be united in one flock under one Master. Mr. Shepherd, if not feeling that they were one, went home thankful that so satisfactory an addition had been made to their neighbourhood. Mr. Dimsdale the next day met Mr. Freeman, the Independent minister, at the cottage of a poor person in his district who was a member of the latter gentleman's congregation. Mr. Dimsdale made a point of calling on everybody in his district. He put out his hand cordially, said he felt satisfied that Mr. Freeman was imparting sound religious instruction, but that he must excuse him if he occasionally looked in, as he could not but consider that all the residents in his district belonged to the flock confided to his care. The observation was made in so kind and gentle a tone that Mr. Freeman could only bow, and reply that this was perfectly just and fair. The very same day, in another cottage, Mr. Dimsdale found, after he had taken his seat and had begun to talk to the people, that Father Alder, the Roman Catholic priest and the father confessor of the neighbouring convent of St. Barbara, was visiting a sick person in a back room.

"We bean't Catholics ourselves, do you see, sir—that's to say, not Thomas, my good man, nor our son Bill, nor Susan, nor Nancy; but this is our eldest daughter, Lucy—she's been away in service at a great house near Lunnon. We didn't know they was Catholics; nor was they, that I knows of exactly—at least, when my good man wrote about it to the housekeeper, she said it was all right, they hadn't changed," said Mrs. White. "Howsomever, when Lucy came home ill, poor girl, she said that they was Catholics, or as good as Catholics, and that she didn't want to see Mr. Broadfield, nor Mr. Shepherd still less, nor you neither, sir, you'll excuse me, because she didn't know you, and that she'd rather see the Catholic priest than any one. You see he comes next door to see Pat Mahoney and his family, and he'd been accustomed to speak to us, and so we knew him."

Mr. Dimsdale waited till Father Alder came out of the sick-room. Mrs. White was in no little alarm, expecting, as she afterwards said, to see a rumpus between the priest and the minister. Her surprise was great, therefore, when Mr. Dimsdale received Father Alder with a cordial greeting, as if they were old friends.

"I have great pleasure in this opportunity of meeting you, Father Alder," said Mr. Dimsdale. "I heard of you before I took charge of my present cure. We may, I trust, ever labour satisfactorily together in our holy work. The prayers of the faithful are ascending day and night, that the wall of partition may be broken down, and that all may fight and all may worship together under the same banner."

"Yes, truly, though you should say that the time is coming when the rebellious and long-estranged child will be reconciled to its justly offended and forgiving and loving parent," said the priest, with a peculiar glance between his half-closed eyelids at the English clergyman. "Is it not so?"

"Yes, it is a time much to be desired," said Mr. Dimsdale; and in the same breath he added, "You found Lucy White in a happy frame of mind?"

"What! I was not aware that you had visited her!" observed the priest.

"To what communion does she belong?" asked Mr. Dimsdale.

"She desired to see me," said the priest.

"It would not be wise to discuss the matter at this moment," said Mr. Dimsdale. "We are probably walking in the same direction—we will then speak about it."

To the surprise of Mrs. White, the Protestant minister and the Catholic priest walked out of the cottage together, apparently on terms of the closest intimacy.

CHAPTER II.

GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE RETURN OF THE FAMILY, AND THE PREPARATION FOR THEIR RECEPTION.

THE bells of the Hamlington churches were ringing gaily—the tenantry of the Harroldstone Tower estate were dressed in their best. Arches decked with flowers had been erected on the road leading from the Hamlington station to the Tower. The Hamlington volun-

teers, to which the young Sir Guy belonged, were called out, so was the yeomanry, which had been under the command of the late Sir Guy, and in which it was proposed to offer his son a commission; the neighbouring gentry, in carriages and on horseback, were assembling from far and near to welcome Lady Clarissa Raymond back to Harroldstone, from which she had now been absent nearly two years—except for a short visit, indeed, since the death of her late lord.

What mattered it to them that her ladyship had thought fit to take to herself a young and handsome husband, provided he was gentlemanly and sociably inclined, and likely to make the house agreeable? With all the late Sir Guy's kindness and urbanity, he had a dignified bearing which somewhat awed the more humble or baser spirits—the more humble only, however, till they really knew him, and then they discovered to their surprise that he was as humble as themselves. It was not likely that the young tutor, who, it was understood, was nobody by birth, and who, notwithstanding his marriage, had his way to make in society, would give himself airs. Lady Clarissa, too, must feel that her wisest course would be to be pleasant herself, and to make her house pleasant, as, should she form enemies, they would most certainly not lose any opportunity of passing disagreeable remarks on her and her new husband. Her neighbours naturally hoped, therefore, that she would try to make herself popular by opening her house to them, and giving fêtes and parties of all sorts. They wisely, therefore, seized this occasion to pay their court to her ladyship and her family, knowing that their names would be duly recorded in the *Hamlington Herald*, and of course seen by her. Seldom had a greater preparation been made to do honour to any of the family than on the present occasion, except, perhaps, some thirty years before, when Sir Guy brought his youthful bride to the mansion of his forefathers. For some years they had been without children, when Sir Guy was naturally anxious to have an heir to his title. Lady Clarissa's temper began to sour at the thought that she was not likely to present him with one. At length, great was her joy when she found that there was a prospect of her becoming a mother.

"I shall be vexed if it isn't a boy," she remarked more than once. "I really believe that I shall hate the creature if it is a girl."

"Say not so, I entreat you, Lady Clarissa," said a lady who resided in the Tower, in the nominal capacity of her companion. "Surely whatever God gives should be considered as a blessing; and are we not told that 'children are an heritage of the Lord'?"

Lady Clarissa uttered a somewhat scornful ejaculation.

"It would be hard, however, after waiting so long, to have a girl instead of a boy. If I had a boy first, I should not so much object to a girl, though I cannot say that I should expect much satisfaction from having one to bring up, and still less to bring out. I wish that I could tell which it was to be."

"God in his wisdom and mercy hides the future from us, and let us not desire to draw aside the veil, my dear Lady Clarissa," answered Mrs. Oswald. "Trust in God's kindness, and believe that whatever He sends will prove a blessing, if we receive it in a proper spirit."

"Oh! I know all that, of course," answered Lady Clarissa, who did

not like Mrs. Oswald's lectures, and yet had too much respect for her to desire that she would not give them. "I must wait patiently, as you say; but it is a great trial, notwithstanding."

Mrs. Margaret Oswald, or Mrs. Margaret, as she was ultimately called in the household, had been the young companion of the late Lady Raymond, Sir Guy's mother, and at Sir Guy's earnest request she had consented to act in the same capacity to his wife. She had great tact and discretion, and intuitive knowledge of the world, was resolute, fearless, and determined, at the same time that she had a calm and sweet temper, a loving disposition, and a truly pious and religious spirit. Had she not, indeed, been possessed of a combination of somewhat rare qualities, she would not have been able to retain her position at the Tower, in spite of Sir Guy's regard and esteem for her. Lady Clarissa bore more from her than she would from any other person; the whole household, with few exceptions, loved her, and remarked that if things went wrong it was sure to be when she was away. For the sake of Sir Guy, and in fulfilment of a promise made to his excellent mother, Margaret Oswald felt that it was her duty to bear everything from Lady Clarissa, rather than quit her post. At first she had a good deal to bear, but she knew the effect of heaping coals of fire on the head, and ultimately not only overcame enmity, but was treated with marked attention by Lady Clarissa, and gained as much of her respect as she could have expected to possess. What she had once gained she was too wise and judicious to lose, and her position in the family remained ever afterwards as satisfactory as she could desire.

The expected child was at length born, and Lady Clarissa gave vent to expressions of bitter disappointment when she found that it was a girl instead of the wished-for heir to the title as well as the estates of its father.

"Take it away—take it away! I wish that it had never been born. Better no child than a girl!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "I can never love it—never take an interest in it!"

These words were remembered, though happily her right mother's feelings afterwards revived, and she treated her little girl with affection, though not with that tender regard a mother generally shows for an only daughter. Three years afterwards, to her intense joy, a son and heir was born, and, as might have been expected, the most devoted affection and attention was lavished on him.

The little Evangeline was very soon turned over to the exclusive care of Margaret Oswald, who thankfully accepted the office imposed on her, and would gladly have taken charge of the boy also; but, except when Sir Guy and Lady Clarissa were visiting at houses to which they could not take him, she rarely had any opportunity of gaining that influence over him which she desired, that she might exercise it for his benefit. Young Guy learned to respect and love her, it is true, and listened to her attentively when she spoke seriously to him; but, as she well knew, daily, hourly influence, constant watchfulness, example, exhortation, and rebuke, is required to produce any permanent effect on the character of a child. He was not enough with her, she felt, to enable her to counteract the effects of over-indulgence, flattery, and

the bad example of those his mother allowed to get about him. Guy thus grew into a boy, self-willed, bold, and manly, selfish and irascible, doing whatever he thought good in his own sight, though not without some kindly and even tender feelings in his bosom. To have called him unprincipled would have been considered harsh, yet it was difficult to say by what principles he was guided, except his own will. Lady Clarissa always consoled herself by remarking, when he did anything which even she could not but consider wrong, that it would all come right by-and-by. She was, on the contrary, too ready to find any fault she could with her daughter. It was seldom, however, that she was successful; for Evangeline was not only lovely in person, but sweet-tempered, amiable, right-minded, and sensible. Margaret Oswald, or rather, as she was now called, Mrs. Margaret, was altogether well contented with her beloved charge, though her discerning eye might have discovered faulty qualities, which would still require constant watchfulness to correct.

As might be supposed, Evangeline was a general favourite in the household. In the estimation of the servants she was really perfect, and nearly every one of them would have made any sacrifice to serve her. There was one exception—Mrs. Dowlas, the housekeeper of Sir Guy's London house. Some offence had been given by Evangeline to that person soon after she came into the family, which she never forgot. Mrs. Dowlas was herself not a favourite. She occasionally, on the plea of ill health, got leave to pay a visit of a week or so at a time to Harroldstone Tower, where she contrived to make herself anything but agreeable, especially to Mrs. Rabbitts and Andrew M'Callum. As she walked about the castle she indulged in various supercilious remarks as to its arrangements, particularly under Mrs. Rabbitts's care, and found fault before Andrew with the fruit and vegetables, which she well knew he prided himself in sending up in first-rate order. He consoled himself by remarking:

"Aweel, it's a merciful dispensation of Providence that the body doesn't abide here more than a few days at a time, or she'd drive us all daft, or maybe clean out of the house altogether."

CHAPTER III.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FAMILY, AND THE FESTIVITIES WHICH THEREON TOOK PLACE.

THE hour arrived at which the train conveying Lady Clarissa and her family to Hamlington was due. The bell at the station rang with unusual loudness, a gun fired, the bells at the churches struck up their merriest and loudest peals. The train came rushing in; those most eager to welcome her ladyship hurried to the platform. The Harroldstone Tower carriage and drag and pony phaeton stood before the gate of exit. The bands began to play. "Attention!" shouted the officer in command of the volunteers. The yeomanry formed in as good order as their horses, unaccustomed to so much noise, would allow them to take. The Odd Fellows and Foresters and other friendly societies, with banners flying, marshalled themselves in order; carriages and horse-

men drew on one side. Mr. Barnfowl, the agent of the Harroldstone estates, eagerly looked into the carriages as they glided into the station. He espied in one of the second-class carriages the Harroldstone liveries; he breathed more freely. Lady Clarissa herself appeared at the window of one of the last carriages. He rushed towards it. An elegant and handsome gentleman in clerical costume stepped on to the platform, and only allowed Mr. Barnfowl, at whom he scarcely condescended to give a glance, to hold open the door, while he himself handed out Lady Clarissa. Her ladyship merely nodded condescendingly to poor Mr. Barnfowl, but Evangeline, who followed her mother, put out her hand instinctively, which somewhat soothed his injured feelings. Mrs. Margaret did the same, and the young Sir Guy, who came last, wrung his hand somewhat roughly, exclaiming:

"Ah, Barnfowl! how do do, old fellow? Hope you've got loads of sport for us. He throws a fly beautifully, and isn't a bad shot, let me tell you." As he spoke the last sentence, he pointed with his chin, with an expression of no very great respect, at his new step-father, adding, "But he's got some new-fangled notions into his head, and I don't know how far he'll be disposed to keep up our former style of doing things."

A number of people now came forward. With some, Lady Clarissa shook hands, and introduced the Rev. Arthur Floyd; to others, she gave the tips of her fingers; while to the rest, she merely nodded or bowed formally. She, however, had no reason to complain of any want of cordiality on the part of her neighbours in the reception they gave her.

The Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale was the only person in the crowd whom Mr. Floyd seemed to recognise, and to him he gave a very warm greeting.

"We shall see you at dinner at Harroldstone Tower to-day," he said.

Mr. Dimsdale said something about not having received an invitation.

"Oh, that must have been an oversight. You, of all people, should be present, and be assured that you will be to-day, and at all times, heartily welcome," said Mr. Floyd.

Mr. Dimsdale promised to come.

Mr. Broadfield had already been invited, with a few of the rest of the leading clergy, and the principal gentlemen and their families in the neighbourhood. The progress from the station to the Tower was somewhat slow, and it enabled the volunteers, yeomanry, and various bodies, with the school-children and others, to pass the carriage, and to form in the large open space in front of the Tower. The whole multitude cheered as the family drove up to the door, the bands played in succession, and banners were waved and bouquets presented by a body of young ladies, who were looked upon as the belles of the neighbourhood. Lady Clarissa, having entered the Tower, and been received by Mrs. Rabbitts and the resident domestics, returned to the terrace and introduced the Rev. Arthur Floyd as her husband, who would, she assured them, be anxious to win their respect and affection. The Rev. Arthur put his hand to his heart and bowed, and assured them that

Lady Clarissa had truly expressed his sentiments. More cheering followed, and it was some time before the assemblage dispersed, many of them complaining that they were allowed to do so with dry throats. The Rev. Arthur was thus less favourably criticised than he might otherwise have been.

The dinner was very *recherché*, and the guests the *élite* of the neighbourhood. The Rev. Arthur Floyd did the honours with considerable dignity and self-confidence. Evangeline was admired by every one. She was, indeed, a lovely girl, artless and simple, and full of vivacity and spirit; she seemed inclined to be pleased with everything and everybody.

"Oh yes, I have been running about ever since we arrived, visiting all the old spots I loved so much in the house and in the grounds," she answered to some remark made to her by the Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale, who stood near her after dinner, as if fascinated by her beauty. It was observed that the young incumbent of St. Ninan's was paying her very devoted attention.

"He has a fair chance of success, too, for he seems very thick with Floyd, and it's a good thing to have a friend at head-quarters," observed old Colonel Thornton, a near neighbour of the Raymonds. "If my son Jack was at home, I'd send him in, and back him up to win. He'd have no objection, I suspect—at least, I should be inclined to disinherit him if he had—for she's a splendid young creature. Has a look of her father's—thorough English to the backbone. Just what I should wish my daughter-in-law to be."

Similar remarks in Evangeline's favour were made by other guests. The Rev. Arthur Floyd came in for his share of praise, for, though Sir Guy's old friends were vexed at Lady Clarissa for marrying again, they could not but acknowledge that she had chosen a polished and handsome young man. Many were rather surprised that he could have brought himself to marry a woman so much his senior. Still Lady Clarissa was handsome and young-looking for her age.

"Tastes differ," observed Colonel Thornton. "Besides, he was nobody, and hadn't a shilling in his pocket; he has now every luxury the world can give, and I dare say my lady has settled something handsome on him. I don't think he would be fool enough to trust to young Hopeful when he comes of age. That lad is very unlike his father."

A round of dinners followed on, the first of which was probably the pleasantest. As the guests descended somewhat in the social scale they became more stiff and formal. Lady Clarissa took less pains to entertain them, considering that she had done them sufficient honour in asking them to the house, though her daughter and Mrs. Margaret did their best to make amends for her ladyship's want of courtesy. It was this want of respect for her fellow-creatures which made Lady Clarissa unpopular, while the contrary feeling gained Evangeline the love of all who met her. A ball followed, to which everybody who had any claim to mix in society was invited. The jovial vicar and his five jolly daughters and two rather boisterous sons were there, and several other vicars and curates, though Mr. Shepherd declined going, on the plea that he did not find himself at home in such an assembly, rather

to the annoyance of Mr. Broadfield, who considered that some reflection was thus cast upon him. However, he was satisfied when he found that Mr. Dimsdale, whom he could not make out, but had fancied somewhat strait-laced of late, was there.

"Really I do not feel that any objection should be raised to harmless recreation, provided it does not interfere with the performance of the religious duties and observances demanded of us by the Church," remarked Mr. Dimsdale to the vicar. "She is an indulgent mother to those who strictly conform to her rules. Alas! that they should have been hitherto so little observed. But better times are coming. I see a marked change in the right direction; do you not?"

Mr. Broadfield was rather puzzled how to answer these remarks, especially as he did not comprehend their meaning fully, and with those he did understand he did not agree.

"As to that, my dear friend, I consider that amusement does no one harm in moderation," he answered. "Look at my daughters there; they get as much as they can, and you'd say, at a glance, that it does them good."

Mr. Dimsdale could scarcely help smiling as he glanced at the fair, fat, laughing girls, who were at that moment galloping round the room. He saw that his reverend brother was not likely to comprehend his meaning.

The ball was rather of a boisterous character. The young Sir Guy, and three or four old school friends from the neighbourhood, did their utmost to make it so by playing tricks on the young ladies, whom they knew by experience would take them good humouredly. Lady Clarissa got somewhat angry, but Sir Guy had very little respect for her opinion, and still less for that of Mr. Floyd.

"You have made him your husband, mother, and you had the right to do so; but you have not made him my father, and I don't intend that he shall assume the character," he observed one day to her, when she had ventured to give him a lecture in private.

Mr. Dimsdale, it was remarked, paid considerable attention to Miss Raymond. He did not dance, but, whenever she sat down, he glided to her side, and offered to perform any commission in which she could employ him. She was evidently pleased with him; indeed, few men could make themselves more agreeable. His self-satisfied look, as he met the eye of Mr. Floyd, showed that he thought he was making considerable progress. Mrs. Margaret Oswald had watched his proceedings with an anxious eye.

"I must see what is in that young man," she said to herself. "He is handsome and plausible, and that is all I can discover about him."

While, however, Mr. Dimsdale appeared to have engaged more completely than ever the attention of Evangeline, she rose from her seat without even giving a glance at him, and ran across the room, putting out both her hands to a gentleman who had just entered.

"Dear Cousin Richard!" she exclaimed, her countenance beaming with pleasure, "I am so glad to see you! I did not know that you were in England. Where did you come from?"

"Well, dear Eva, in truth, I have not been many hours in England," he replied, his fine, handsome, intelligent countenance exhibiting



as much pleasure as hers. "We reached Spithead only yesterday. I got leave for three days, went up to town, and, finding that you had left it, ran down here. Hearing of all these gay doings, I drove on at once, and have just had time to dress and make my appearance."

"But have you had time to dine?" asked Evangeline.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Rabbitts herself took care of me, and saying that every hole and corner of the Tower was full, insisted on my coming into her room, that she might see that I was well cared for, and that, I suspect, she might enlighten me on the state of things in general."

A shade crossed his countenance as he spoke the last words, but he did not allow it to linger, and, leading Evangeline to a seat, he continued the conversation, which increased in animation. It was only interrupted after some time by Mrs. Margaret Oswald, who greeted him as warmly as had the young lady of the house. Meantime, Mr. Dimsdale had been watching the cousins with no very pleased expression of countenance. A frown came over his usual placid brow as he saw the animated way in which the gentleman was speaking, and the interest with which Evangeline listened to him, utterly forgetful of the Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale. It was some time before that gentleman recovered his equanimity, and not, indeed, until he had had some conversation with Mr. Floyd.

"There is no cause for anxiety, my dear Dimsdale," said the latter. "She has known him all her life. He was a great favourite with her father—a favourite sister's son. She looked upon him more in the light of an uncle than a cousin; for he must be eight or ten years her senior, and that made a great deal of difference once. He will be off again to sea soon, and will, perhaps, be sent on a foreign station for three or four years. If she has any predilection at present, of which I am not aware, she will long before that time have got over it."

"But sailors are impetuous, and really, seeing the terms they are on, I very much fear that he will propose to her before he goes away, and that she will accept him," said Mr. Dimsdale.

"There I can serve you, my dear Dim," whispered Mr. Floyd, confidently. "I have urged on Lady Clarissa the importance of demanding obedience from her children; and, though she has not much chance of obtaining it from Guy, she will be more inclined to exact it from Evangeline. If she has not already done so, I know that she will at once prohibit her from engaging herself, or making any promise whatever, without her full sanction and approval. She may think very well of Captain Headley; but then he is a sailor, and, as he is not likely to give up his profession, he must be constantly at sea, and separated from his wife. She holds to the opinion that I do—that sailors make bad husbands, and, fortunately for me, that clergymen make the best. There's consolation for you, my dear Dim."

"I must receive it as such," answered Mr. Dimsdale, with a sigh. "But you say that he is a captain; surely he is young to have attained that rank."

"He has attained each step of his promotion as fast as he well could; for, truth to say, he has the reputation of being a first-rate officer, and has done all sorts of gallant things—in the war with Russia, on shore during the Indian mutiny, in New Zealand, and on

the coast of Africa, and, indeed, wherever he has had an opportunity of distinguishing himself. I do not know how many times he has jumped overboard and saved the lives of people. For your sake, indeed, I wish that he had not come just now, for such things tell with young girls. However, in consequence, more help from me may possibly be required, and more exertion on your part to overcome difficulties. It is pleasant, my dear Dim, to be able to help old friends. So do not despair, I will do all I can for you. I see Lady Clarissa beckoning to me; I must attend on her."

During this time couples were standing up to dance, and conversations on various subjects were going forward. A slim, small-faced youth had been introduced to Miss Phœbe Broadfield, the most lively of the five lively Miss Broadfields. She did not quite catch his name; it sounded to her like Muddlepathe—so she called him. After looking up and down the room, and pulling at his gloves with nervous twitches, he inquired, in a soft voice, to what church she went.

"Why do you ask? It's a funny question in a ball-room," she said.

"Oh, because I want to know what you think of St. Ninan's," answered the young gentleman.

"Why, what is there particular about it?" she asked.

"Oh, it's all so architecturally correct, and the Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale, who is decidedly a priest of advanced opinions and practice, is anxious to have everything in order," answered the young gentleman. "When I am in London I always go to St. Alban's, Holborn, so I know how things ought to be. We shall soon, I hope, get them into proper shape here; but we must be cautious, for people are apt at first to be opposed to us. You should come and see. There is a new altar of the proper elevation, and a beautiful altar-piece of the Virgin and Child, and some magnificent candlesticks. It is said that Lady Clarissa gave them. I think it likely, as I know that she greatly admires Mr. Dimsdale. You should go and hear him, especially when advocating true Catholic principles. Much better than hearing old Broadfield prose for half an hour, as I had the misfortune of doing once."

"I hear him very often," said Phœbe, scarcely able to keep her countenance.

"Doesn't he send you to sleep?" asked the young gentleman.

"It has happened, but not often, as he is sure to scold me if I do; for he is my papa, you see."

"Oh dear! I didn't know that, I am sure," said Muddlepathe, who had been away at school and college, while Phœbe Broadfield had grown out of his recollection. "But still you will forgive me, and if you'll come, you'll see how beautifully things are done. We introduced Hymns Ancient and Modern last Sunday, and the choristers were all dressed in white surplices, and they entered the church with a banner, singing."

Phœbe did not hear what hymns were sung.

"Oh, it is a great step in the right direction. Do you pray to the Virgin Mary?"

"Dear me, no. I thought only Roman Catholics did that," exclaimed Phœbe. "What a very odd question!"

"Not at all. Catholics are enjoined to pray to her; for of course she hears our prayers, and there is something very beautiful in her worship, I assure you. You'll come and assist in decorating the church on our next festival, for I am sure that the flowers grown in the vicarage could not be employed to so good a purpose. You don't know what sums are spent in London on flowers for our churches. Here we expect that they will be sent by the faithful, for it is a most meritorious act, I assure you. Do you go to confession?"

"No, I should think not," said Phœbe. "I tell you I am not a Roman Catholic. I am a Protestant."

"Oh, that odious word, Protestant!" exclaimed Mr. Muddleplate. "It should be expunged from the English language. I never think of it, or of that dreadful mistake, the Reformation, without a blush."

"Why, dear me, to what Church do you belong, if you are not a Roman Catholic?" asked Phœbe.

"To the Anglican Church, Miss Broadfield, and so do you, I fancy, only you maintain much error, I fear, and I hold its tenets in all their purity," said Mr. Muddleplate.

"I am much obliged to you for the compliment," answered Phœbe, with a toss of her head. "I should think that my papa knows what is right. He has heard of the changes in St. Ninan's you talk of, but he did not think it worth while to notice them. He said that he was sure the folly would wear itself out."

"A very irreverent way of speaking of the sacred ceremonies of our Church," said Mr. Muddleplate, in his turn bristling up as far as his dull nature would allow. "I should like to know what reply Mr. Dimsdale would make to such remarks."

"That you were acting a very ungentlemanly part in repeating a ball-room conversation with a young lady," said Phœbe, quickly, knowing that her father would have an especial objection to being brought in in the matter, or creating what he called a rumpus.

"Anything for a quiet life," was one of Mr. Broadfield's constant remarks. When, therefore, he heard of the alterations taking place in Mr. Dimsdale's church, he said nothing on the subject in public.

"It may be his taste, and each man should please his own taste—that's my maxim," he observed to his wife. "He probably considers that it will please his congregation, and if he has a fancy for spending his own or anybody else's money in that way, I have nothing to say."

Curiously enough, two or three other couple were talking on the same subject that Mr. Muddleplate had introduced to Miss Phœbe Broadfield, most of them in the same flippant style. It had been the frequent topic during the season in the London ball-rooms, and they naturally introduced it in the country. Captain Headley, who knew very little of High Church, or Broad Church, or Low Church, was rather astonished at some of the remarks he overheard. He was stopped by old Colonel Thornton seizing him by the button-hole near a fashionably-dressed couple—a Miss Leonora Flimsy and a Mr. Edwin Simper.

"Do you worship at St. Ninan's?" asked Miss Flimsy. "I thought that I had seen you there."

"Oh yes; I make a point of attending all the services. It is somewhat fatiguing, I own, but you know that we should do everything for the sake of religion," answered Mr. Simper. "I always go to vespers and matins and the morning celebration, as well as the regular services. I am very much inclined to become a priest myself."

"Oh, do! You would look so well as a celebrant vested in albe, stole, maniple, and chasuble," exclaimed Miss Leonora. "I do so hate those ugly black and white gowns and plain unadorned churches, with hideous pews. I should so like to see you walking up our church, properly robed, in full procession, with cross-bearers and banners, and incense waving, and acolytes, and deacons, and sub-deacons following. Oh, what a difference there is in such a church as ours and those old-fashioned affairs which stupid people will still persist in supporting."

"Dear me, I should think so, indeed," said Mr. Simper. "It's my opinion that we shall soon have all the élite of society with us. Of course they are the most desirable, as well as the richest. The incense is so delightful, you see. I don't think that the common people care about it, nor about the pictures. They admire the candlesticks, and they think that it is a great thing to get the priest to say prayers for them."

"Ah, so it is, and to be able to confess, and to get good advice, and to have one's sins forgiven, and to have the Bible interpreted for one, though my confessor says that I had better not read it often; it cannot do me much good by myself, as the Church gives us all that is needful. I do feel so comfortable when I come out from confession from knowing that I have been forgiven for all the times I have been naughty! I don't know what I should do if I led a very strict life. I should have really nothing to confess. Do you often go to confession, Mr. Simper?"

Captain Headley did not hear the reply, for he was glad of an opportunity of escaping from Colonel Thornton. He had recourse to Evangeline for an explanation as to the meaning of what he had heard.

"They must have been speaking of the new style of worship which has been introduced of late into our churches, for I know that both the gentleman and lady you speak of are nominally Protestants, though it would be difficult to say what they are in reality. Mr. Dimsdale, the incumbent of the new church we attend, and which dear papa assisted to build, began some Sundays ago to introduce the same system, so it struck me and Mrs. Margaret; but he says that he is only having things put in order, and as they ought to be; that the church is too plain, and requires more ornamenting; that the music requires improving, and that proper services should be performed with more regularity. I have not, I confess, given the subject much consideration, but Mr. Floyd takes a great interest in church architecture and music, and he has induced mamma to take the matter up, and she, I believe, supplies Mr. Dimsdale with funds for making the proposed alterations. You know that when good Mr. Simpson was there everything was very nice and well arranged. Not many weeks passed after his death before Mr. Dimsdale came, so that I do not think matters can have gone very wrong. He has had the communion-table

raised, with steps up to it. It is now covered with a crimson cloth, ornamented with various devices. A lady, a friend of his, has given a very large handsome cross, which reaches nearly half way up to the roof. Below it are a number of silver candlesticks and vases, which the young ladies of the church are requested to fill regularly with flowers. On the first Sunday we were here he turned to the east during the communion service, and consequently his back was to the congregation, which had a very odd appearance. Our old hymn-book was discarded, and Hymns Ancient and Modern introduced. Certainly, however, the music in them is very good, though Mrs. Margaret says that some are addressed to the Virgin Mary, and others speak of the real presence and other doctrines, which no honest Protestants would approve of. He has got up a very good choir of boys, who are all dressed in white surplices, and look very nice; but as they are not sufficient, there are some girls, who have to sit divided by a light wooden screen from the boys, which puts me in mind of nuns in a church abroad. They are dressed to look something like them. The cross and the candlesticks only appeared last Sunday, so that I do not know what people think of them."

"I know what I think, that this Mr. Dimsdale intends to give his congregation a taste for Roman Catholic ceremonies and mummeries, and then to lead them over bodily to Rome, or else to make traffic of their souls, and to rule them at his pleasure," exclaimed Captain Headley, with unusual vehemence. "I must get my cousin, John Osborn, to come down here and tackle this Mr. Dimsdale, or he may do a great deal of mischief before people are aware of what he is about. I had no notion that things had come to such a pass. I remember hearing years ago, when poor Tom was at college, that several Jesuits were suspected to have gone to the universities to carry out a long concocted plot to turn the English into Roman Catholics. I remember that the idea was scouted as absurd; but from what I have heard to-night I begin to fancy that there was some truth in the report, not that I think the rogues will succeed, for I believe that the English of all classes have too much love for the Bible, and knowledge of the Bible, and faith in the Bible, to be so led astray. It is only those who are ignorant of its truths fall into the toils of these traitors. This is a rough sailor's notion of the matter."

"Surely it is an over-severe one," said Evangeline.

"Not more severe than the case demands," answered Captain Headley. "Forewarned, forearmed. I entreat you, dear Evangeline, not to be caught in the snares of the fowlers."

"Very little fear, Richard. I do not suppose that any one would take much trouble to catch a poor bird like me," said Evangeline. "I doubt, also, whether any one could catch my brother."

The conversation was interrupted by a lad of about sixteen, of rather unprepossessing manner, though not ill looking.

"Ah, Cousin Dick, I am very glad to see you!" he exclaimed, in an off-hand tone. "My lady mother sent me to learn what you two are talking about. No treason about me, I hope, or a certain reverend gentleman who shall be nameless? However, I am to tow you up to her, and you are to do whatever she orders you."

"Why, Guy, you have grown out of all remembrance," said Captain Headley. "I will put myself under your mother's orders, Evangeline. I hope that I may consider myself engaged to you for the next quadrille, and for some other dance?"

"Oh yes, I shall not dance much more with any one, so that I think, as you have been so long away, and are so soon going again, I may consider myself engaged to you for any of the dances I do dance," she answered, looking up kindly at him.

A vain man, which Captain Headley was not, might have flattered himself that his lovely cousin had more than a cousin's regard for him. He knew that she esteemed and trusted him, and he knew that since she was a child he had taken a deep and tender interest in her; but it had not occurred to him that this feeling was ever likely to grow into a stronger one of a different nature. No sooner had Captain Headley left the side of Evangeline than Mr. Dimsdale glided up to her, and with silvery words and soft accents endeavoured to gain her attention, but he saw with no little vexation that all his powers were exerted in vain.

"Floyd, you must get rid of that cousin of hers, or I shall do nothing," said Mr. Dimsdale, when he next passed his friend.

"Never fear, he will be off again in a day or two," was the answer.

The ball was said to have been a great success, and everybody praised Lady Clarissa's courtesy and the appearance and gentlemanly manners of her young husband. Evangeline came in also for a large share of praise, but some complained that she was too silent and retiring, and others that she was haughty and supercilious, while some charitably hoped that young Sir Guy would improve, as at present he was pronounced to be very like an unlicked cub. Poor Lady Clarissa had done her best to spoil him, and had succeeded.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRIEST OF ST. NINAN'S RECEIVES A VISIT FROM HIS BROTHER PRIESTS. AN ACCOUNT OF THE INTERESTING CONVERSATION WHICH ENSUED.

THE Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale was seated in the comfortable, elegantly furnished study of his parsonage, one evening, when two visitors entered the room; the one was the Rev. Father Algar, and the other a brother ecclesiastic, whom he introduced as the Rev. Daniel O'Hagan. The former, from being thin and tall, had a refined appearance, especially contrasted with Mr. O'Hagan, who was stoutly built and short. The latter had a bullet head, the hair on which was closely cropped, thick lips, and jowls with a bluish tint, caused by the roots of the hair kept closely shaved, a colourless or whitish-brown complexion, and small greenish eyes, almost concealed by a heavy lid and eyebrow. It would have been wrong to say that the expression of his face was sensual, whatever his features might have betokened; all expression had been completely suppressed, leaving only a look of dull, stolid indifference to all that was said or done around him. One carefully on the watch could alone have discovered that his sharp eyes

were looking out on the world with no common acuteness, and that not a word was likely to escape his keen ears. After they had been blandly welcomed by Mr. Dimsdale, and had taken their seats, Father Algar lost no time in introducing the business about which they had come.

"We understand, dear brother, that you entertain sentiments of affection and respect towards our only true and Catholic Church, and that you desire to rejoin our communion."

"Just so; Father Algar expresses my ideas, and we shall be glad to know on what basis you propose to rejoin the Catholic Church," observed Mr. O'Hagan.

"You are, I conceive, somewhat misinformed, dear sirs," answered Mr. Dimsdale. "I wish to bring about a union of the Anglican Church with that of Rome and Greece, and I consider that desirable end can best be effected by assimilating the services of my Church to that of theirs, as I conceive we already hold all the leading doctrines of the Christian faith in common."

"What! do you believe in transubstantiation?" asked Mr. O'Hagan.

"Certainly, in all respects as you do," answered the Anglican priest.

"And in the sacrifice of the mass?" inquired the Romish priest.

"Undoubtedly; we still continue and commemorate the sacrifice which Christ once made upon the cross," said Mr. Dimsdale.

"But with regard to justification; have you read our twelfth canon?" asked Mr. O'Hagan. "Here it is: 'If any one shall say that justifying faith is no other than a trust in Divine mercy, which remits sins for the sake of Christ, or *that it is faith alone by which we are justified, let him be accursed.*'"

"Yes, assuredly that is the doctrine I hold," said Mr. Dimsdale.

"Very good; and do you, my dear sir, approve of the invocation of the saints?" asked Mr. O'Hagan.

"Yes; I think that, according to the Council of Trent, 'it is good and useful suppliantly to invoke the saints, and to have recourse to their prayers, help, and assistance,'" replied the Anglican priest.

"As to the adoration of images?" put in Father Algar.

"I consider that we should have them in our churches, and that due honour and veneration should be paid them. Of course, I mean only in the sense that if any should kiss the feet of the crucifix, it would be in reverence to the crucified," said Mr. Dimsdale.

"Do you pray for the dead?" asked Mr. O'Hagan.

"I hold to the doctrine that it is right to do so," said Mr. Dimsdale.

"Of course you approve of confession?" said Father Algar.

"Certainly; it would be impossible to carry on the discipline of the Church without it," answered Mr. Dimsdale. "Besides, how could the priest maintain his power unless he was able to grant absolution and impose penance?"

"With regard to the worship of the blessed Virgin and the dogma of the immaculate conception?" remarked Mr. O'Hagan, in a suggestive tone.

"Certainly, that she is greatly to be adored, and that her prayers are most effectual when pleading for sinners," answered the Anglican priest, crossing his arms. "But, with regard to the latter point, I must, like the Rev. Dr. Pusey, reserve my opinion. I believe that I agree with him exactly on all other points, and I should be loth to differ on this. Besides, you must allow that it is not an ancient doctrine of the Catholic Church."

"That matters nothing. It is a doctrine put forth under the authority of our holy father the Pope, and, therefore, is binding on all faithful Catholics," answered Mr. O'Hagan. "Perhaps, however, you do not acknowledge the supremacy and authority of the Pope?"

"Heaven forbid that I should not!" exclaimed the Anglican priest, crossing himself. "I readily recognise the primacy of the Bishop of Rome; the bearings of that primacy upon other local Churches I believe to be matter of ecclesiastical, not of divine law; but neither is there anything in the supremacy itself to which I object. I am but repeating the words of one of the great leaders of the present glorious movement in the Anglican Church, so fully do I agree with them. Yes, my dear Catholic brethren, my great desire is to see the Anglican Church reunited to that of the Mother Church of Rome."

"The process would be simple, my dear brother," said Father O'Hagan, with a smile, and in the blandest of tones. "You must come as sinful children, acknowledging your guilt at having so long remained estranged from our holy mother, the Church, and humbly beseech our father the Pope to receive you again into the pale of her communion, being ready to submit to any penance he, in his sovereign wisdom, may judge fit to inflict. On these terms only do I conceive that you will be welcomed back."

"They seem hard terms, dear brethren," observed Mr. Dimsdale, wincing, "and, however the more advanced of the Anglican clergy may be ready to accept them, I fear that a large portion of their flocks may not be prepared to go so far, at all events, for the present. Time will be required to accustom their minds to the change."

"Certainly! And yet they are terms which all who have been reunited to the holy Mother Church have accepted without hesitation," observed Father Algar.

"Depend on my doing my utmost with my flock, my dear brothers," said Mr. Dimsdale, taking the hands of the two Romish priests. "My prayer is that we may soon be one in name, as we are in heart and spirit, but we must be cautious. Our meeting must be held an inviolable secret."

"As those of the confessional," said Father Algar.

Much further conversation followed on various topics, the two priests giving their Anglican brother what he considered very valuable advice and suggestions. So engrossed was he with the subject, that, had it not been for a hint from Mr. Algar, he would altogether have forgotten to order in those creature-comforts of whisky and hot water, of which, he remarked, Father O'Hagan especially stood greatly in need.

GREAT AND LITTLE PEOPLE.*

HE is a bold man who would write a *La Bruyère* adapted to the present age, but commissaries of police are not by profession timid, and one has presented himself in the person of M. Eugène Bruncamp to undertake the task. It would have been expected that in depicting the ideas, manners, and characters of the Parisians of the present day, that our commissary would have had some revelations of inner life with which to illustrate his instances. Not at all. He treats of talent, of the world and its impressions, of the people and the different classes of society, of great and little people, of the rich and those who depend upon them, of poverty and misery, of political systems and opinions, of public administration, of success, of progress, and of the soul and a future life, precisely as his master did in the seventeenth century, under the Latin names, Frenchified, of *Thesiphène*, *Linéus*, *La Léstoras*, *De Syltène*, and others of a similar character.

The chapter on Great and Little People is at once the most amusing and the most original of the work, and we shall, therefore, take our excerpts from that portion of the book.

"There is a fact," says the modern *La Bruyère*, "which appears to defy all contestation, which all the world affirms, and which is this: humanity is composed of Great and Little People. The delicate point is to decide what constitutes the one class and the other, and especially to induce each to consent to take the rank that belongs to him. No one wishes to be among the little people, and it is difficult to determine who are great unless it is to assume that those are so who pretend to be so. People are always in dread lest the relative inequality, of the existence of which there can be no doubt, should interfere with the no less manifest fact of a natural equality.

"The great constitutes great people, as the little constitutes little people, without that distinction destroying natural equality. Now, the great is genius, virtue, and utility, the little is incapacity, vice, and inutility; hence it is that every man of genius, every virtuous man, every man useful to all, necessarily constitutes part of the great people, whilst every man who is incapable, vicious, or useless, naturally constitutes part of the little people.

"Greatness is in the very nature of that which is great, as littleness is in the nature of that which is little; it is impossible to change this state of things. You may laugh, sneer, or despise that which is great—it matters not, it remains great; while, on the contrary, you may esteem, honour, and extol that which is little—it will always remain little.

"It is in the power of men and of events to so act that greatness shall often be in want and littleness shall prosper, and they may even pass away in such a relative state; but it is neither in the power of men or of events to produce that other phenomenon—that that which is little shall

* Nos Idées, nos Mœurs, nos Caractères. Par Eugène Bruncamp, Commissaire de Police de la Ville de Paris. Paris: L. Hachette et C^{ie}.

be great, or that which is great shall be little. Greatness doubts its own strength for a time, feels its way, develops itself, and takes up a position; littleness defends itself, prides itself on some occult merit, and never takes up a position.

"Man is naturally sensitive and proud; he concedes unwillingly that which lowers him in his own estimation. Indifferent upon a thousand matters, he is easily roused upon a point which often only concerns his pride when he believes his dignity is offended; he tolerates rank, position, honours; he concedes what is due to genius, virtue, courage, work, and utility, while he inwardly thinks he shall also one day win the same, and he plumes himself upon the idea, that if distinction has never reached him, it has been turned away by favour. Speak to littleness about the injustice of men, it knows it well; tell it that it is one of the victims, it will grant it at once; but its own inferiority, that it will never admit; merit may domineer over it, reduce it to silence—it recedes, holds its tongue, but does not yield.

"Modesty may be combined with greatness, for it adds to its merits; littleness is never modest, for with it modesty is only the acknowledgment of its inferiority. Contemplate man in his most favourable aspect—do more, exaggerate what is good and rare in him—he will admit your discrimination; but touch upon his weak points, do so with the utmost sensitiveness, be careful with your words, soften off the truth, still you will dare too much; he will deny your competency.

"There is in every human being the mind and the body—in other words, man and beast: is it the beast richly clothed that constitutes between it and the naked beast relative inequality? You who are miserable bend the knee, nay, prostrate yourself full length and rub your nose in the dust, before Cabarabas, who can spend a million in order to enjoy a caprice, and who revels in your humiliation with haughty mien; what can I deduce from such a sight that shall lead me to see greatness on one side or littleness on the other? The one is too lofty, the other is too low; equality re-establishes itself in stupidity.

"Man, product from the same work, intelligence emanating from the same source, contains nothing in himself that is opposed to natural equality; but there exists between genius and stupidity, between the highest virtue and the lowest and most despicable vice, between the most elevated utility and absolute inutility, chasms which constitute relative inequality: a striking truth, which every one recognises, which they can touch with the finger, and which they willingly respect. Now, to agree upon that point is also to admit that every advantage that is foreign to the nature of the individual, as riches, cannot take the place of moral value, and necessarily rank a person among great people, as any disadvantage foreign to the individual, as poverty, does not necessarily cast him down among little people.

"However elevated the finest intelligences may be, there is always some point by which such are associated with the common run of men; so likewise, however feeble the most common-place intelligences may be, there is often some happy feature in them by which they approximate to the horizon of the great: natural equality always vindicates its rights. Who would venture to affirm that the time will not come when certain people, who are deemed to be foolish in neglecting and keeping at a dis-

tance in the present day, may not gain in elevation all that justice and reason may deprive others of, and yet who are now sought after and surrounded with consideration ?

"Every one feels within himself that something which makes him the equal of all. We instinctively reject every system that tends to classify humanity in great and little individualities otherwise than by genius, virtue, or elevated utility ; we contemplate with irony all greatness that is destitute of merit or virtue, and which rests solely upon material advantages.

"The smallest minds are the most easily disturbed and angered. They are at once known by the energy which they throw into the most trifling matters, just as great minds are known by the calm and steadiness with which they contemplate the most grave interests. Brutal force is on the side of little people, as moral force is on the side of great, and the proverb which says that victory lies with the biggest battalions receives here its contradiction. It is, in fact, by great people that every truth triumphs, it is by them that man rises up to the idea of a superior destiny, and it is by little people that it falls so low as to deny that destiny and to grovel like a brute.

"Great people have a secret sentiment of the superior destiny of man ; they contemplate it in the full light of their intelligence. This kind of intuition assumes, with the lapse of time, the mysterious character of a revelation in their minds, and hence their love of humanity ; the debasement of a whole class of men is painful to them ; they direct their energies to the cure as to a sacred mission imposed upon them ; they have faith in the perfectibility, if not absolute, at all events relative, of every human being ; they take that truth to heart, and light up with it the very depths of ignorance, making them shine with reflected lustre, and they give to it a name which stirs the world : they call it 'progress.' Little people, carried away in their own whirlwind, applaud the idea, which they feel rather than understand, and they stop at that point. Does not the existence of this feeling prove that natural equality has a common interest and end?

"Those who in this world superadd incapacity and inaptitude in all things to misery, and who are reduced to expect everything from the pity of their equals, are truly very little people. Those who, in the same conditions of intellectual incapacity, have the good fortune to hide their mental poverty, and to shine with a certain dubious lustre which is to the reality what tinsel is to gold, are very lucky people, for their self-love is satisfied with the part they play.

"Those who, with capacity, mind, and activity, struggle in vain for fortune, who with real qualities brought to the task still never succeed, who suffer and complain only to be contemned, are truly unfortunate people.

"Lastly, those who possess knowledge and genius, who join to these magnificent gifts pure manners and a sensible and good heart, whom success attends in everything that they undertake, and with all that are not carried away by vainglory, are not only very happy people, but also very great people.

"That this division of humanity into little and great people, and, if you like it, of common-place people, forms part of the design of the Creator, who has conceived and executed all things, is an admitted

belief. Those who attack such a belief, or who go further and make of the being an abstract thing, do not give sufficient reasons for their doubts or their negation, and a general faith remains; but does it follow from this that we must consider everything as being in its regular order, and conformable to the views of Him who has given all things? Have we any certainty that man has never abused his power or his force under the influence of pride? Can we be certain that he has never falsified or perverted anything? The great and the little people after his fashion, are they the great and little people after the fashion of God?

"We feel that, in the presence of the Creator, man can only pride himself in possessing more or less of what comes from Him, as the noble inspirations of his mind, the good impulses of his heart, the wise decisions of his reason and his will, developing in him his virtues and his wisdom.

"But in the presence of society man often prides himself, not on what comes from himself as merit or virtue, but what belongs to him as fortune. This being admitted, that before the Creator virtue takes precedence before fortune, but that in society fortune takes precedence of virtue, it may be asked where is the truth and where the error? Is it the Creator who is in the right towards the creature, or is it the creature who is in the right against the Creator? Which is it that deceives itself, or God or man? If the answer cannot be doubtful, and progress lies in the triumph of truth, what a subject for reflection for many great and little people who must one day find their place!

"Man does not precisely deny merit or virtue. Where he errs is in exalting such when they are surrounded by the brilliancy of wealth, and despising them in a state of poverty, and that, until fatigued, extenuated by watchfulness, genius imposes itself upon littleness, and virtue, succumbing before toil, compels respect.

"What possesses those who hold vast domains, whose virtues, genius, or utility are unknown, to speak with such haughtiness of the multitude, the poor people, the little people? Do the people say, on seeing them so happy, What an injustice! Why not enjoy in silence? Why attract attention to their nullity? Does any one think of spoiling them of their goods? Who would envy them with the condition of being like themselves void of all genius, virtue, or utility? Have they no one to enlighten them, and to say to them, 'Look at yourselves and become more humble; your place is marked for you among the least of all people?'

"Some are of opinion that men in general will always be so weak as to flatter vice in power and imbecility clothed in gold; but others argue that the time will come when men will glorify genius and virtue, even if in misery.

"When in a quiet and thoughtful mood I examine how much good there is in the mind and heart of man, not to discover what is just and reasonable, but to submit myself to it; when I see with what authority his interests lord it over his rectitude, and how egotism sways all things; when I observe with what an impetus his personal welfare leads him to abandon what is just, and with what reasons he contents himself to justify the course he is pursuing, I must admit that my soul is filled with surprise, and my confidence is disconcerted; but a flash of light passes and reassures me: the idea of a Providence that watches over the world, and that guides it, brings me back my faith; I pick up my pen, the arm that

has fallen from my hand, I re-enter the lists, and I dare to write: Yes, genius and virtue will be the masters of the world; yes, humanity will arrive at that degree of perfection as shall admit their sole empire. But there is only the absolute that is absolute, and the terms of comparison are in the designs of the absolute: the little and the abject will always exist, so that man may feel more perfectly the value of the great and the estimable; and at the very time when genius and virtue shall dominate, there will still be happy vice and honoured imbecility—that is to say, the success of little people, as a shadow to confirm the triumph of the great.

“It has been so much the fashion, especially of late, to exalt reason, justice, and humanity, that we shall soon have thoroughly exhausted the subject, and shall leave no resource to our successors, unless, wishing to do something new, they should put into practice what their forefathers preached.

“We have so carefully trained the people, we have told them so often, and under every possible form, You are great, and the greatest of all; you are good, and the best of all; you are strong, and the strongest of all; you are brave, and the bravest of all; you are human, and more than human; you are apt, and the most apt to receive light and to diffuse it over the whole globe,—all qualities which admit of fair illustration, and in which there is as much of truth as of hyperbole; these praises have been so often sang by poets, and seriously repeated by those who have become really great by controlling the populace, or have made themselves illustrious by commanding them, that I feel forced to admit that the people have only retained the half of what is attributed to them. I must conclude that at some time or other, not far off, they will ask themselves if the distance which in the present day separates the little from the great is not less a fact in nature than one of force or of conventionality.

“And, in truth, if the people, jealous of its interests and of its greatness, should one day take to reckoning on its fingers the number of illustrious people who have sprung from its ranks, who can say if it will not find itself talking of its race and its blood, and if it would not say of such and such a one, with a pride, the legitimacy of which could not be easily contested, He comes from the people; just as we say, He comes from the Montmorencys, the Noailles, and the Richelieus. Once this fact admitted, what confusion there would be in seeking for the great in the crowd of little ones, the little ones in the crowd of great, and in rearranging the class of little and great people!

“So many things declared to be impossible have in our days been easily accomplished; so many dreams have turned out to be realities; so many ideas deemed to be absurd are now crowned with an aureola, and placed to the account of genius, that there is no wonder that some should be tickled with the fancy of dealing with the impossible, and be bold enough to extract from it a few of those notions, which are often so called, but which turn out just the contrary, or which are designated absurd at their birth, and called genius when they have attained maturity.

“There is already in the impossible of the present day a thing which could be easily done, and that is the extirpation of misery.” [The author's ideas, as expounded in another chapter upon this subject, are, that poverty, as we are taught by Scripture, is a necessity. Without it there would be no work. But misery is an evil, and it should be relieved by ten

millions out of the thirty-six millions of inhabitants of France contributing each one hundred francs (4*l.*) to a common fund. The interest at five per cent. on this fund would produce an annual revenue of fifty millions to be devoted to remedying that evil which civilisation has a right to do away with. This is discounting the future upon the present; but if the theory were sound, what unfortunate ratepayer of Great Britain would not gladly compound all future poor-rates by a single contribution of four pounds sterling? How many are called upon in our blessed country to pay that amount, trebled and quadrupled, three or four times a year?]

"There are in the sack of absurdity two things that will one day be two works of genius, and they are these: Reason will suppress war, and virtue, genius, and utility will be masters of the world, and will alone go to constitute the class of great people; vice, incapacity, and inutility will be dismissed from employment, and will constitute the class of little people; that is to say, that which at present is admitted by all sound minds will pass into the dominion of facts.

"But fortune, it is said, is blind. Yes. That is an incurable evil; let us leave it its bandage, but one day a clearer consideration of matters will have its scales and weights." [The ancients, who worshipped Fortune as a deity, did not generally attribute blindness to her. They said she was changeable (Theocritus) and inconstant (Euripides), but they also wisely expounded that our fortune depends on our own exertions (Plutarch in Demosthenes). Some, it is true, say she blinds others, but Cicero is the only writer of antiquity who speaks of her as blind herself.]

"That which is impossible to-day, and may be accomplished to-morrow, has already a hold upon the will of the greater number, and it is only opposed by some who are in power, who will lose in the opposition which they make to it, and in the contempt with which they treat it, their reputation for talent, and all their claims to be called great people.

"The impossible with most persons is often but a truth imperfectly perceived, hidden hitherto under the bushel of routine, and hence constituted into a dangerous chimera by small minds, which in their terror they dare not approach until stronger minds have calmed their apprehensions, and shown it to them in all its simplicity, in all its innocence, and with all its advantages; then they take possession of it, and that sometimes with so much enthusiasm, that they require to be restrained in order to prevent them falling into the very error which they did previously; that is to say, into the impossible.

"So also the absurd is often only a new idea running like a flame on the verge of the horizon, which short-sighted people cannot see at first, and hence they laugh at it as a folly, until time at last gives to it so much light that they are dazzled with it, and admit its existence, because it burns the tip end of their noses.

"Learned men, authors and artists, constitute what is called the world of genius: who will deny that it contains its portion of narrow-minded, its little people, just as well as the world of working men? Who has not met with myrmidons of science, literature, and art? Their vision extends to some five hundred feet above and below them, and they fancy they can peer into the infinite: they speak, they attitudinise, they expand in their little sphere, which they esteem to be great for the sole reason that there

are great names in the sciences, the letters, and the arts which they cultivate, and they think that on that account they become themselves estimable. Who has not been satiated with pretensions to learning, and wearied with the barbarous jargon of so-called science, which leads some to deny the existence of the Creator" [we are happy to say so extreme a criticism does not apply in this country], "to ignore whence they come and where they go, to profess to be strong-minded, and go through life affirming the nothingness of all things, and proclaiming man to be born like a brute and to have the same end?"

"Who esteems those writers whose words, vulgar in conception and trivial in their forms, exist long enough to vitiate the taste of the public and to corrupt the simplicity of youth, and the success of which is estimated not by the amount of good done to manners, but by the amount of money which they bring in to the authors and publishers? Who feels any interest in those poor artists who paint and sculpture without genius and without faith, and only seek to attract attention by the absence of modesty in their attitudes, and their still more scandalous nudities? An insignificant crowd who think that they signify something; who deem all that they cannot do, or that do not know how to do, impossible; all that they do not conceive, or cannot conceive, absurd; who cannot get beyond a certain point, and yet among whom the very least are the most presuming critics of the masters.

"A man of capability appreciates genius and places his trust in it: he sees clearly the direction which it takes, and he follows it; but left to himself, he becomes troubled and confused, and he stops in presence of the future, too profound for his uncertain gaze.

"A clear head admits that which is sound, and repels whatever is obscure and unintelligible; a stupid person admits and repels without discernment, he declares what is beautiful to be mediocre, and what is mediocre he esteems to be beautiful. A wise man thinks he knows little; a man of little information thinks he knows all things. A well-informed and sensible man lets others speak, he is silent, and never takes any one up; an ignorant and foolish man speaks on all subjects, monopolises conversation, excites himself, is unreasonable, and takes everybody up. An honest man believes in the probity of the whole world, the cheat has no faith in the probity of any one. A clever man feels that he gives pleasure, and that he is welcome everywhere; a stupid man does not know that he is unwelcome and not wanted. A simple man does not seek to attract the attention of any one, and esteems himself at what he is worth; a fop thinks that the whole world is looking at him, and endows himself precisely with those merits he is most deficient in. A good man does not believe in evil: he examines it, modifies it, takes away the bad intention, and makes of it something that is natural or indifferent. The wicked man does not believe in good: he laughs at it, denies it, interprets it according to his own bad heart, corrupts the intention, discovers malice or interests which have no existence, and deems everything suspicious or hypocritical. A good man loves his fellow-creatures, and esteems them sufficiently to believe in their perfection; he is honourable and virtuous, and it is with good faith that he preaches progress and works in the cause. The bad man only loves himself, and believes in nothing but his good fortune. He pretends to esteem all that he deems to be useful to

his interests; he speaks occasionally of his honour and his integrity, or of his vices, but he has only one line of conduct, which is to spread his net and catch those whom he has selected as his dupes.

"The world likes what is good and detests what is evil, but it does not form a very clear conception of what is good or of what is evil, still less so of what is fit and proper. It sometimes brings about disastrous results, while it is labouring with the enthusiastic intention of doing just the reverse. It takes up names which it adopts with great noise, and then drops them with an incredible facility. There are great words that move it, stupify it, and carry it away, and it is seen sometimes to move without knowing where it is going, and to act without knowing what will be the consequences. Its only compensation lies in the fact that as it only aspired to do good, when it finds that it is wandering it comes back to a sense of what is reasonable with the same enthusiasm with which it went astray.

"Commercial men, merchants, bankers, and tradesmen, constitute what is called the business part of the world, and they possess a merit of their own, the sum of the faculties necessary for which is expressed in three words: activity, fitness, and exchange; the object of which are one: gain; and all the glory connected with which lies in one word: success! It is in that world alone that the results constitute the classes, the great, the mean, the little; that is to say, fortune, ease, or discomfort, which again may be modified after the other fashion of great fortune, great ease, and great discomfort; and at the two extremes, immense fortunes and bankruptcy.

"There is a sort of great people, who are the rich, and a sort of little people, who are the poor; these are the conventional great and little people. There is another description of great people, these are the right-minded and the honest-hearted; and another description of little people: and these are the corrupt-minded and the false-hearted; these are the real great and little people—that is to say, when they are so by their own nature.

"There are again, and above these, another kind of great people, those who combine the possession of great wealth with great virtues or great talents; and below, another kind of little people, those who have neither the means of living, nor virtue, nor talent, nor utility, nor even the love of work, who only distinguish themselves by their vices, who have only the honour, which they do not deserve, of being called men; the first are the highest expression of human value, the second are its lowest.

"Do we say of cheats or fools: these are great people? Is it rare to see a cheat or a fool who possesses wealth? Does it require great talents or a pure conscience to make a fortune? Tell me what kind of respect fortune alone is entitled to? I do not prevent poor men, blessed with virtues and talents, which make useful men of them, holding forth their hand to a rich fool, but I forbid them taking a pride in such an act.

"Some people complain that merit and virtue remain unperceived by the mass; but is that a reason why merit and virtue should not exist? One of the merits of merit, and one of the virtues of virtue, is modesty, and modesty is discreet. Impostors alone proclaim their genius, their

merits, and their virtues. He who cannot find any reason for superiority over another in his head or his heart, seeks for it in his purse; and if yours is empty, he esteems himself all the more, as he puts much in comparison with nothing. It is permissible to great people—I mean in the right, not the conventional, sense—to solicit places in which they can render themselves useful, and in which they feel they can distinguish themselves; such places are due to them, and ought to be granted on their demand, without favour or protection. But one cannot tolerate little people soliciting rewards for which they have no possible claim. Nothing can exceed the astonishment in which one is sometimes thrown by the pretensions of certain little people to talent, cleverness, power, and success!

“In conclusion, really great people constitute the sublime part of humanity, mediocre people the safe part, and little people the sickly or the bad part. These varieties are in nature, and they will continue to be so. What remains, then, to be done by progress? There remains to it to honour that which is great, to respect that which is safe, and to ameliorate that which is bad; and its task is still great enough to give birth to enthusiasm in great hearts, and to reanimate the right-minded who have exhausted themselves in the struggle.”

One great fallacy predominates over all this reasoning, and renders all deductions from it invalid. It is that while utility, merit, and genius, are judged of in a certain sense, and receive their reward here below, there is no judge of virtue. Real merit—the moral goodness of man—can only be judged of above; and just as the Creator has wisely left the future of mankind a mystery (for if there was no mystery man would know all things, and if man knew all things he would no longer be what he is, but what he believes he will be in future—in closer relation to the Deity), so also has it been wisely determined that men shall judge of one another's utility, genius, and merits generally; but not of real merits, for they are what constitute each man's claims to consideration (not justification) in another world, where “greatness” and “littleness,” conventional or theoretical, will find that level which is not meant ever to be accurately defined here below. In the mean time, whether he be “great” or “little,” every man has the same comfort here below as had the prophet and psalmist of old, when he said or sung: “I have been young and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.”

IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," "STRATHMORE,"* &c.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

RIEN QUE TOI.

CHAPTER XI.—(continued).

"THE SERPENT'S VOICE LESS SUBTLE THAN HER KISS."

ERCELDOUNE breathed fast and heavily; a sickening sense of mystery, of treachery, of evil, of half-truths told him only that by them he might be led deeper into error, was upon him.

"Had I twenty lives, she commands them," he said, briefly. "Say out your meaning—honestly, if you can."

"Very simply, then;—the woman to whom you would give a score of lives, if you had them, has from first to last sheltered your assassin from you, and has counterfeited tenderness for you that she might gain an influence strong enough to enable her to turn aside your vengeance from the only man Idalia Vassalis ever loved."

The words were cold, clear, incisive, calm with the tranquillity of unwarped truth. Under them Erceldoune staggered slightly, like one who reels under a deep knife-thrust; his face grew black with a hot rush of blood, his hands fell once more on his torturer's shoulders, swaying him dizzily to and fro.

"Own that you lie, or by——"

The closing oath rattled hard in his throat; in the moment he could have choked her traducer dead with no more thought, no more remorse, than men strangle the adder that has destroyed the life they treasure closest.

Vane, deficient neither in courage nor in supple strength, shook himself loose with a rapid movement, and lifting the pistol from the sands, held it out with a grave, graceful gesture, as though the weapon were a branch of palm.

"Take it back, and shoot me dead with it, if you find that I tell you untruth."

"If"

"Yes—'if.' I am no slanderer weaving a legend; no gossipier trafficking in cobwebs. I tell you a hard, unglozed, pitiless fact; there are many such in the history of the woman you imagine has so stainless, so martyred, so royal a soul! Take back your weapon, and use it if I play you false. You are longing to kill me now—I see that in your

eyes; but you are a lion, not a fox, and so you will not kill in the dark. Make it day about you, broad noonday, by which you can read the depths of your mistress's heart, and then—if she prove guiltless and I a liar—then compensate yourself as you will."

Erceldoune answered nothing, but he stretched his hand out and grasped the pistol in a silence that had more meaning than speech ever carried. A dusky reddened light was glowing in the darkness of his eyes—the light that glows in a dog's when the longing to seize and rend is rousing in it; his blood felt like fire; the dawn seemed to grow like night; the corrosion of a jealous hate was in him, and in its evil all other memories were drowned, all desires quenched, all loyalty loosened.

The other stretched his arm out and touched him as he turned and strode over the wet stone-strewn beach.

"Wait. Where do you go?"

"I go to 'make it daylight,' as you say—daylight strong enough to unbare your villany."

"But first you must hear——"

"I have heard too much."

"Stop an instant. Remember, I have known the story of Idalia as you will never know it."

"The more you know, the more honour should bind you into silence."

"Madman! When I tell you——"

"Mad I may be. Rather that than a traitor."

"It is a traitress of whom we speak."

Erceldoune's eyes flashed a strange glance into his; it was scorching as fire, yet it had in it a terrible appeal.

"Take care what you do," he muttered. "You will *make* me kill you."

"No. But I will make you prove my words truth or slander."

"I go to do it."

"You think you do; you do not. You go to hear a few soft words from lips that have duped the subtlest intriguers in Europe, and to believe every phrase that they breathe with a kiss upon yours, as though it were witnessed by angels! I tell you that my honour shall not rest upon so wayward and so frail a thing as her caprice of invention."

"And I tell you that *her* honour shall not rest upon the tongues of traitors. You have dared to say she shielded my assassin——"

"I say more;—I say she loved him. No! Take your hand off; you can seek my life later on; at present you must save your own, if you do not want a Bourbon bullet through your lungs for this woman who has fooled you, as she fools us all. There is one man, one only, that your mistress ever loved. She has wearied of him now, found him a thorn in her side, learned to hate him as such women can hate, drawn all the fragrance from her rose, and thrown the old withered leaves away—only the leaves are poisoned, and they cling, they cling! One man she loved, and she lavished her gold on him, and she reared her ambitions for him, and she was half his slave and half his sovereign, while she was for all the world beside that beautiful, cruel, wanton, pitiless, divine, and devilish sorceress that we know. She has had many lovers, but she duped them all. This man she never duped. A panther,

with a velvet eye and a glorious beauty ; a sun-god, with the soul of a fox and the heart of a carrion-crow—nothing more. But who shall measure the passionate fancies of a woman?—and such a woman? Well, she loved him ; and he was your assassin. No way so sure to shield him, as to bring you under her dominance ! It may be, it is true, that whilst fooling you for his sake, you dethroned him, and she grew in earnest, and it is he who is now to be thrown *ad leones*. It may be ; miladi has had many such caprices ! That you may know I say truth, and not falsehood, go and put but two questions to her. Ask her first, who the man is who left you for dead in the mountains. Ask her last, what the tie is that binds her to the Greek, Conrad Phaulcon.”

Erceldoune had listened, without a word, without a breath, his face with that tempestuous darkness lowered on it, and a great horror, a great misery gazing vacantly out from his dilated eyes. Yet the loyalty and the faith in him were stronger than all tests that wrung them ; he struggled to keep his hold upon them, and to keep them pure, unsoiled, unswerving, as men may strain to guard their honour unwarped, when all the dizzy world about them reeks with infamy, and presses them on to crime.

“ I *will* ask her,” he said, hoarsely, while his lips were white and dry as dust. “ Not to prove her purity, but to prove your shame.”

Then, without another syllable, he turned and set his face southward, and went by great swift steps, that sank into the sea-washed sand, backward to where he had left her—backward, with the waste of waters lying silent and untroubled by his course, and the sun rising higher from over the red wall of rock. Belief in what he had heard there was none, even yet, in his heart ; off the brave allegiance of his rash nobility the evil fell, finding no grappling-place, no resting-lair ; but on him a heavy, breathless, deadly oppression lay, and the first fear that his bold life had ever known ran like a current of ice through all his veins. The poison of doubt had been breathed on him, and its plague-spot widened and deepened, let him rend the canker out as he would.

Once in the agony of his passion he stretched out his arms to the vacant air as he went on in his loneliness, as though he saw her beauty, and drew it to him, though death should come with it.

“ Oh, my love, my love !” he muttered, unconsciously, in the longing of his soul. “ What matter what you be, so you are *mine* !”

It was in the blindness of the senses that he spoke, the mere idolatrous desire for the loveliness that to him had no likeness upon earth ; the cruel, intoxicated, fiery riot of the “ love lithe and fierce” that counts no cost to itself or to its prey, and that would plunge into an eternity of pain to purchase one short hour of its joy. A moment, and the nobler passion in him rose ; the perfect faith, without which his one idolatry would be but brutalised abandonment, rebuked him ; his head sank, his eyes saw the grey glooming sea through a hot rush of tears.

“ God forgive me so much sin to her as lay in the mere thought !” he murmured as he went ; to think that the lips which had lain on his had ever breathed the kisses which betray, to think that the heart which had beaten upon his had ever throbbed to the warmth of guilty pleasure, seemed to him a blasphemy against her that was sin itself. For, even

though those lips should be his, even though that heart should beat for him, if there were past treachery or present infidelity in her life, she would be dead to him—dead, more cruelly than though the steel had pierced the fairness of her breast, and the golden trail of her hair been drawn through the trampled dust of blood-stained streets.

If truth abode not with her, and the fealty of honour, she was dead to him.

"If her eyes shrink from mine, let the seas cover me!" he prayed in his soul; and the length of the shore seemed endless to him, and the tawny stretch of the beach seemed the burning waste of a desert, and the surf, as it flowed up and broke at his feet, seemed to force his steps backward and backward, and to bind his limbs as with lead.

CHAPTER XII.

"LET IT WORK!"

For many moments Victor Vane stood motionless, following with his gaze the retreating shadow of the man in whom his instinct had from the first foreseen his rival. The grave patience, the gentle tranquillity, the subdued regret his features had worn throughout their interview, passed away; a thousand emotions, a thousand shades of thought, of feeling, and of suffering, swept over them; alone there, with no living thing near him save the white gulls resting on the curl of the in-coming waves, he had no need to wear a mask, and he endured as sharp a misery as any he had dealt.

The deadliest pang in it was shame; the carking, jealous, bitter shame that where *he* had failed another should have won; the knowledge that the love borne her by the man who had left him was to the love that he himself had borne as the purity and value of purged gold against a pile of tinsel. It stilled in something the tortures of jealousy, it sated in something the thirst of hatred, to cast—were it only in thought—irony, and invective, and scornful calumny upon his rival; it was natural to him to despise with all the contempt of his fine and subtle intelligence a character that its own frankness and loyalty and high courage left naked to all poisoned shafts, and that was so rashly liberal in faith, so unwisely incapable of falsehood, so blindly and wildly careless to how it wrought its own weal and woe. Yet the most ear-marking wound of all that now ached in him was the latent sense of *superiority* in the man who had supplanted him, who had succeeded where he had been vanquished, and whom he had regarded with the cold disdain of a flippant wit, as holding all his worth and merit in an athlete's mere physical perfections of thews and sinews. Steeled against all such emotion as he was, the greatness and the nobleness of Erceldoune's faith forced themselves on him; they wrung a reverence out of him despite himself, and they dealt him a mortal pain; pain that was in one sense vanity-moved, since it would no longer leave him the one solace of scorn for his rival, but a pain that sprang from, and that moved, a deeper, better thing—a recognition, tardy and unwilling though it was, of some greatness he had missed in missing truth; some base and guilty cowardice

that he had stooped to when once truth had passed from off his lips, banished with a scoff as only fit for fools.

Beyond jealousy, beyond hatred, beyond every other feeling in him as he stood looking southward at the great shaft of russet stone that screened the pathway of his rival from his sight, there was on him then an intense humiliation. Beside the sincerity, the fealty, the self-surrender, the brave patience of a generous trust, his own subtleties looked so unworthy, his own fine craft so poor; another could render her a love that deemed life itself well lost for her, and he—he was her traitor!

There was enough of honour and enough of tenderness in him for the contrast to strike into him, hard, sharp, swift as steel. This man whom he had contemned with all the mockery of his brilliant mind had grown great in his sight simply through the ennobling influence of a mighty passion and an heroic faith. He still cursed these with his lips as insanity, as idiotcy, but in his heart he knew their greatness—a greatness that he had by his own choice, his own act, put far from him for ever.

Away in the world again he would again cleave to his old creeds, and deem the moment womanish weakness; but here in the loneliness of the morning, under the sting of an intolerable torment, the man he hated was great in his sight, and he himself was base exceedingly. Where he stood, with no eyes on him that could read his shame, a red flush slowly stole over the wanness of his face; none living could have brought it there, but the scourge of his own thoughts did.

"A traitor! a traitor!" he muttered to those silent seas that washed to and fro so wearily at his feet.

For though he had fallen willingly, the fall seemed to him hideously vile; as in the grey, cold, un pitying light of a dawn that brings him no slumber, the sins and the burdens that a man counts recklessly and bears lightly in the crowds of the daytime and the dissipations of the night stand out in their true colour, and grow unendurable in his sight and his memory.

But the better instinct too soon perished; there was passion in him, and passion choked conscience; he could not have told whether he most loved or most hated this woman, but whichever emotion swayed him furthest, the jealousy that he had so often laughed at as a barbarism of a bygone age was born of both, and in its fire quenched all other things. If it were true that Idalia loved this man who so loyally had served her!—in his own soul he did not doubt its truth, and it sufficed to nerve afresh in him every impulse of evil. He felt for her that covetous, sensual, pitiless growth of mingled envy, admiration, and ambition, which, long after all tenderness has perished out of it, will retain all its imperious egotism, and all its thirst for sweeping destruction of everything preferred before it. An acrid bitterness against her for her pride, her power, her keen wit, and her fearless intellect, had been blent with the earliest hours of his subjugation to her; and this served now to strengthen tenfold the fierce, mute, aching impatience of misery with which he now mused on the possibility that this woman, so cold, so merciless, so full of mockery for him, had ever stooped her haughty spirit down to the weakness she had often played with, and so often ridiculed.

"Is it possible! Is it possible! She—*she!*" he muttered, while his delicate lips shook and worked in the anguish which, in a youth, would have been spent in tears. "She—so victorious, so ironic, so chill, so world-worn, so magnificent, love for sake of a wanderer's eagle glances, a rough-rider's lion-graces! *She!*—a woman who could fill a throne, and rule it single-handed. Pshaw! she is a voluptuary, she is a coquette, she has her caprices—*Miladi!* And he is handsome as a gladiator. She loves him—oh yes—she loves him for six months, six weeks, six days. And what price will he pay for the paradise?"

The venomous words were murmured to the solitary shore; even thus, and alone, it was a cruel solace to him to taunt her with those sneers, to soil what he had lost for ever, to libel what he envied with so unquenchable a jealousy. It could not harm her thus to slander her, when none but the breaking surf and the fluttering sea-birds made answer, but he felt a relief in it, a joy kindred to that joy with which he had thought of her in the dungeons of the Capuano, when he had sold her into the hands of Giulio Villaflor.

Moreover, he believed what he said; partially because his suffering made him cling to whatsoever could lessen it, partially because the character of Idalia had escaped him in many of its hues, keen and varied as were the worldly experiences by whose light he had first set himself to read it. He had known of her through a thousand tongues ere ever he had looked upon her face; the poison-mists breathed from their distortions had never wholly faded from before her in his sight. Such a woman needs a mind singularly truthful and singularly liberal to understand her aright. Truth he had not in him, and to all talent save his own he was illiberal; thus he had failed in following the complex meanings of her life and of her thoughts. He had uttered but what he held himself when he had said that

beautiful she is,
The serpent's voice less subtle than her kiss,
The snake but vanquished dust; and she will draw
Another host from heaven to break heaven's law.

But he had withheld what was not less true, that it was because she had this sin of merciless destruction in her, this serpent skill of tempting, this guilty power over the fates and souls of men, that he had first been fascinated to her dominion, and first seen in her a mistress by whom and with whom he could reach all to which his restless and insatiable ambitions aspired, and aspired in vain.

"Will he believe?" he wondered, as his eyes vacantly rested on the sands where the tide was filling the footprints of his rival. "Not he. What man would believe the witnessing voices of the whole world if *she* once whispered them false? And she pays him, too, with love-words, with the sweetness of her lips, with the touch of hair on his cheek;—ah, God!"

He quivered from head to foot as the cry escaped him; he could have thrown himself on the sands and bidden the sea surge up and cover him, when he thought of that caress which already had been the reward of the man who had succoured her. And he—he who betrayed her, what had he won by the treachery?



"Revenge at least," he thought; and as he thought so his head sank, his limbs grew rigid, his chest rose and fell with a single voiceless sob. He only remembered that revenge was valueless, since revenge could not bring him the lips that he longed for, the beauty that he desired as the ice-bound earth desires summer.

Valueless?—yet not so. It could not give her to him, but it could withhold her from any other.

A young, shy, gentle, little sea-bird, whose wings as yet could scarce bear it, rose at his feet as he mused, and fluttered a hand's breadth, and then trembled and fell, panting and glancing up with its bright, dove-like, brown eye. He took it savagely and wrung the slender snowy throat, and flung it out on to the crest of a breaker—dead. He had never before been cruel to birds or beasts; such fierce and wanton slaughter was not natural to him, but in this moment it had a horrible pleasure in its brutality. He had subdued all his impulses of hate so long, it sated them, if ever so slightly, to wreak them on that innocent bird. He had seen the dying eyes glaze and fill with misty fear with a gladness he would have believed impossible; he wanted to see hers fade out thus; to stand by and see them fade with just that look of terror and of helplessness;—eyes that had given such smiling scorn to him, such passionate eloquence to others. He watched the tumbled heap of white ruffled plumage washed in and out by the advancing and retreating sea.

"I can destroy her as easily as I killed that bird," he thought, and the worst instincts of his nature had their sway once more, as his mouth laughed with his slight, soft smile. "Barbaric! Terribly barbaric!" he murmured. "And I was so wise in my diplomacy with him; I told him only truth. Talleyrand is right. Truth is so safe and so sure!

Then leaving the dead bird floating on the water's play he went whither he came.

"Monsignore will rally enough to sign an order," he mused. "A half-score soldiers, and they will be netted. Ah! his only mistress will be the galley-oar, and her only lover's embrace will be the fetters of the Vicaria. Miladi's new passion will not be smooth in its course!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"SHALL EVIL BE THY GOOD?"

WHERE the Greek faced her on the sea-shore there was a long silence between them—a silence breathless and pregnant, like that which precedes the first low muttering of a storm, the first dropping shots of a battle. Her eyes dwelt on his with a terrible despair in their startled depths, and his laughed back into them with the insolence and arrogance of power. Many times their strength had come in conflict, and many times the variable, unstable, serpentine will of the man had been crushed under the straight, scornful, fearless will of the woman. Now, for the first time, he had his vengeance, and she could not strike back on him, because for the first time he had found weakness in her, and could reach her through the life of another.

He laughed aloud in his victory.

"Choose, Miladi! Your favourite maxims say, after the first passion all women love the love, not the lover. If you indulge the first you will slay the last. Choose!"

For all answer she swept with a sudden movement so close to him, that he fell back with the coward's instinct of physical fear.

"You have been often bought *for* murder. What price will buy you *from* it?"

The words left her lips with a scorn that burnt like flame, with a bitterness that cut like steel. Neither touched him; he laughed again in the content of his triumph.

"What price, my Countess? *None!*"

"You want gold—you love gold. You would sell your soul for gold. You shall have it."

The agony of dread upon her made her voice deep and hushed, like the stealing of an autumn storm-wind through forests; the passion of scorn within her made her face flush, and darken, and quiver, as though the flicker of a torch played on it. Neither moved him to shame.

"Oh yes," he said, with a slow smile—"gold, gold, gold. Of course you would give me that. As much as you would throw away on a banquet, or a diamond, or a web of lace, should come to *me*, if I would stay aloof and hold my peace, and let the Border Eagle build his eyrie on the Roumelian hills, and Miladi pleasure her new passion among her rose-gardens. Oh yes! gold—as much gold as you have twisted in your hair for a mask ball might be mine, of course; and he—he should succeed to Julian's dominion and Julian's domain; he should have all that wood and water, and palace and mountain, that I have been banned out of so long; he should be chief there, and lord, and his sons, maybe, have the heirship of the Vassalis line! A charming cast for us both! With all gratitude for my share, and your will to allot it me, I must decline such a distribution betwixt your lover and me. Gold, gold! No, Miladi, gold will not strike the balance between us now."

She listened in silence; only that passionate shadowy quiver, as of the light of a flame, on her face giving sign or response to him. Her lips were close pressed together, and scarce seemed to move as the words came through them, hard, like the dropping of stones on a stone.

"Your sin is envy? Well, it is only another to a long list. Mere gold will not buy you. What will?"

"Nothing."

"You are so incorruptible!"

"Yes, here."

"Through envy, avarice, and hate!"

"Through three common movers of mankind, if so."

"You own them yours? Then listen here. I speak nothing of your guilt to me—nothing of your crime against him. I will deal with you as though none of all that measureless iniquity were on you. Conscience you have not; shame you do not know. I appeal to neither. I will treat with your avarice alone. You love self-indulgence, luxury, vice, mirth, indolence, splendour; you have coveted my heritage from the Vassalis, you have been thirsty for my riches; you have wanted all that Eastern pomp and princely fief, you have hungered for Count Julian's

possessions, you have hated me for many things, yet for none so much as for the inheritance of that great wealth; that you used it, and wasted it, and were welcomed to it long as though it were your own, mattered nothing. It was mine, and not yours; you never forgave the difference. Well, hear me now. All that shall *be* yours—all—all—to the last stone of the jewels, to the lowest chamber of the palace, to the poorest fig-tree on the hills, to the farthest landmark on the plains. You shall have all, and reign there as you will."

An intense eagerness thrilled through her voice, the burning wavering light upon her face grew hotter and darker, the chained bitterness and fierceness in her gave but the subtler inflection to the eloquence and the command that ran as of old through all her words; for the moment, she dazzled and swayed and staggered him.

"All!" he echoed. "I!"

"Yes—all! Every coin, every rood, every bead of gold in that treasure-house of splendid waste I will make all yours—all that the Vassalis ever owned. I will not keep a pearl from the jewels, or a date from the palms. All shall be yours—all the things of your desire."

"And you?"

"I—I shall be beggared."

Yet while she spoke, over her face swept one swift gleam, like the glow of an Eastern sun.

He gazed at her like one blinded.

"And for all this what will you ask of me?"

She lifted her proud head and looked down straight into his eyes.

"Of you I shall purchase—my freedom and his life."

His mouth quivered with rage as he laughed aloud once more.

"So-so! Ah, the wildness of women's passions! You would buy your lover at *that* cost? Oh, fool! you who once were subtle and wise as the serpent!"

Her teeth set tight, but she kept down her wrath.

"Profit by my folly," she said, briefly. "Take all I have—leave me only him."

The first words were stern; over the three last her voice unconsciously softened with an infinite pathos and yearning.

That involuntary thrill of longing tenderness steeled him in an instant to the first eager impulse of acceptance, prompted by his lust for wealth and ease and power, and all the half barbaric voluptuous royalties of the Roumelian palace that had seethed in him for so long. Other evil instincts were more potent still than avarice. He smiled—a slow and cruel smile.

"Magnificent ransom for a landless courier. But at what price will not your sex gratify its caprices—especially the caprices of the passions! Your lover should know the sacrifices you would make for his embrace! For myself, the bribe is high; but I decline it."

The blood faded from her face, even from her lips; a grey, heavy shadow, as of desperation, fell over her, that seemed to drain the very colour from her eyes and from her form, and leave her, white and chill there, as a statue.

"What will you gain?"—she spoke with a hard, brief, stony tranquillity.

"Why—a romantic thing to be sure, and an unremunerative; yet the sweetest thing, as men find, that the world holds—vengeance."

"Neither he nor I have wronged you."

"Maybe. But both have galled me; both——"

"Been wronged by you. True. I forgot the reason of your hate."

His face flushed darkly.

"I do not bear *you* hate. I tried to free you. But I swear this man shall not wed with you, and live."

"And why? Have you not done us injury enough? You poisoned my life with infamy, and would have taken his in a thief's slaughter. Can you not let us be? Can you not sell yourself for pity's sake, as you have so often sold yourself for shameful things? Take my bribe. Impoverish me as you will; enjoy all I have to give; seize all you have ever coveted; bind it fast to you on what terms you choose; make me poor as the poorest that ever asked my charity; only leave me this one thing, his life."

She spoke still with the same strange enforced serenity, but beneath it there ran an intense melancholy, an intense yearning; they could not move, but steeled him in, his purpose.

"The thing I will *not* leave you," he said, savagely. "Ah! I know how men go mad for that beauty of yours; he would hold himself rich as emperors were that his own, though you had no other gold than just what gleams in the coil of your hair. I know, I know! And so you can love at last, my queen!—all that ransom for one wild mountaineer! But you shall only ransom him one way, Miladi; only by—forsaking him."

"I will never forsake him."

"So! Then his wedding-night will be his last."

Her hand worked with a fierce, rapid, clenching movement on the butt of the pistol.

"Wait," she said, slowly, while each word fell on the silence like the falling of the great slow drops of a storm. "You threaten him? One word from me, and he will give you over to justice for your crime to him. One shot this moment from me, and he will be here to take his vengeance."

He shrank slightly, for cowardice was ingrained in him; but he knew how to deal with the brave and generous nature of the woman whom he tortured. He looked her full in the eyes.

"True. You might send me to the galleys. But you will not."

Her lips parted, her breast heaved, a great shudder shook her. She answered nothing.

"You can summon your lover," he pursued, after a pause. "You can tell him of my 'crime,' and—also of my tie to you. You can see us fall on each other, and fight as tigers fight. You can wed him in peace if he kill me; as most like he will, since he is so far the stronger. You can do this. But you will not?"

From the depths of her agonised eyes a flash like fire passed over him.

"I *cannot*! You know it."

He laughed slightly.

"No. I did not know it. Women soon vanquish scruples and tread out memories to gratify a passion. Well, since you hesitate so far, per-

haps you will hesitate yet farther. You will not break your oath by betraying me; will you betray this one man whom you say you 'honour,' by linking him, in his good faith and his ignorance, with *us*?"

She gave a sharp, quick breath, as though a blow were struck her.

"God forbid! I have said, all bonds between me and the past are severed for ever."

"I see! You will lock the book, and throw it aside, and your blind worshipper will credit on your telling that the pages were all pure blanks! And yet—I thought you said you 'honoured' him?"

All the haughty, fiery blood in her flushed to life under the subtle sneer.

"I do so; from my soul. Let his name be. It has no place on your lips—yours—that gave the word to murder him."

"Fine phrases! And yet you will deceive him?"

"I!"

"Yes, you, Miladi. You will not betray me to him—you cannot. So—telling him nothing—you will leave him ignorant. And one fine day, were I to let you run your passion's course, he would learn the truth, and find his sovereign, his idol, his mistress, his wife, my——"

"Wait! You have said enough!"

"No. I say more. Forsake him, and he is safe from me. Give yourself to him, and I will add him his marriage-gift—death. Just such a death as he would have dealt me on the Bosphorus shore. I can see the gleam of his steel, and the thirst of his eyes, now!"

"If he had killed you, what would he have done more than justice?"

"At least he would have rendered you inestimable service, Miladi!"

She stopped him with an irrepressible gesture.

"Hush, hush! Oh, God! such words between *us*."

"Well! We are enemies; bitter ones enough."

"Yes; enemies as the wronged and the wrong-doer ever are. But your life is sacred to me; how can you curse mine?"

"Mine sacred to you? Is it so, Idalia? Then—being so, you will not betray me to your lover?"

She turned on him a look that had a weariness, a scorn, an agony, a pity unutterable.

"No! I must bear the burden of your guilt."

"But you will betray him by leaving him in ignorance of whom he loves—of whom he weds?"

"Though he knew *he* would find mercy and greatness enough to pardon."

She spoke not to him, but to the memories that rose before her—memories that filled her heart with their bitterness and their sweetness—memories of the exhaustless faith and patience and forgiveness of the man she was bidden to abandon.

"Truly! Then what think you, Miladi? Is it a noble return to cheat him as you meditate? Is it a fine thing to recognise this limitless tenderness borne you, only to dupe it through its own sublime insanity? You have fooled such idolaters scores of times, I know, only—here I think you said you 'honoured' him? Which makes a difference. Or might make it."

She knew well how wide the difference was—wide as between innocence and guilt.

She answered nothing ; her face was grey and stern as stone, only in the brooding horror of the deep dilated eyes was there reply ; they spoke more than any language of the lips.

The Greek laughed softly.

" His bridal couch made in the nest of his ' assassins ! ' His stainless and glorified mistress proved the masker of the Silver Ivy ! Madame, I think I might let his passion run untroubled, and leave my vengeance to the future—some future when he should reach the truth from some chance word, from some side-wind—and hear the secret that a woman who ' honoured ' him never told all through the days and nights she lived in his sight and slept upon his heart. Hear it when he was bound to her beyond escape, and could gain no freedom through knowing her traitress to him as to all others. Ah ! I am not so certain that I will not let you wed him. It will be a surer stab to him than comes from steel—that one truth learned *too late*."

There was a long silence.

She shuddered from head to foot, as though the scorch of a red-hot brand passed over and marked her ; then an intense stillness fell upon her—a stillness in which all life seemed frozen in her, and every breath to cease. He waited, mute and patient now.

At last she raised her head, and turned it full upon him ; as the reddened glow of sunrise flickered on it, it was dark, ' and cold, and resolute, with an exceeding strength and an absolute despair.

" For once you have shown me duty, and saved me from a crime. My hand shall not touch his again."

" Because you will not——"

" Because your guilt is on me."

" And yet you were willing to lose all your riches, and your power, and your victories, and your pleasures, for this one man ?"

" I am so willing."

" Then it is——"

" That you have shown me what would be my sin to him. You cannot be betrayed. He shall not be."

" You mean——"

She turned on him ere he could speak with the swift, lithe, terrible grace of a stag hunted and hounded into a fierceness born of sheer torture, and wholly alien to its nature.

" Silence ! or I shall forget what you are, and let him take his vengeance on you. Can you not be content ? You led me into cruelty and error a thousand times under the masking of fair colours and of fearless aims ; you now show me, in the one redemption of my life—the one purer, better, higher thing!—only an added guilt, a fresh dishonour. I lose *all* through you. Are you not content ?"

The vivid passion, the agonised irony, died suddenly, as a flame drops to the ground ; her head fell, her limbs sank wearily on the broken rocks, a dull dead apathy returned on her, in which she lost all memory, even of his presence. He looked at her, hushed, awed, moved to something that was almost dread of his own work, intimidated by the suddenness and the completeness of his own victory ; he waited, hesitating, and as one afraid, some moments ; she gave no sign that she even remembered he was near ; every second wasted might cost them both the loss of

liberty, if not of life ; but he lacked the boldness that could have pressed on her then the question of mere bodily danger, the mere physical perils from the cell and the rods of her persecutors.

There was that in her attitude, as she sat bowed, motionless, with the loosened weight of her hair sweeping down into the salt pools of the beach, and an icy chillness of calm on the colourless immutability of her features, that subdued, and shamed, and had a nameless terror for him.

Some sense of reluctant reverential fear was always on him for the woman whom, nevertheless, he had goaded and trepanned, and injured, and tortured through the length of many years. Some touch of love for her ever lingered in him.

He paused a long while, at some distance from her, while the in-coming tide rolled nearer and nearer up over the shingle and the sand, till the surf washed over her feet. She never noted it ; her eyes, without sight in them, gazed at the dusky changing mass of water that here and there beneath the spell of waking light broke into melting lustrous hues, like the gleam of colours on a southern bird's bright throat.

He drew closer, with a doubtful hesitation.

"You will come with me, then?"

She gave no sign even that she heard the words.

"I am not alone," he pursued. "Lousada, Veni, and the boy Berto sought you. I fell in with them as I neared here ; they are fugitives, and proscribed themselves ; they lie hid by day in an old sea-den of Veni's ; they look to get away by the coast in a night or so ; they would give their bodies to shot and sabre to save your hand from a rough touch. Will you come to them?"

He could not tell whether she heeded him ; he saw her face in profile ; it was still, cold, passionless, stern with a mute intolerable suffering, like some Greek head in stone of Destiny.

He felt a restless fear of his own victory.

He spoke afresh, rather to break that death-like silence, filled only with the ebbing and the flowing of the sea, than for the sake of what he uttered.

"Veni's sea-nest is safe—safe, at least, for a little while ; it lies yonder, through there, where a passage-way pierces the rocks. All that acanthus hides the entrance. It has sheltered many before ; Fiesole lay there once, in the first days of his proscription. Lousada doubts little that he can get a brig from Salerno, and steal away off westward three nights hence. It is the best chance. You will come?"

At last she lifted her head, and looked at him.

"But for Giulio Villafior I would go—far sooner—back to the dungeon of Taverna."

His face paled ; he knew her meaning—knew the unspeakable loathing and scorn of himself that made the severities of captivity and wretchedness look fairer in her sight than every recovered freedom shared with his companionship.

"There is no other alternative," he said, sullenly. "You will come?"

"I will come."

He was once more victorious ; and once more with victory stole over him a strange chill dread, as he who has brought down and netted the lioness of the plains will feel something of awe, something of fear, when in his

toils lies the daughter, the mate, the mother of free-born kings of untrodden soil—when beneath the rain of his blows, and from out the meshes of his trap, the great fearless luminous leonine eyes look at him, suffering but unquailing.

"Why do you wait, then?" he asked.

"I wait—for him."

"So! You will, after all, be false to one of us. Which?"

"Neither."

"What gage have I of that?"

"That I have said it."

He was silent a moment; he scarcely dared dispute that single bond, her word. Traitor himself to her, he knew that his treachery would never be repaid him by its own coin.

"You wait for him?" he said. "Then so also do I."

"Are you weary of the shame of your life that you seek to lose it?"

"No. But he shall take it rather than I will leave you here."

Through the calm upon her face, the calm of martyrdom, of despair, he saw the conflict of many passions, of infinite misery.

"Will you choose for us to meet?"

Where her forehead rested on her hands that were thrust among the masses of her hair, the great dewes started as they had never done when the scourge was lifted at Taverna.

"We shall not part alive," he pursued. "Perhaps you count on that? Your lover is the younger and the stronger; there are few men he would not worst. You rode all day through the heat and press of a battle under Verona once, I remember; maybe you wish to see a life-and-death combat."

She answered nothing; a shiver as of intense cold ran through her.

"You can enjoy your new passion, true, if he kill me;—a dead body flung with a kick into that surf, the waves to wash it seaward, none on earth to care enough for me to ask where I have drifted,—it would be easy work. Is that the reason why you 'wait'?"

"God! how can you link such guilt with me, even in thought?"

"Why not? That will *be* the end if we meet in your sight to-day, unless, indeed, fate turns the other way, and your lover falls through me. Sit there, Miladi, and watch the struggle; you will never have seen two harder foes. Turn your thumb downward, like those dainty, haughty Roman dames you copy in philosophies and seductions; turn it down for the slaughter-signal, if you see me at his mercy. How free you will be then! But—listen just a little—if he press me too close, we have not the northern scorn of a timely thrust, and it will be but in self-defence!"

As he spoke, he drew gently half out of its sheath the blade of a delicate knife that was thrust in his waistband, and let the beams of the sun-rise play brightly on the narrow shining steel.

The glitter flashed close beside her. It sent fire and life like an electric shock through all the icy stillness of her limbs; she rose with a convulsive force; her eyes had the gleam of an opium-drinker's in them, her voice had scarce a likeness of itself.

"I come, I come; do what you will with me, so that his life escapes you!"

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE RAILWAY IN THE PUNJĀB.

THE railroad from Lahore, the capital of the Punjāb, to Attock on the Indus, the permission to construct which has been recently granted by Sir John Lawrence, is but the completion of the main Indian arterial lines from Calcutta by Agra and Delhi to Lahore, and from Kurachī by the Indus to Mūltan, and thence by rail to Lahore; but it opens of itself an entirely new region—that of the five rivers—to commerce and civilisation, and it carries all those facilities of travel and transport which belong so peculiarly to the iron-road to the extreme north-west frontier of India, and to spots surrounded by warlike barbarism, and yet on the nearest and most direct road to Europe. The contemplated enterprise will, it has been remarked, “be the outpost, the very vedette of all steam travelling, and go near to reach that historical mystery ‘the heart of Asia.’”

Little good ever came permanently from war, nor are the results of the struggles of humanity always to be foretold. In 1838 and 1839 Sir John Keane's force marched through the Dūrānī (or Douraunee) empire, meeting with little opposition but at Ghuznī; Dhost Muhammad surrendered to Sir William Macnaghten, Shah Sūjah was restored to his throne, and all appeared tranquil. “Shah's” troops were raised; Dūrānī orders were distributed; Sir John Keane was raised to the peerage; addresses and congratulations were presented on all sides. Alas! how little the political envoys, how little the world at large, dreamed of the mine over which they were standing! In the beginning of November, 1841, it exploded, and the assassination of the British envoy; the total destruction of a large British force, including her Majesty's 44th Regiment, and several corps of native troops; the seizure of our guns; the capture of officers and ladies;—a catastrophe, in short, almost unequalled in our annals, fearfully dispelled the vision of Afghanistan tranquillity and British influence as then established throughout Central Asia. The very next year Shah Sūjah was himself murdered by a party of Baurikzais while proceeding to his camp at Būtkhak—a miserable end of a troublous course.

The “avenging armies of Affghanistan” were sent from the north-west and the south in 1841 and 1842 to re-establish the reputation of Great Britain, and to some extent avenge the disasters which our arms had experienced through the treachery of the Orientals. The grand objects of the campaign were achieved; the armies of Pollock and Nott met from different directions in triumph at Kabūl, the prisoners were recovered, all past disasters were retrieved and avenged in every scene on

which they were sustained, and repeated victories in the field, and the capture of the cities and citadels of Ghuznī and Kabūl, advanced the glory and re-established the accustomed superiority of the British arms. But what came of this glorious success, so hardly earned? The British troops were withdrawn with undignified celerity, and enormities unheard or unthought of were unblushingly attributed to our armies. "The whole British army," wrote Captain J. M. B. Neill, of the gallant 40th,* "had now withdrawn from Afghanistan; our eventful connexion with that country had totally ceased. That connexion will assuredly constitute a curious and important page in history—*less certain is it that that page will be a creditable one to the British name.*" "What Christian can contemplate," remarked the Rev. J. N. Allen, who also published a "Diary of a March through Scindh and Afghanistan," in reference to the conduct of the Afghans, "such a tissue of conspiracy, treachery, cruelty, and blood, without ardently desiring, and fervently praying for, the diffusion throughout these lands of that blessed Gospel which is not only the brightest manifestation of the glory of God, but the harbinger of peace and good will towards man. May God of His mercy hasten the time when these hardy and indomitable tribes shall be added to the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever."

An iron railroad once laid down in a country, is a very different thing to the advance of an army sent to supersede the Russo-Persian policy of a Dhost Muhammad, or to avenge the losses incurred, by a glorious campaign and a disgraceful return. It is a thing of peace and of permanence, of commerce and civilisation; the possession of such a line must be upheld, and hence, as it is now utterly impossible to ignore the bearings of such an undertaking, so is it also necessary to grapple with them, not, as is so absurdly argued, as a "mystery," but as a fact admitting of a clear, concise, and definite exposition.

And first with regard to the Punjāb. It derives its appellation from two Persian words, *punj*, five, and *ab*, water, from the five rivers which flow through the territory. These rivers are, going from west to east, first, the Indus, or Attock, with its two tributaries the Kabūl and Gilgit rivers; secondly, the Jailum, or Jhelum, or Hydaspes; thirdly, the Chenab, or Ascscines; fourthly, the Ravee, or Hydrastis, the river of Lahore, the second, third, and fourth uniting to form the river of Mūltan; and, fifthly, the Gharra, or river of Bhawulpūr, which has for tributaries the Beyah, or Hyphasis, and the Sutluj, or Sutlej. The extensive natural sections which lie above the confluence of two rivers are described by the native term *Dū-Ab*, corresponding to the Mesopotamia of the ancients. The rivers are all in a great measure navigable, not less, it has been computed, than 1960 miles of the principal streams being available for purposes of inland traffic. A railway crossing the country, and having stations on the rivers, the produce of the regions above and below would be thus brought to these stations under great advantages of transit.

Irrigation to an almost unparalleled extent is carried on without much assistance from artificial means, the great plains being extremely level, or

* *Recollections of Four Years' Service in the East, &c.*, p. 296.

sloping so gradually from north-east to south-west, that the highest elevation does not exceed 1600 feet above the level of the sea, and descends to about 220 feet. This in Lower Punjāb; but the bed of the Sutluj at Rampur is 3260 feet above the level of the sea; the Jailum, in latitude 33 deg. 2 min., 1620 feet; the Indus at Attock, about 1000 feet; Peshawur being 1068 feet, Lahore about 900 feet, and the confluence of the Indus and Punjnud 220 feet. The exceeding smoothness of the country, so advantageous for railway purposes, has, however, the untoward effect of causing the rivers to frequently change their courses; not one of them runs now within several miles of the great towns whose walls they washed when they were first founded. Probably the greatest engineering difficulties that would have to be overcome in carrying a railway across such a country would be in carrying viaducts over its rivers, and then confining these to their beds. It would, however, be a work of great advantage to the country.

Scattered over this vast territory, but chiefly in the vicinity of the rivers, are numerous towns, fortresses, and villages. The principal are Lahore, the capital, Umritsīr, Mūltan, Wuzīr-abad, Mūsūffīr-abad, Kashmir, or Siranuggur, and Peshawur. The fortresses are Umritsīr, a place of no particular strength; Rotas, a fort on the high road from Lahore to Peshawur, strikingly situated on an eminence, but now suffered to fall into decay; and the castle on the banks of the Attock, which commands the passage of the river. Most of the towns are, or were, surrounded by a mud or brick wall of a frail construction, and Lahore was itself so defended, with the addition of a dry moat, which, on an emergency, could be filled with water from the neighbouring Ravee.

Lahore is a town of considerable dimensions; the circuit of the walls exceeds seven miles. Originally occupied by the Mussulman invaders, it contains many remnants of spacious and handsome mosques, serais or palaces, and monuments, and near it is a magnificent tomb where the remains of the Mogul emperor Jihanghīr are said to repose. The streets of Lahore, like those of other native towns of India, are narrow and dirty. The houses are lofty, but are, for the most part, surrounded by dead walls, which give a sombre aspect to the town, scarcely relieved by the bustle of the bazaars, where valuable merchandise of every description is crowded into mean and incommodious edifices. There are not many gardens within the town, but the vicinity abounds with luxuriant orchards scattered amidst masses of ruins.

Umritsīr, properly Umrīta-Sarai, or the "fount of immortality," the title given to a superb tank upon an island in the centre of which is a temple to Vishnu, is situated between the rivers Beas and Ravee, and is even of greater extent than Lahore, being a place of great commercial importance. The architecture of the houses is also in rather better taste. The bazaars are spacious, and the town boasts of a few manufactories, a canal from the Ravee, and the usual places of public worship. The most striking edifice is, however, the lofty Govind-ghur, or fort of Govind, upreared by Runjīt Singh as a royal treasury—the Gaza or Ecbatana of the Punjāb. The Akali fanatics, who were raised by the famous Govind, whose name this fortress commemorates, were among the bravest opponents of the British. One of these men rushed singly upon the bayonets of a European regiment; the privates, however, were unwilling to take

advantage of the Akali's temerity, so a strapping grenadier stepped out from the ranks, caught the fanatic by the arm, and turning the fellow round quietly, bestowed upon his stern a mild impetus with his toe. The Akali, thus treated, scarcely knew what to think of the matter; but his astonishment must have increased when he perceived himself permitted to retire without further molestation.

Lahore and Umritsīr, like all the other towns in the Punjāb that have been occupied by the English, have much improved. The old city wall of Lahore has been razed to the ground, a bridge of boats has been thrown across the river, and a lively scene is perpetually presented at the Ghat, for the immense traffic that passes through Lahore mostly comes over this pontoon bridge. Sir Henry Lawrence laid out a garden for the benefit of the Europeans, and introduced many other improvements. Several European, Parsi, and Hindhū merchants have opened shops. Furs and the richest and most expensive Cashmere shawls are exposed for sale in the bazaars. Men generally purchase the shawls, using them as kummerbunds or waistbands, which is a most barbarous practice in the opinion of the ladies. A European, indeed, passing through the bazaars, is perfectly astonished at the variety of shops carrying on a profitable trade. Woollen and cotton stuffs, as well as ornamental jewellery, are likewise manufactured in the bazaar. Since a British detachment has garrisoned the fort at Umritsīr, many improvements have also been effected there. The officers' quarters are neat little apartments, with small gardens in front. This place, it is to be observed, is on the projected line of railway from Delhi to Lahore before it reaches the latter city.

Mūltan, the third town in order of importance, stands upon a mound three miles east of the river Chenab. Its chief interest lies in its capture from Shah Mulraj, on the occasion of the rebellion of 1849, by a small British force under General Whish and Major Edwardes, of which a part were volunteers. But it has been for a long time the seat of a considerable commerce, its banking transactions in particular giving it a pre-eminence over all other towns in Western India. Wuzīr-abad, or "the Vizier's city," stands two or three hundred miles higher up the Chenab than Mūltan, and on the projected line of railway—being on the first river met with proceeding north-west from Lahore. Mainly owing to the exertions of General Aitaville in the service of Runjīt Singh, this town, in point of architecture, may take precedence of any other in the Punjāb. The streets are broad, and the principal bazaar extends right through the centre, and presents a tolerably clean appearance. Supplies of every description are procurable, but European articles, although English merchants have established warehouses since the annexation of the country, are at an exorbitant price. The new barracks erected by the English are very comfortable, and there are a few fine gardens and buildings scattered about in the neighbourhood; amongst the latter, the Shish-mahal appears conspicuous above all.

Jailum, or Jhelum, at the point where the projected railway crosses the river of same name—the ancient Hydaspes—and the second from Lahore, is a prettily situated town. The native houses are, however, like others in the Punjāb, of mud and brick, while round about the suburbs nothing but a few old ruins are visible. Since the British have formed a military cantonment in the vicinity, the trade of the place has wonderfully in-



creased, grain, rice, and coarse woollen stuffs constituting the principal articles. Sugar has been lately introduced, and the soil appears to be so favourable for its growth, that it is thought that the cane will be extensively cultivated throughout the district. The river at Jailum extends almost a mile, if not more, from bank to bank, during the season of the melting of the snows in the Himmaleh, but for two or three months it is fordable. The waters are at times what to an Indian appears as intensely cold, and fish are abundant, large, and of good quality. Boats of a large size are built here of timber floated down from the mountains, and are sent to Mūltan and other principal cities for sale. There are other places of note on the Jailum, as Mūsūffir-abad, commanding the entrance to the Barramala Pass into Kashmīr, and Pind Dadun Khan, a place of some importance lower down the river than Jailum, with a fort on the right bank of the river, while the town itself is nearly concealed by the dense wood that covers the surrounding country. This place being on the left bank has suffered much from inundations, and has been nearly swept away.

Upon this subject, the main trend of the rivers being south-east, it would appear that the projected railroad from Mūltan to Lahore should be carried along the right bank of the Ravee to escape inundations, and, what would be far worse, the ultimate encroachment of the river, but the necessity there would then exist of constructing two bridges puts this out of the question.

Between Jailum and Attock, a hilly country, watered by lesser tributaries to the Indus, presents some engineering difficulties, but it does not appear, although Peshawur, or more properly Paishawur, is to be fortified, that the railroad is to be carried across the Indus to that place. Peshawur, like Kashmīr, is a conquest of the Sikhs from the Affghans, and it is a remarkable instance of the short-sightedness of diplomatists, that we went to war with Dhost Muhammad rather than support his rights over this place, for the Dhost offered on such conditions to give up his Russo-Persian alliance, and yet the lapse of a few years has obliged us to take charge of a place so important in a strategic point of view as commanding the exit of the Khyber Pass. Excepting the old defences, and what has been done since the place has been held by the English, there is little to distinguish Peshawur from the shapeless masses of decayed mud and brickwork which are found in and about all the other towns in the Punjāb.

The renowned valley of Kashmīr, better known to English readers as Cashmere, has been included in the territory of the Punjāb since 1819, and was made over to the late Ghulab Singh after the conquest of the country by the British. Being watered solely by tributaries to the Jailum, this territory unquestionably constitutes a part, both hydrographically and geographically, of the Punjāb. It is also on the Hindhū side of the Sutluj and Indus, as well as of the Tsūnling, or Kara-Kurum mountains, which at this point constitute the natural boundary between India and Thian-Chan, or the valley of Kashgar and Yarkand, as the Himmaleh do between India and Lassa, in Thibet, to the east, and the Hindhū Kūsh, between India and Khūndūz, to the west.

The city of Kashmīr—Siranuggur—stands upon the banks of the Jailum, which is navigable both below and above the town. The valley

is likewise watered by tributaries to the Jailum, and by several broad and beautiful lakes, one of which is twenty miles in length and nine in width. Notwithstanding the almost proverbial richness and fertility of the country, the capital itself is a mere wreck—an accumulation of ruins of what have once been palaces, old dilapidated houses, and streets of unexampled filthiness. This owing to misgovernment and Oriental extortion: few places in India are, indeed, more in need of the fostering and paternal superintendence of the British.

Ladakh, or Middle Thibet, and Iskardah complete in the north what were formerly the possessions of the Sikhs, and which, therefore, reverted to us with the conquest of the country, just as Mittūn Khutī may be said to terminate them to the south. These territories are watered by the Upper Indus, and are south of the Tsūnling, and therefore, like Kashmir, geographically and hydrographically, within the boundaries of the Punjāb and India Proper.

The climate of the Punjāb varies not only with the seasons, but with the locality. The thermometer has been known to rise at Lahore as high as 112 deg. in a tent artificially cooled. Even in winter it seldom falls as low as 70, and is often as high as 80. Lower Punjāb is therefore a hot climate, and the diseases common to British India afflict humanity in its plains in a similar degree. In the more elevated regions, as in Kashmir, snow falls in winter, and the nights are very cold. Kashmir, in spite of the periodical humidity of the atmosphere, boasts the finest climate in the world.

"If the Punjāb," says Lieutenant-Colonel Steinbach, in his brief account of the country, "be not equal in fertility to the (other) provinces of India under British rule, it is second only to the most favoured of those districts; and were a few of the various improvements in the art of manuring and cultivating the soil which scientific men and zealous agriculturists have introduced throughout the United Kingdom and the colonies, once applied to the Punjāb, it is not unsafe to predict that the fruits of the land would soon be unrivalled for their quality as for their abundance." The nearer we approach the rivers the greater the fertility, and although irrigation does much for many of the intervening spaces, still there are large tracts of country where nothing but the mimosa, the tamarisk, and other growths of dry and sandy soils flourish. As we approach the mountains we find a richer country, but given up in main part to shrubs and jungle.

The chief products of the cultivated parts of the Punjāb are wheat and other descriptions of grain, indigo, cotton, sugar, opium, hemp, asafœtida, and various sorts of oil seeds. The gardens yield guavas, dates, mangoes, limes, lemons, peaches, apricots, figs, pomegranates, plums, oranges, mulberries, grapes, almonds, melons, apples, beans, cucumbers, carrots, turnips, and indeed will at once produce the fruits and vegetables of intertropical and of temperate climates, especially in different localities. The Punjāb stands almost unrivalled in this respect. In the more arid and neglected parts we still find the date palm, wild palm, willows, acacias, the sissū, an Indian tree valuable for its timber, the camel thorn, madder, and other shrubs and plants.

The mineral wealth of Upper Punjāb is said to be considerable. Iron, copper, lead, salt, coal, nitre, plumbago, and even gold and silver mines,

are said to abound, but this is a source of revenue which may be considered to be as yet unexplored. Animal life abounds in a great variety of forms. Camels are numerous; buffaloes and sheep are found in large herds and flocks. The Sikhs are also extensive breeders of horses, in which they take a great pride. The deer tribe are numerous, from the goat to the sambar, and wild animals also abound in places. The birds of the country are numerous, and of great variety. Besides the common fowl, the pigeon, and similar tenants of the farm-yard, there are, in the forests, fields, and lakes, pea-fowl and jungle-fowl, pheasants, partridges, quails, duck, teal, snipe, and an infinite variety of other birds. The rivers swarm with fish unknown even by name to the European. The silkworm and the bee also thrive, and the fruits of their industry constitute valuable articles of trade and home consumption.

The commerce of the Punjab has always been extensive or otherwise, according to the political condition of the country for the time being. The best possible results are, therefore, to be anticipated from British rule, and these results will be further enhanced by the introduction of increased facilities of transport. It is one of the now well-established facts connected with the introduction of railways in India, that so considerable is the population, and such the aptitude of the people for travel, enterprise, and commerce, that such iron-roads pay well from native sources alone, and that quite independently of the advantages they present to British commerce, and to British rule and supremacy.

In the time of the Singhs, the distracted and insecure state of the country, robberies on the highway, vexatious exactions in the shape of duties and tolls, interruptions to manufactures, the absorption of capital in military armaments and civil contests, and the withdrawal of large monetary resources from circulation and their removal to places of security, all combined, with difficulties of transport, to check and cramp industrial and mercantile operations. What may not be expected, then, when all these obstructions shall have been removed, and facilities of transport superadded?

"In ordinary and peaceful times," says Steinbach, "and under a wholesome system of rule, no doubt a very large trade might be firmly established, for we have shown the products of the country are abundant, and in the hands of people to whom the results of their industry are secured, may be turned to account in a variety of ways." The manufactures consist chiefly of silks and cottons, arms, leather, and shawls; all excepting the latter and the arms, which are the work of Kashmirian hands, very superior to similar workmanship in other parts of India. Next to Lahore, the chief manufacturing towns are Umrîtsîr, Mûltan, Shûj-abad, and Layah, or Leia. Shawls are made in considerable numbers at Umrîtsîr, but they bear no comparison in quality with those manufactured at Kashmîr, and which fetch a high price in the bazaars. The tame goat, the wild goat, the wild sheep, the yak, and even some of the hill dogs, are said to contribute to make up the wool from which these celebrated shawls are manufactured. Nor is it in arms and shawls alone that the Kashmirians excel. Their lacquered ware, their jewellery, leather, polished paper, and aromatic oils, all claim attention for their peculiar beauty and superior quality.

Situated as the Punjab is at the north-west extremity of India, between

the mountain-ranges of Central Asia and the more fertile provinces of India to the south and south-east, it is not surprising that the transit of goods from countries beyond the Indus to India, and *vice versa*, should have ever formed a larger source of mercantile revenue than the returns upon the home manufactures of the country. It centres within itself all the export and import commerce of Hindūstan with the central and western portion of Asia, with the exception of that portion which finds its way by the Persian Gulf to Bombay. The caravans to and from Kashgar and Yarkand; Khūndūz, Balkh, Samarkand, Bokhara, and Khiva; Kabūl, Ghuznī, Herat, Mushed, Teheran, and Astrabad, have all alike hitherto wended their slow caravan pace through the Punjāb to Lahore, Delhi, Agra, Oudh, and Calcutta. The goods imported from British India, in quantities proportioned to the ever-varying settled or unsettled state of the countries through which they have to pass to Central and Western Asia, are cotton, woollens, sugar, spices, dye-stuffs, silks, ivory, glass, hardware, copper, and iron vessels and utensils, precious stones, drugs, and groceries. Those that come across the Khyber, or more properly "Kaibar," mountains into the Punjāb, are gold, silver, horses, lapis-lazuli, cochineal, madder, saffron, fruits, wool, Russian cloths and hardware, silk, and some coarse cloths. The exports from the Punjāb are grain, hides, wool, silk and cotton fabrics, ghee, indigo, horses, shawls, and carpets. The trade has been hitherto carried on with the north-west and south-east by means of camels, mules, and donkeys; but from one part of the Punjāb to another the five rivers have ever afforded the readiest means of transport, and the boats of the Indus have conveyed the larger portion of the native produce to Scindh, Kutch, and Western India.

It appears, from a census taken on the night of December 31, 1854, and January 1, 1855, that the Punjāb territories contain 81,625 square miles, 28,879 towns and villages, and a population of 12,717,821 souls, in a proportion of 155 to the square mile, and that they yield a land revenue of 1,701,021*l.*, exclusive of excise and miscellaneous receipts, which raise the total amount to something over two millions sterling.

But, in addition to actual British possessions, there are numerous quasi-independent native principalities, subject to the political superintendence of the chief commissioner of the Punjāb. These are the Cis-Sutluj Principalities, the Simla Hill States, the Trans-Sutluj Principalities, Bhawulpūr and the kingdom of Kashmīr, with the Jummū Raj. These various states comprise an area of 102,884 square miles, with a population of 6,750,606 souls, in the proportion of 65 to the square mile, and yield a revenue of 1,405,653*l.*

Of the 28,879 towns and villages in the Punjāb, there are 26,210 villages, with an average population of 400; 2124 small towns, containing from 1000 to 5000 inhabitants; 76 from 5000 to 10,000; 32 from 10,000 to 50,000; and three cities with more than that number. The most populous city is Umritsīr, with its 122,184 inhabitants; next, Lahore, with 94,143; and third in order, Peshawur, with 53,294. Lūdi-anah contains a population of 47,191 souls; Jullundur, 28,422; Buttiala, 26,208; Mūltan, 22,493; Dehra Ghazī Khan, 21,097; Siyal-Kūtī, or Sealkote, 19,249; Wuzīr-abad, 16,846; Dahra Ismaēl Khan, 15,899; Rawal Pindi, 15,813; Firuzī-pūr, "town of Firuz," 12,032; and Jailum, 6060.

What we particularly want to point out is, that the territories watered by the river of Kabūl and its tributaries flowing into the Indus belong as much to the Punjab and to India as Kashmīr or the Cis- and Trans-Sutluj provinces. The French have long been aware that no natural boundaries can exist without regard being paid to hydrographical basins. There are almost always between such, a line of country which is well defined, and more or less defensible. It has been a want of regard to such natural distinctions that renders the frontiers of British North America and British Columbia indistinct, open to dispute, and unsafe.

The countries watered by the tributaries of the Kabūl river are very little known, and there may be strategical reasons why the exit of the Khyber Pass may now be looked upon as the outpost of India, just as the Gharra or Sutluj once was, and then the Indus; but there can be no question but that the hydrographical basin watered by these streams is Indian to all intents and purposes—as much so as the basins of the Indus, of the Nerbuddah, or of the Ganges. No two maps agree as to the actual number or course of these streams, as to the extent and nature of the country which they water, or as to their natural boundaries. One map calls the region watered by the northern tributaries Kaffiristan, or “the land of infidels;” another, Kūhistan, or “mountain land.” The central and main stream is called Ghur-i-bund, from “Ghur,” a fort, “bund,” a dam, the name of a fortified town on the same river. The valley of the Ghur-i-bund is separated from that of the river Sīr-Khūb, which waters Khūndūz, and is a tributary to the Oxus by a prolongation of the Hindhū Kūsh, called by Burslem, Sheikh Aliès—evidently a misnomer, the first syllable alone having any meaning. The river of Kabūl flows in a northerly direction into the Ghur-i-bund, while the rivers of Kūhistan flow in a southerly direction from the slopes of the Hindhū Kūsh. There is also a still more southerly tributary, which has its sources not far from Ghuznī.

The Lower Kabūl river waters the districts of Jullalabad and Lalpūr, and receives two considerable tributaries from the north, the Kūnah, or Kooner, from Kūhistan, and the Lundai, or Lundy, from Suwāt and Panikūra, bringing the two latter territories within the same basin, as they have also mostly been within the same political boundaries. The river of Kabūl, after receiving these various tributaries, flows into the Indus near Attock, the proposed terminus of the Punjab Railway.

Few of our countrymen have hitherto pierced the stupendous barrier of the Paropamisan range, which, with the Himmaleh and the Kara-Kūrūm, constitutes the natural boundary of India to the north. The works of Hanway, Forster, Moorcroft and Trebeck, Masson and Sir Alexander Burnes, and of some more recent travellers, contain, however, much valuable information regarding the countries around; and during the temporary occupation of Afghanistan by the British forces, when our outposts were pushed to the north-west some fifty miles beyond Bamian, Lieutenant Sturt, of the Bengal Engineers, surveyed some of the passes of the Hindhū Kūsh, and he is said to have satisfactorily demonstrated that almost all the defiles of that vast chain, or rather group of mountains, may be turned, and that it would require a large and active well-disciplined force to defend the principal ones. Lieutenant Sturt was also accompanied on an exploratory expedition to Kūllūm, situated half way between Balkh and Khūndūz, by Captain R. Burslem, who has given an

excellent account of the very difficult country which the Russians would have to encompass if they deemed it proper to approach India in that direction. ("A Peep into Turkistan," by Captain Rollo Burslem. London. 1846.) The difficulties presented by an approach along the upper tributaries of the Oxus would, however, be of quite a different character to what would be presented by the Upper Indus, and can only compare with the second line of approach by Herat; but as Russia seldom moves by sudden impulses, and advances with a slow but steady progress of annexation, and as that progress is along the valleys of the Jaxartes and of the Oxus, it is manifestly upon the latter that the Muscovite power in Central Asia will sooner or later be brought into close, if not immediate, contact with British power in India.

It would be absurd in the present day to enter upon the question of what has been termed Russian encroachment in Central Asia. The progress of annexation is so patent as no longer to admit of doubt or dispute. When two powers, one civilised and the other barbarian, are brought into contact, the latter must either be conquered or absorbed, for barbarians are slow in being taught the lessons of propriety, and are hence inconvenient, troublesome, and dangerous neighbours. It is the same with ourselves, and Russia has just as much right to annex Khiva, Khokand, Bokhara, and Khūdūd, as we have to annex Scindh, the Punjāb, or Kabūl. The only thing is to take up the best possible position for future eventualities. We do not grudge Russia the progress her Cossacks are making. As we granted, in noticing Vámbéry's recent Travels in Central Asia, it is better for the cause of a general humanity that countries habitually given over to the most horrible practices that can disgrace mankind should be brought under the rule of an enlightened and civilised government. It is as much better for the people themselves, as it is for the rest of the world, that the Central Asiatics should be ruled by the Russians, as it is that the Hindhūs should be protected by and prosper under British rule.

Nay, we will go further, and express an opinion now pretty generally entertained, that at present, at all events, Russia has not in view in annexing the territories of Central Asia any objects beyond bringing barbarous tribes into subjection, and concentrating the commerce of Asia to Europe in Russian hands. By the possession of the valley of the Amūr, Russia has obtained a continuous line of communication from Kazan to the North Pacific Ocean, and holds out her hand to America and Japan. Already American merchants have established themselves at Nicolaefsk and up the river at Blagovoehensk, and a recent traveller—Count Russell-Kilough—has, we have seen, anticipated that the fate of the world will one day be decided in the valley of that great river. The electric telegraph, which has already been carried from New York to California and British Columbia, is, after being conveyed across Behring's Straits, also to be prolonged through Asia by the valley of the Amūr. The opening of the navigation of the Ussūri and the Sungari has carried the Muscovites into the heart of Mantchuria, while the post established between Pekin and Kiachta countenances the aspirations of an increased continental trade and communication with China. If the Russians at Issi Kūl threaten the fertile territory of Yarkand, Kashgar, and Khutan, or Khoten, it is not simply with the view to protecting the caravans of Thian-Chan and of Chinese Thibet, but also with a view to a future an-

nexation of the valley of the Tarūn, or Errghen, on whose tributaries these cities of Central Asia are located. But granting such an annexation to take place, although the proximity to India would be viewed with dismay by some excitable politicians, it is not from such a point that Russia would ever dream of invading the peninsula; the mountains of Thibet present too formidable an obstacle to the movements of an army large enough for such a purpose; but still such a possession might be used for diversions in support of a more serious movement from the north-west.

Khokand, and all the territories of what used to be called "Independent Tartary," and that are watered by the Sihūn, or Jaxartes, and its tributaries, are now virtually held by Russia, and her advanced posts on the Amūr or Oxus render the fate of Bokhara, Samarkand, Balkh, and Khūndūz, a mere question of time. The Cossacks, by whom these territories will be held by Russia, with the superadded native Turkish, Turkoman, and Tartar races, warlike as they are, and trained to travel and predatory warfare, are not, it is to be observed, more available material for the subjugation of India than the Sikhs and Affghans (the latter as allies, or, what would be wiser, as vassal populations) would be for the defence of the British possessions.

The actual aim of Russia is unquestionably, for the present, to draw the commerce of Asia to her own territories. It has been projected with this view to open one of the old mouths of the Oxus into the Caspian, and then the route from Kabūl by the valley of the same great river to Europe, would possibly be one of the most tempting in Central Asia. Astrakhan has never ceased to mourn the loss of the overland trade from India, which it monopolised to a certain extent before the passage by the Cape of Good Hope was known; but although the times are gone by when Mr. David Urquhart could depict in his work on the "Progress of Russia" the route *viâ* Poti, Tiflis, and Astrabad, as the one destined to supersede that by the Volga, still, the grand design that has filled the bosom of every successive Czar of making the merchandise of Asia pass through his dominions, or of extending those dominions till they must perforce embrace all overland communication, has never for a moment been lost sight of, and the possession of Georgia on the one hand, and of Khiva on the other, point to eventualities which it is impossible to disregard in connexion with any discussions as to the future overland communication with India. The line from Peshawur by the Oxus, which presents so many difficulties at the outset, might, under a civilised government, unquestionably be made to present many advantages; but these would be to a great extent nullified by the break in the transit presented by the Caspian Sea, whereas the line *viâ* Herat and Teheran to Constantinople is unbroken, and the least devious of any. The line by Kurachī and the River Euphrates would be the safest, and of higher strategic importance to Great Britain; but a railway along Southern Biluchistan and Persia would have little or no native traffic, while a line *viâ* Herat and Teheran would in all probability return a handsome dividend from native transit alone. Indeed, it might fairly be said, if too great an amount of capital were not expended in the enterprise, and its management was efficient, it would be a most remunerative line. But we stand in a very peculiar position in India. While France is carrying its inter-maritime ditch across the Isthmus of Suez unmolested, its government put a veto upon our utilising the valley of the Euphrates, and at once

declared, that to carry out such a project would necessitate the occupation of the valley of the Nile by the French as an offset; or would precipitate that tenure of Syria which will one day be forced upon it as a security for the payment of those moneys, the capital of which it has guaranteed whilst we have to pay the interest. On the other hand, Russia is far too wedded to the cherished idea of monopolising the overland trade of Asia to permit a railway *viâ* Herat and Teheran to Constantinople to be carried out. To those who would wish to study the important bearings of the projected withdrawal of the trade of India down the Indus to Kurachi, and thence by the Persian Gulf to Europe, Mr. W. P. Andrews's admirable works, "*The Indus and its Provinces*," "*The Scindh Railway*," and the "*Euphrates Valley Route to India*," will furnish all desirable information, and, indeed, almost exhaust what can be said upon the subject.* But the latter route must for a long time remain partly a question of navigation, whilst the line by Herat would be overland from Calcutta to Calais or Boulogne—with the exception of the trifling break at the Bosphorus. Both lines ought, however, unquestionably to be brought into operation, and the force of circumstances so utterly baffles the selfishness of states and powers, and the intrigues of short-sighted diplomatists, that they will most undoubtedly be one day carried out.

In the mean time, it is a problem well worthy of the most earnest consideration with those who have the welfare of a general humanity at heart, and who do not believe that knotty questions are more easily solved by war than by peaceful negotiation, whether some understanding could not be arrived at between Great Britain, France, and Russia, by which not only the opening of the valley of the Euphrates could be obtained, but also that of the most direct and natural route between Europe and India. Surely the latter undertaking—if not the former—could be

* Captain Tyler, R.E., who has been recently engaged by her Majesty's government in inspecting the ports of Italy with reference to their use for the conveyance of the Eastern mails, concludes his report aptly enough with the following emphatic declaration: "As I have intimated at the commencement of this report, the question to be now solved is solely that of communication through Europe to the East. I would ask your Grace's permission to touch also upon the still more important saving of time and distance that may be obtained hereafter, by avoiding the passage of the Red Sea, when a railway shall be constructed from the coast of the Mediterranean along the Euphrates Valley to the Persian Gulf. By this route many hundred miles of distance, and many days of time, might be saved between London and Bombay, which will become within the next two years (when the railways to Madras and Calcutta are completed) the principal port of India. The navigation by the Persian Gulf to Bombay will be far preferable to that *viâ* Suez and the Red Sea to Bombay; and even that amount of navigation may ultimately be avoided by the connexion together of Bagdad and Bombay by railway. But in the mean time the Euphrates Valley scheme has been for many years almost in abeyance. The mere guarantee of the Turkish government has not been found sufficient even to render the construction of the first portion from the coast to Aleppo practicable; and the financial state of that empire renders progress now almost impossible. But I have so strong a conviction of the important bearing that the construction of such a railway would have, commercially and strategically, upon the British Empire, that I could not but take this opportunity of recommending the subject to the serious consideration of her Majesty's government."—*Eastern Mails: Copy of Report from Captain Tyler, R.E., to Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, of his recent Inspection of the Railways and Ports of Italy, with Reference to the Use of the Italian Route for the Conveyance of the Eastern Mails.* (Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.)

made an international one, be guaranteed by all the great powers, and worked in the interest of all parties, and of a general commerce and civilisation. The Sublime Porte and the Shah would only too gladly co-operate in such an undertaking—their profitable interests being duly regarded—and an arrangement so promising to the future commerce and industry of the Old World would also ensure the upholding of peace in Central Asia for many a year to come.

The only obstacle that really lies in the way of such an international solution of one of the greatest difficulties of modern times, is the unsettled condition of Affghanistan, whose warring tribes must be brought into subjection either by the Anglo-Indian or the Muscovite power. But as we have pointed out that the valley of the Kabūl river belongs to India, and the conceded subjugation of Bokhara and all Central Asia by Russia fairly warrants such a movement on the part of the Anglo-Indian Empire as a compensation, not only justified by the progress of Russia, but most imperiously demanded by such, we need not say to which power it belongs, for sake of its very existence, to be first at the headwaters of the Indus. Peshawur may be fortified—it is right and well that it should be so—as a *tête de pont* to Attock and farther India; but India cannot afford that Kabūl should be occupied by Cossacks without striking a blow, and that blow would be administered with greater effect in the country itself, with the passes of the Hindhū Kūsh in front, with the stronghold of Peshawur and the Indus to withdraw upon in case of reverses, than, as has been upheld by some eminent authorities—as Sir John Lawrence (who has apparently himself now abandoned his original ideas upon the subject)—casting the fate of India upon the defence of the passage of the Indus.

What is really this Dūrānī Empire of which so much has been said, which has so long remained a disgrace to humanity, and an obstacle to all progress in Central Asia? It is at the best a nominal sovereignty; its population is discordant, its history presents one continual struggle between rival competitors for power—a series, with scarcely an intermission, of anarchy, blood, and confusion. This motley population comprises some 4,300,000 Affghans, 1,000,000 Biluchīs, 1,200,000 Tartars or Turkomans, 1,500,000 Persians, and 6,000,000 Indians and miscellaneous tribes. The peaceful Indians constitute, therefore, the majority, but not the warlike and dominant race.

The Dūrānī dynasty dates its origin to Ahmed Shah, a chief of the Sudduzais, a clan of Abd'alis, or followers of Ali, who at the death of Nadir Shah, in 1747, seized the government of the country, which previously paid tribute to Persia, and who, in consequence of a dream of the famous saint at Chumkuni, changed the name of his tribe from Abd'alis to Dūrānīs, and himself took the title of Shah Duri Durān.

The origin of the new empire was at Kandahar, and as Napoleon the First said of Poland, although comprising the valley of the Vistula, that it never was a geographical expression, so the same may be said of the empire of the Dūrānīs, although it comprised at the outset the valley of the Helmund. Ahmed Shah felt this, and he directed his whole energies to giving that expression to his rule which did not really belong to it. He annexed Kabūl, combated the Sikhs and Mahrattas with success, and ultimately extended his sway from Meshed to Delhi. But an empire thus established by conquest only, had all the vices inherent

in an unnatural congeries of people and states, and Ahmed Shah was engaged his whole lifetime in quelling rebellions in various parts of his dominions, which were indeed no sooner suppressed in one quarter than they broke out in another.

Ahmed was succeeded by his son, Timur, or Taimur Shah, and his reign was, like his father's, disturbed by incessant insurrections in Balkh, Khorassan, Saistan, and Kashmīr. In 1789 he marched from Kabūl with an army of a hundred thousand men by the way of the Hindhū Kūsh and Kūllūm (before noticed) against the King of Bokhara, so that the approach to Kabūl by the Oxus is by no means new to history ; it dates, in fact, back to the times of Alexander the Great and his successors. Timur Shah died at Kabūl in 1793, and upon his death a struggle ensued between his numerous sons for a monarchy, which only dates back from the reign of George II. in this country.* The throne of the Dūrānīs fell to the lot of Shah Zeman, but after a reign of seven years he was, in 1800, deposed and blinded by his half-brother, Shah Mahmūd, who obtained the sovereignty by the help of Futtah Ali Khan, chief of the Baurikzais—the same clan of which Dhost Muhammad was chief.

On the 10th of September, Shah Sūjah-ūl-Mūlk, full brother of the deposed monarch Zeman, marched from Peshawur upon Kabūl, but he was encountered by Futtah Ali Khan and defeated, and was obliged to seek refuge in the Khyber hills. After various other unsuccessful attempts to regain the throne, Sūjah at length defeated Futtah Ali Khan, and deposing Mahmūd, he had him confined ; but it is recorded, to his honour, that he did not retaliate by repeating in his instance the cruelty which he had shown to his brother, Shah Zeman. Shah Sūjah next sent an expedition against Futtah Ali Khan and Prince Kaniran, son of Shah Mahmūd, who retained possession of Kandahar. It was successful, and Futtah Khan tendered his submission and withdrew to his own castle at Girishk. His restless spirit, however, speedily impelled him again into intrigue ; and in 1804 he incited Prince Kaisar, son of Shah Zeman, who had been entrusted by his uncle, Shah Sūjah, with the government of Kandahar, under the guidance of Ahmed Shah, to imprison the latter, and declare himself king. Ahmed Shah was accordingly seized, but when the "Cæsar" of Affghanistan and Futtah Khan marched against Kabūl, he was released and reinstated in the command of the city. His son joined Shah Sūjah : Prince Kaisar and Futtah Khan were defeated, and Ahmed Shah immediately delivered up Kandahar to Prince Kamran. Prince Kaisar upon this made his submission, and was forgiven by Sūjah.

His plans with regard to Prince Kaisar being thus frustrated, Futtah Khan repaired to Herat, and persuaded Haji Firūz, another brother of Shah Sūjah, to assert his right to the throne of Kabūl. Firūz accordingly took up arms, and Shah Sūjah sent a force against him commanded by Prince Kaisar, whereupon Firūz came to terms, and Futtah Ali Khan had no other alternative but to retire once more to his castle of Girishk. Prince Kaisar, anxious to wipe off the memory of his rebellion, amongst

* Mr. Edwards, late judge of his Majesty's High Court of Agra, describes himself as having met a very aged man in Rohilkund who remembered the sack of Delhi by Nadir. Thus the origin of the Dūrāni dynasty may be said to be almost within the memory of man.—("Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian." By William Edwards, Esq.)

other services rendered to Shah Sūjah contrived to seize Futtah Khan, and was about to gratify the revenge of his father, Shah Zeman, by putting him to death, when Futtah Khan so wrought upon the young prince by his perfidious counsels, that he not only spared his life, but entered with him into a fresh plot against his uncle's throne. Futtah Khan, having thus won over Prince Kaisar, advanced to Kandahar, where he found the prince, under the influence of Kojah Muhammad Khan, a powerful chief, who had dissuaded him from rebellion. Futtah Khan, incensed at this counter influence, renounced all connexion with Prince Kaisar, and engaged to deliver Kandahar to Kamran, who advanced upon the city. Kaisar then requested an interview with Futtah Khan. They met by torchlight, and the interview began with mutual recriminations, but it terminated in a manner which would scarcely seem credible among civilised nations. Prince Kaisar reminded Futtah that he owed him his life, and Futtah Khan, in his turn, recapitulated his favours to Kaisar, and complained of his perfidy. Kaisar, upon this, swore to follow him implicitly; whereupon Futtah Khan relented, and the following morning they marched out together to oppose Kamran, who was defeated, and his followers utterly routed.

Shah Sūjah, in the mean time, had strengthened his throne by the conquest of Kashmīr, and Kojah Muhammad, retaining his influence, contrived once more to dissolve the connexion between Prince Kaisar and Futtah Khan, the latter once more retiring to his stronghold at Girishk. Here, however, he renewed relations with Kamran, whom, notwithstanding his former perfidy, he contrived to propitiate so far that they advanced together against Kaisar, and drove him from Kandahar into Biluchistan. Shah Sūjah, hearing of these events, sent an expedition against the two reprobates, and, after some reverses, they were defeated, Kamran taking refuge in the mountains, but Futtah Khan, ever fruitful in resources, made his peace with Shah Sūjah.

In 1808, Mahmūd Shah, taking advantage of some political commotions, made his escape from prison, and the same year the vizier of Shah Sūjah raised a rebellion, and was joined by Prince Kaisar, whom he proclaimed King of Kabūl. Their forces were met by Shah Sūjah, and entirely defeated, and the Shah entered Peshawur in triumph, with the head of the vizier borne aloft on a spear behind him.

Hitherto Shah Sūjah had successfully quelled the various attempts on his throne; but, alas! reverses were at hand. In 1809 the liberated Mahmūd Shah formed a junction with the arch-conspirator Futtah Khan, and asserted his sovereignty. On the 3rd of April, the same year, they jointly defeated Akram Khan, who had been sent against them by Shah Sūjah, and took Kabūl. Sūjah got together an army, but was defeated, and, escaping from the country, he threw himself on the protection of Runjīt Singh, Maharajah of the Punjab, and with his aid he made several attempts to recover his dominions, but without success. After a time, Runjīt Singh not only became weary of his unfortunate guest, but imprisoned him, and cruelly treated him, in order to extort from him the celebrated Kūh-i-nūr, or "Mountain of Light," which, on the fall of the Lions of the Punjab, was ultimately removed to this country. Shah Sūjah, after a time, effected his escape to the British dominions, and was pensioned at Loodiana.

After Shah Sūjah's flight, Futtah Khan ruled under the name and authority of Mahmūd Shah. He took Herat by treachery from Haji Firūz, and repelled an attack made on that city by the Persians. But in 1818, after an administration of eight years, Mahmūd Shah seized upon and blinded, with circumstances of peculiar ferocity, the old conspirator, to whom he was at least indebted for having been twice put upon the throne. The family of Futtah Khan, backed by the Baurikzais, having risen in rebellion to avenge their chief, the old man was literally cut to pieces.

The death of Futtah Khan was the signal for the dismemberment of the Dūrānī Empire. Dhost Muhammad, brother of Futtah Khan, became King of Kabūl, whilst Kamran seized Herat. Kandahar, after passing through various hands, became subject to the Sirdars. The Amīrs of Scindh became independent; Runjīt Singh took advantage of the general confusion to seize upon Peshawar, and the Persians, urged on by Russia, advanced against Herat. Dhost Muhammad, under these accumulated difficulties, declared himself willing to embrace a British alliance if the English would protect him from the encroachments of Runjīt Singh, otherwise he must throw himself on the protection of Persia. This was enough for the Anglo-Indian government, which at once decided upon reinstating Shah Sūjah, who had been twenty-eight years a fugitive, in order, as it was imagined, to secure our influence throughout Central Asia.

The campaign of 1838 and 1839 is now a matter of past history. "Disasters unparalleled in their extent," to use the words of Lord Ellenborough, "unless by the errors in which they originated, and by the treachery by which they were completed," were, in the short campaign of 1841, avenged upon every scene of past misfortune; but the Affghans were left to themselves "to create a government amidst the anarchy which is the consequence of their crimes!" The result has been that, as of yore, the sole government has ever since consisted in every prince being thrown on his own resources, to hold his own as he best could, either by force or fraud. Kabūl, Kandahar, and Herat, instead of being the chief towns of one strong and united government, have continued to be like the great pashaliks of Turkey in olden, and, indeed, in not very remote times, the centres of incessant turmoil, confusion, and rebellion.

Many events have elapsed since the catastrophe of Kabūl, and since the avenging army marched into Affghanistan and then marched out again, to alter our relations with that country, and bring us into closer connexion with its turbulent rulers. On the 14th of December, 1845, the Sikhs crossed the Sutluj river and attacked the British port at Firūz-pūr. This invasion was followed by the battles of Mūdki and Firūz-shahīr, "the city of Firuz," followed up, after the Sikhs had been driven back across the river, by those of Aliwal and Sohraon, and the fall of Lahore. In 1846, the faithlessness and treachery of Lalla Mūbray led to the reduction of Mūltan by Whish and Edwardes. In 1849, the rebellion of Shere Singh led to the battles of Chillianwallah and Gujerat, and the formal annexation of the Punjab to the British Empire. The rebellious Amīrs of Scindh had been previously defeated by Sir Charles Napier in 1843, and Scindh likewise annexed to the British Empire. Already in 1866 a railway is in existence from Kurachī to Hydrabad; a flotilla navigates the Indus from the capital of Scindh to Mūltan; the

surveys of another railway from Mūltan to Lahore and Umritsīr have been completed; lines are projected along the whole length of the left bank of the Indus from Mūltan to Hyderabad; another by Shikarpūr to the Bolan Pass, on the high road to Kandahar; and lastly, another has received the sanction and support of government from Lahore to Attock. It is almost impossible to realise the changes thus brought about and in prospect for the future in the short space of sixteen years. In 1855, Haidah, or Hyder Khan, son of Dost Muhammad, came to Peshawur to conclude a treaty with the British, but now, out of regard to possible eventualities, that outpost is to be fortified. It will constitute, as before said, an admirable *tête de pont* to the Indus at Attock; but it is at the exit, not at the entrance of the Khyber Pass. If a bridge or a pass has to be defended, the defence is not left till the passage of the bridge or pass has been effected. Should ever Russia push her Cossacks across the Hindhū Kūsh, or Paropamisian chain, or spread sedition among our treacherous allies on the Kabūl river, Kabūl must of necessity be occupied by the British forces. Vámbéry says upon this subject: "The question whether Russia will content herself even with Bokhara, or will allow the Oxus to become the final boundary of her influence and of her designs, is difficult to answer. Without plunging into any deep considerations of policy, I may remark that it seems very probable that the court of St. Petersburg, in return for her persevering policy of sacrifices pursued across deserts for years and years at great expense and labour, will seek some richer compensation than is to be found in the oases of Turkistan. I should like, indeed, to see the politician who would venture to affirm that Russia, once in possession of Turkistan, would be able to withstand the temptation of advancing, either personally or by her representatives, into Afghanistan and Northern India, where political intrigues are said to find always a fruitful soil. At the time when the Russian columns, under the orders of Peroffsky, threw their ominous shadow from the west shore of the Aral Sea as far as Kabūl—at the time when the spectre of Vitkovitsk appeared in that city and in Kandahar, the possibility of such complications as those alluded to was foreseen, and cannot that which has once occurred, when the necessity arises, occur a second time?" Russia may, as before remarked, have at present none but commercial objects in view in annexing the countries watered by the Jaxartes and the Oxus, but it is manifest that any one of the numerous complications which the condition of the Turkish Empire is perpetually giving rise to among European powers is capable of lighting up a war like that of the Crimea, which Russia, in possession of Bokhara, might turn to her advantage by fomenting trouble in our Indian Empire. The occupation of Balkh and Khūndūz by the Cossacks should, then, be the signal with the British Empire for the occupation of Kabūl by the Anglo-Indian forces. In so doing, we should be acting solely in self-defence, and it cannot be said that we should be disturbing or disorganising a peaceable, settled, or well-governed people. Meanwhile, we do most sincerely hope that misunderstandings and wars may be averted by some mutual arrangement such as that of a great central and international line of railway, by which Russia would peacefully obtain such advantages from the overland commerce of India and China as she has so long coveted, or, at all events, as she has reasonable right to expect.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

IV.

It was in the year 1830 that Mrs. Mordaunt, an English lady, found herself domiciled for a short time in the pretty cottage ornée belonging to Mr. Macintosh, near Dunkeld. She was making a tour through Scotland, and having met with the hospitable family in Edinburgh, had accepted their kind invitation to pay them a visit in the country, that she might see at her leisure the romantic residence of the Dukes of Athol. Mrs. Mordaunt was a woman of delicate health, and of a quiet and reflective tone of mind, concealing great refinement of taste, warmth of heart, and singularly acute perceptions, under the cold and reserved exterior so characteristic of the best educated and most polished class of English society. Although feeling sincerely grateful for the frank kindness of her cordial and friendly entertainers, yet she had no sympathy with the common-place subjects of conversation and inveterate prejudices which prevailed with them, in common with those of their country people who have never left the bounds of their mountain-girt land, nor mixed with the inhabitants of other nations.

The evening after her arrival she walked out alone, glad to escape from the uninteresting gossip going on in the drawing-room, in consequence of a visit from the Dunkeld doctor. Enchanted with the beautiful region where for a few weeks she proposed to abide, she strolled on in communion with her own thoughts, at the moment much saddened by the recent death of a beloved husband, with whom she had ever participated her joys and sorrows, her sentiments and ideas of every kind. Truly it was a landscape to inspire a poetess; but not being one, she contented herself by sauntering slowly along, and gazing with absorbing admiration on a scene of romantic beauty scarcely to be surpassed by any spot on earth, so matchless was the combination of mountain, valley, streams, and ruins, diversified by majestic forests waving on all sides. Bending her steps towards the river where it neared the fine bridge, she found herself beside a knoll where the broom, laden with the yellow treasures of the summer, displayed its luxuriant branches to the beams of the setting sun. Those gleaming boughs were gently agitated by the scarce-felt westerly breeze, to which the birch, moistened by the soft showers which had fallen during the day, blending with the fragrance of the wild thyme and other aromatic herbs, lent a light and delicious perfume. Nothing was wanting to complete the charm of this enchanting scene but music, and that suddenly burst on the ear in vocal strains from some concealed musician. It was not the deep pathos of a manly voice that came wafted by the wind towards the entranced listener, nor yet the matured tones of a female soprano or contralto singer, but the clear and bird-like warble of an infant organ, so pure, true, and varied, that it might have proceeded from the southern nightingale, had it not been for the words with which it was so distinctly accompanied. So sorrowful was the intonation, however,

that it held Mrs. Mordaunt for some minutes motionless with surprise, almost doubting her senses as to the possibility that childish experience could afford a well of woe from which to draw a melody so expressive of despondency. The air, "What ails this heart o' mine?" was familiar to her ear, from her having heard Wilson, the celebrated Scotch vocalist, sing it on several occasions, but never before had she comprehended so entirely its intrinsic beauty. Those were no vulgar tones ; no, whatever child sang, it was the emanation of some spirit refined by sensibility of heart and elevation of thought, some genius in the wilds ; and in breathless amazement she noiselessly turned round the little knoll, until full in view of the hitherto concealed songstress.

Under a small laburnum-tree, busily engaged in stripping the rich blossoms from its pensile branches, sat a child about six years old, quite unconscious of observation ; she was shabbily dressed, was pale and thin, so very thin that the astonished listener could not help wondering how such sounds could come from a form so tiny. The outline of the face was bad, for the nose was insignificant, the mouth large, and the cheek very meagre, while the hair—peculiarly light and devoid of colour—hung in neglected masses on her brown neck ; but the eyes, which were looking down intently on her flowery store, were shaded with long eyelashes of a darker hue, slightly curled up at the points, the forehead full and finely formed, and the rather low eyebrow beautifully marked.

"How sweetly you sing, my little girl," said Mrs. Mordaunt, softly.

The child sprang on her feet like a startled fawn, and, with quite the lightness and elasticity of one, darted away among the bushes, but not before her observer had noted a pair of large hazel eyes, which, though not very dark, were remarkable for their singular brightness and beaming sensibility of expression. The wild creature stopped and turned when at a little distance, gazing back upon Mrs. Mordaunt with a bewildered look from behind a broom-bush, but upon that lady advancing and again addressing her, she fled swiftly down the margin of the river, and was soon out of sight. When Mrs. Mordaunt returned to the cottage, she mentioned the little girl she had seen, and how much she had been struck with her singing.

"Oh ! it must have been our Christie," exclaimed Miss Barbara Macintosh, "for she does nothing but squall from morning till night, and we have been obliged to forbid her singing in the house, for we are all quite tired of it. It is only a fortnight ago that she wakened Lizzy and me by singing in her sleep the 'Blue Bells of Scotland,' that she had heard played by a lady who was here lately on a visit. It is really quite wearisome. I don't know how many tunes she picked up at that time—words and music together ; and as she is seldom permitted to come into the drawing-room—she makes such a figure of herself—she was for ever sitting listening at the top of the stairs, with her great wooden doll in her arms, and when Miss Taylor went out to walk she used to stare at her as if she were a miracle."

"I think the lassie's a little daft," observed Mr. Macintosh, looking up from his newspaper.

"Daft !" rejoined his better-half. "There's little doubt of it. I think her feeding the bees showed she was a wee bit silly very early in the day, poor bairn !"

"Feeding the bees! How was that?" inquired Mrs. Mordaunt, much interested in the strange misinterpretation of what appeared to her to be the emanation of singular talent.

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Macintosh, with rather a saddened expression of face, "it happened soon after she came here, when she was little more than three years old. We observed her one day very busy toddling about the garden, gathering all the finest flowers she could find, which I always let her do to keep her from whimpering about her mother, poor thing! and all at once we heard loud screaming, and beheld her scampering towards the garden door with a swarm of bees after her. She was so dreadfully stung, that for some time she could not speak from the agony she was in, and when at last she was able to answer our questions, we ascertained that, having taken a great friendship for the bees because they let her sit close beside the hive watching them without molesting her, she thought she would recompense them for being so kind, so she went and gathered a bunch of all the flowers she had observed they were fondest of, that they might not have the trouble of flying about to extract their honey; but as they did not appear to comprehend her benevolent intentions, she pushed her nosegay close to the mouth of her favourite hive, which rash action so incensed the bees, that, forgetting all their former friendship and forbearance, they rushed out and flew at her, inflicting the punishment they thought her temerity deserved. She was much hurt, poor little thing! and continued for some time in a dangerous state; so much so, that the doctor feared she had lost her sight, as it was fully a week before she could open her eyes."

"She is an odd, eccentric child," observed the second daughter, Miss Lizzy, who was rather inclined to sentiment and reflection. "I sometimes really don't know what to think of her, for she seems to care for nothing but flowers and animals; she actually passes her life with the old pony Donald and a hen without a leg, which she has tended and nursed ever since it was a chicken, when it met with the accident that lamed it. She likewise appears to be the lady-love of Oscar, the shepherd's dog," pursued Miss Lizzy, with beautiful originality, "for I observe when he returns in the evening she regularly goes out to receive him with a piece of bread-and-butter in her hand, when they have a very affectionate interview; indeed, he is always in attendance on her when he is off duty, showing as much watchfulness and devotion as the dignity of his important position in the farming establishment will admit of."

"Is she your relation?" inquired Mrs. Mordaunt.

"Yes, our cousin," answered Lizzy, in a low voice. Then, as her mother left the room, she frankly added, "She is mamma's niece by a sister; but her birth caused no pleasure, for she is the child of a marriage which gave our family great annoyance."

"How so?" questioned her auditor, who felt great interest on the subject.

"Her mother and my aunt, Mrs. Douglas," answered Lizzy, "was married when very young to a rich man from the East Indies, and was early left a widow with a large jointure and an only son, in whom she was bound up. He was caught by a speculating Englishwoman just as he came of age, who, being highly connected and a very fine lady, cut her husband's relations almost without exception. My aunt, who was a

very gentle and rather weak woman, was much hurt, as she had quite sacrificed herself for her son; so, for change of scene, she went abroad, and there unfortunately met with a young Italian adventurer, who persuaded her to marry him. It was a very foolish business indeed, for, before many months had elapsed, he went off one fine day with everything of which he could possess himself, leaving her about to be confined without any one of her relations at hand to attend either on her or the child; so she became very ill and low-spirited, and wrote to mamma, saying that she felt she was dying, and that she wished to come home to be near her, in order to leave 'Christine,' as she always called her, under her care until her son returned from Italy to take some charge of his sister. But I fear there is little chance of that, for not only has he quite neglected her hitherto, but he has likewise possessed himself of a large sum of money, for which my aunt had insured her life to secure a provision for this unlucky child. Unfortunately, the birth had never been registered, and no legal deed executed bequeathing this money to Christine—nothing but a letter from my aunt to her son mentioning her intentions, which, with all her papers, was forwarded to him at her death, according to her orders; and so he has availed himself of those unfortunate mistakes and informalities to seize it for himself, and will hardly dole out a small annuity to enable mamma to maintain the poor little thing. Papa several times suggested to my aunt the propriety of her making a formal will, but she became so agitated when he insinuated the least doubt of her son's good faith in a matter of common honesty, that he was obliged to desist, as it always made her ill. My father maintains, however, that even as it is, a litigation would put Christine in possession of her rights when she comes of age; but the poor child is only seven years old, and there is no person authorised to interfere in the business at present, even if there were funds to cover the law expenses. Besides, she is so very delicate that the doctor thinks there is but little chance of her living to grow up to be a charge to any one, so we just let her run about among her plants and her pets with Nanny, the dairymaid, who takes charge of her in winter when we go to Edinburgh; and she is quite happy and contented to stay with her, for she likes her better than all the rest of us put together. If she lives to be a woman, however, it is desirable that she should be with her brother, for her mother would insist upon her being called 'Douglas,' instead of 'San Isidora,' her father's name; in the idea, I believe, of securing her the protection of her brother; so it would be much better that she should be under the Douglas's roof, as then nobody would know or think anything about the matter."

"Christina San Isidora," repeated Mrs. Mordaunt to herself, musingly. "If a romantic name, a cruel position, and a sensitive and gifted nature betoken an eventful life, then will this poor friendless little girl, if she be spared, meet with strange things on the great theatre of the trying and mutable world."

Miss Lizzy Macintosh, perceiving that the thoughts of the polished Mrs. Mordaunt ran singularly on the infant orphan songstress, sought, partly from good nature, and partly in order to ingratiate herself with their distinguished visitor, to humour what she considered a fantasy; and while her mother and elder sister were engaged "on hospitable cares

intent," she became a spy upon the neglected child, in order to lead the English lady to her solitary places of resort, and point out the peculiarities of the lonely little creature, whose dreary position and singular natural endowments had so attracted her attention. Poor Christine had a favourite haunt in an old orchard at the back of the garden, where she tended, fed, and guarded from all intrusion—except that of her other pets—her lame hen. Although a neglected piece of ground, it still was enclosed with a high hawthorn hedge, except on one side, where a brawling mountain stream rushed rapidly over its rocky channel, and sent forth a pleasing, dreamy sound in addition to the noise of the more distant river. On a rock close upon the rivulet was an old summer-house, where Christine had established her court. Of this court it might be said that the hen was the queen, the pony the king, and Oscar, the shepherd's dog, the prime minister, whilst she herself performed the part of a beneficent genius, watching over and providing for all. There were also subjects in this happy and well-regulated country, for Nanny had picked out from amongst the lumber of the garret various old maimed dolls, which had once belonged to the young ladies of the house, and those Christine had decked with every scrap of finery of which she could honestly possess herself, most wittfully concealing their defects and enhancing their charms until she had brought them to a most respectable pitch of beauty, and then stuck them round her summer-house in different interesting positions, addressing them by names both beautiful and sublime. There were also visitors who occasionally enlivened this magic circle; for in the evening, when Oscar returned from the labours of the day, she sallied forth—as mentioned by Miss Lizzy—to meet him with a slice of bread-and-butter in her hand, and after an affectionate greeting, he never failed to accompany her through the garden to the old orchard. Donald, the pony—who, from his great age, was allowed to pasture free on the green flat at the other side of the stream—generally came about the same time to take his evening drink, and then clambered up a low part of the bank, where Christine had made a path for him, to join the select coterie, and partake of the evening banquet. Thus, all being assembled in peace and amity, the protectress of this favoured realm dispensed her bounties to its happy inhabitants. The hen had a handful of corn, the pony some oatmeal bannock, and Oscar his bread-and-butter; it was at this time that visitors made their appearance to join in the festivities, in the shape of house-pigeons, sparrows, and impudent little chaffinches, et cætera. To all was dispensed something to welcome them; at one time a little corn, at another crumbs of bread, and whenever the sun disappeared in the horizon, Cripple Little—which was the poetical name she had given her hen—was carefully deposited in a comfortable nest, enclosed on all sides to protect her from harm. Donald couched himself down under the shelter of the summer-house on a bed of fern, which Christine had got Nanny to cut for him, and Oscar reposing at the feet of his fairy favourite in the inside of the rural palace, seemed to listen with absorbed attention to the softly-warbled airs with which she feigned to lull her dolls to sleep.

Poor dear little Christine! such were the innocent pleasures of her lonely infancy. Unattended to, unsympathised with, her young days sped past among rocks, streams, flowers, and animals, and the germ of match-

less talent, the warmth of the kindest of hearts, gradually developed themselves unnoted of any one except the benevolent stranger whom chance had thrown across her path!

V.

Mrs. MORDAUNT made many fruitless attempts to get acquainted with the youthful object of her kind interest; but if by chance she came upon her when she could not get out of the way, a timid and nervous monosyllable was all the answer she could elicit to any question she addressed to her, until at last she one day surprised her when busily engaged in hoeing and trimming the little flower-border which she had tastefully cultivated round her favourite bower.

"You are very churlish, Christine," she said; "for you never give me a nosegay, although I am so fond of flowers."

The little girl stood up erect, and gazed at her for a moment with a wondering look, then silently applied herself to gather all the sweetest ones her simple garden contained, and making up a pretty bouquet, approached her with a singularly graceful air, and presented it, at the same time offering in a scarcely articulate voice—blushing scarlet as she did so—to go into the large garden and get her some finer flowers.

"No, I thank you, my dear," replied Mrs. Mordaunt, "these are just what I like best; and if you would gather me such a bunch every day whilst I remain, I should feel much obliged to you."

Christine looked up in her face with a smile so sweet as to make her attentive observer think for a moment that she was quite beautiful.

"Can you read?" she asked, after a pause of admiration.

Poor Christine's cheek again glowed—but this time with shame—as she looked down on the ground, which she scraped with her foot, and answered,

"A little."

"Can you write?" The same reply. "And who teaches you?"

"Mr. M'Crae, the schoolmaster's assistant at Dunkeld, who comes three times a week to give me a lesson."

"Do you like to learn?"

"Oh no."

"Why?"

"It is so tiresome."

Her interrogator could scarcely help smiling.

"Who taught you to sing?"

The child turned pale as death, and returned no answer. The question was repeated. She shrank half behind the trunk of the ash-tree that overshadowed the arbour, and murmured, in a scarcely audible tone,

"I used to sing to my mother."

"Your mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Mordaunt; "I thought, dearest Christine, that you lost her when you were almost too young to remember her?"

The little girl concealed her face on the arm which was clasped round the tree, and her sympathising questioner perceived that tears were dropping on the ground. She laid her hand fondly on her head, and gently whispered,

"Be comforted, dear child, your mother is in a happier world than this."

Seeing that she trembled with the effort she made to suppress her sobs, Mrs. Mordaunt turned to go away, saying, as she did so, "Remember my nosegay, Christine," and slowly retraced her steps towards the house. When she reached the door which led into the garden, she turned to see what her tender-hearted favourite was doing, and beheld her in the act of leaping over the stream by the help of a long pole, which *cette petite fille aux expédients* always used in her wild rambles, and by the aid of which she sprang from rock to rock with an agility truly wonderful, and with such perfect security as to leave the spectator quite at ease as to her safety. The next moment she was mounted on old Donald the pony, holding tightly his rough mane, while he went full speed round and round his pasture-ground, evidently much delighted to have his playfellow on his back; and him she only quitted upon seeing Nanny with her pail in her hand going to milk the cows, when she merrily bounded away to aid her in her rural occupation. From this time forward, when Mrs. Mordaunt came out in the morning, she was sure to find Christine on the gravel-walk before the house, ready to present her with a nosegay, and thus some little degree of familiarity sprang up between them.

When the time of her departure drew near, the heart of the benevolent stranger grew more deeply interested in this forlorn child. Most gladly would she have taken her away and have adopted her as a daughter, but she having a wealthy brother and so many near relations, such a thing was not to be thought of; and the day at length came on which she had fixed to leave the cottage, and its hospitable but common-place occupants. She understood from Lizzy that Mr. Douglas was soon expected from the Continent, when they intended representing to him the necessity of his doing something for his sister, and in the mean time she was to be allowed to run about at Broombank, and amuse herself as she had hitherto been accustomed to do, the doctor being of opinion that the natural delicacy of her constitution was such that much study or town confinement for a year or two might materially injure her health. When the day of Mrs. Mordaunt's departure came, she looked about in vain for Christine; she was nowhere to be seen, and saddened and disappointed she was just preparing to enter her carriage, when she caught a glimpse of the pale sorrowful face peeping at her from behind the shelter of the garden door. She advanced to hail the weeping child and bid her an affectionate farewell; but the little creature fled at her approach, and made for the old orchard, with the intention, no doubt, of leaping over the stream, and thus eluding her pursuer, but in her anxiety to escape she ran too near a gooseberry-bush, and her frock caught upon the thorns, which so effectually retarded her progress as to enable Mrs. Mordaunt to attain her.

"Won't you bid me farewell, Christine?" she said, as she fondly embraced her.

The child struggled to get free, but not before her grief betrayed itself by the convulsive sobs which burst forth. It seemed as if the extremity to which she found herself reduced deprived her of all reserve, for she turned round, and clasping Mrs. Mordaunt in her arms, she buried her

face in her gown, weeping at the same time with an alarming violence. Much surprised and moved, her benevolent friend endeavoured, but in vain, to comfort and soothe her. She then turned to her maid, who had followed, and whispered to her to tell Nanny to come and try what she could do to console and calm the agitated little girl. The worthy woman was, luckily, not far off, and came immediately to the scene of action, when Mrs. Mordaunt consigned her favourite to her truly motherly care, and slipping two guineas into her hand recommended the little girl to her watchful tenderness; then kissing the swollen face of the affectionate child—now almost in a state of unconsciousness with the violence of her grief—she turned sorrowfully away, and hastened to escape from a scene which had unusually agitated her. She hastily bade the family farewell, with many and warmly-expressed thanks for their kind hospitality, and stepping into her carriage threw herself back and freely gave way to her tears, which continued to flow at intervals long after she had left the romantic banks of the Tay, and the haunts of the lonely little orphan who had so deeply struck those chords of feeling, in a manner so often to be remembered and adverted to in after years.

Variety of scene relieves the minds of those who go, but for those who remain how crushing is the remembrance of the image associated with the objects continually presenting themselves to the grief-oppressed spirit! Christine continued for many days in a state so dull and saddened that Nanny became almost afraid of the consequences. Although attending to her pets, as usual, yet there was a perceptible change in her general demeanour; her songs—when she did sing—were all sad and plaintive; her leaping-pole lay neglected beside the bower, and she could not bear to look upon the flowers from which she had been accustomed to select a nosegay to present to her gentle and sympathising friend. Her time was mostly spent in climbing the ash-tree beside the summer-house, and in allowing herself to be swung backwards and forwards when reclining on its long branches, with her eyes fixed on the sky, watching the varied forms of the clouds as they sailed along. From this dreamy and depressed state, however, she was roused by a most unexpected event; the Perth carrier arrived one day at the cottage with a trunk, addressed to “Miss Christine Douglas.” With amazement she superintended the opening of the mysterious box, when, to her inexpressible delight, she beheld a large beautiful wax doll, which could open and shut its eyes, and a small chest of drawers, filled with a complete change of dress as well as night-things for it. The astonished child was so absorbed with this marvellous acquisition that she paid but comparatively little attention to the other objects the trunk contained, until Lizzy read her a short letter from Mrs. Mordaunt, written in a large hand, requesting her acceptance of these remembrancers of one who loved her very dearly, and begging her to give to her cousins a small case which was at the bottom. This case contained a couple of beautiful bracelets for the two young ladies, and also a letter, expressing the donor’s gratitude for the attention she had experienced from the Macintosh family. With her doll in her arms, poor Christine continued to survey with wondering eyes the other objects sent to her by this munificent friend. The rest of its contents consisted of a set of handsomely-bound books, of which the stories were illustrated by pretty engravings, the said stories being adapted to the

comprehension of the earliest beginner, and gradually progressing in interest and difficulty until they ended by the "Parent's Assistant" of Miss Edgeworth. There was also a pretty workbox, well filled with all kinds of apparatus for sewing; a box of paints, fully supplied likewise with pencils and brushes; a selection of coloured engravings to copy from; some dissected maps, a cup and ball, and a beautiful skipping-rope, completed this cargo of treasures.

Christine, in an ecstasy of delight, had them all conveyed to a small closet, where she had been banished to sleep near Nanny, after the fit of musical somnambulism which had so disturbed her cousins. The trunk containing the doll and her wardrobe was carefully deposited in a corner, the books methodically arranged on a shelf which Nanny put up on the wall within her reach, and the work and paint-boxes, with the engravings and maps, carefully laid on the table beside the little window, while she locked up the cup and ball and skipping-rope in her drawer. That evening, when she went to feed her pets in the arbour, she was in a state of delight such as she had never in her life before experienced. She hugged Donald, she kissed Oscar, and caressed Cripple Littie; she told her old dolls stories about Mrs. Mordaunt being a great enchantress, and promised to bring on a visit to them the following day a beautiful princess of their species, who had newly arrived from a distant country. She sang all the songs her English friend had particularly admired to lull her subjects to repose, and, having seen them all laid quietly to rest, seized her pole and jumped backwards and forwards across the stream without ceasing, until she saw Nanny driving the cows home to the cow-house, when she threw it down and flew off to aid her, followed by Oscar, who kept close at her side, gazing at her in astonishment, as if he were not quite sure how to understand so great a change of mood. She was, indeed, in a state of supreme happiness; the very face of nature seemed more gay than formerly, and thus the image of the stranger lady became ever afterwards blended in her mind with the brightest gleams and most delicious associations of her infant years. Her cheerfulness returned, her activity redoubled, she became anxious to learn to read fluently, in order to comprehend the beautiful books of which she had become the possessor, and the paint-box—at first less valued than the rest of her acquisitions—soon became a source of constant and increasing delight. She began by copying the coloured engravings; then took to imitating the few roses that remained of the summer store, and the autumnal flowers that succeeded them. This developed the germ of a new talent, which Christine had never before been aware she possessed. The outlines displayed a singular accuracy of eye, and her rude attempts from nature an acute perception of light and shade. One cloud, however, sometimes cast its gloom over her horizon of happiness. "Should she ever again see Mrs. Mordaunt?" When this doubt presented itself she became sad and thoughtful, until roused by some call upon her attention or feelings.

The Macintosh family, although essentially vulgar and devoid of sensibility, were not in the least harsh or ill natured, so they were both amused and pleased to perceive the improvement which manifested itself in every way in their little charge, and prepared to return to Edinburgh, satisfied that she would enjoy herself through the winter, which they expected would intervene before her brother's return would interrupt the course of

her innocent childish pursuits. Christine did not shed many tears in bidding them farewell, although kissing them all most affectionately. She was sure to see them again in spring; in the mean time she would be left in the full possession of liberty and of the society of her beloved Nanny. There was also a favourite amusement she enjoyed in their absence, of which no one was aware, and in which she could not indulge herself while they remained in the house. In the dining-room there was a small convex mirror over the chimney-piece at the upper end of the room, placed in a slanting position, so as to reflect in miniature all objects present, like figures in a baby-house. Before this mirror Christine had always been in the habit of dancing in the winter-time, when the weather did not permit her to go out, or when Nanny was absent or engaged. She liked to see herself whirling about in all sorts of fantastic attitudes, and, from constant practice, had acquired an elasticity and grace which rendered her in after life remarkable for a lightness of step and harmony of motion as attractive as they were uncommon. To her accustomed arts and pirouettes was now added the variety of her skipping-rope evolutions, in which she soon acquired a dexterity truly astonishing. Her health became stronger, and enabled her to pay untiring attention to the instructions of her master in reading and writing, although it must be confessed that this was the least pleasing part of her occupations; she soon found compensation, however, for her patient endeavours to improve. The young man who taught her was a clever Scotchman, and, like most of his countrymen, was very well educated for his rank in life. It was true that his accent was coarse and his expressions inelegant, but he possessed great observation, together with sound judgment, and perceiving the uncommon acuteness of his little pupil, he soon became aware of the best means of fixing her attention. The books sent to her by Mrs. Mordaunt he saw were of a nature to interest her feelings, and commencing with the simpler ones, he gradually led her on to make an immense progress. Christine quickly began to take great pleasure in reading her little stories to Nanny when at work in the long winter evenings, and in explaining everything which might seem obscure to her; and often the worthy woman feigned ignorance upon subjects which she perfectly well understood, in order to draw out her young favourite, and elicit her quaint and original observations. She was a shrewd observer of human nature, and perceived quite distinctly that Christine was no common character. She was perfectly well aware that her position was a singular one, and anticipated her having a very difficult part to perform in the world. She therefore endeavoured to fortify her mind by forming it on her own firm principles and rigid religious creed, displaying therein a tact and perseverance seldom to be found in the more elevated class of people to whom are entrusted the care of youth. Christine, delighted by being able to give pleasure to her humble guardian, always strove hard to acquire something new to interest her in an evening, and often, I am sorry to say, would appear to read some story quite fluently that was in a great part repeated by rote from having gone over it in the morning with her master. After those fire-side amusements she always accompanied Nanny to the cow-house, and, with her own little pail in her hand, set herself to the task of milking an old good-tempered cow, called Jenny, being the only one who would permit such an insult to her dignity, and who gently yielded her store to

the tiny hand that she liked, and which fondled and fed her when the important task was over. Afterwards she paid a visit to Donald in his stable to give him a bit of bread and bid him good night; and having kissed the red comb of Cripple Little, snugly ensconced in her basket in a corner of the kitchen, she shared her supper of bread and warm milk with the wearied Oscar as he lay before the fire after the cold day's work was over. At nine o'clock she withdrew to her precious closet with Nanny, who undressed her and heard her say a simple prayer before depositing her in her little bed, where she continued to feast her eyes on all her treasures until they closed in sleep, or till Nanny extinguished the light, which she generally left with her until she herself retired to rest.

The happy winter at length passed away, and spring came round again with its sweet flowers and lengthened days, bringing back Mr. Macintosh and Lizzy—Barbara having married a military man some months previously, and gone with him to India. They were both struck with the improvement that had taken place in Christine in every way; she had in some measure lost the nervous timidity which had formerly obscured her bright points, and her movements and manners displayed a grace and propriety not altogether thrown away upon her more undistinguished relatives. Her cheek had also acquired a roundness from her more sedentary winter pursuits, and her colourless hair a gloss from less constant exposure to the weather. Her occupations were likewise more in keeping with the respectable age of nine years, as she was very often to be seen sitting quietly reading a book, or engaged with her self-taught painting, and might even occasionally be observed sewing in her bower, with the beloved work-box beside her, busy in making finery for her dolls, or in mending rents which her more buoyant amusements often left in her unlucky frocks. Mr. Macintosh not only ceased to think her *daft*, but actually exclaimed, on one of his occasional visits, "I declare, Christie, you have become a bonnie lassie!" Christine was astonished; she had never before had so complimentary a speech addressed to her, and the only mirror she had ever thought much of consulting was the convex one in the dining-room, which had always reflected her features in a distorted and not very flattering way. She was very happy; she was much more with her aunt and Lizzy, who possessed a warmer heart than Barbara, and, thanks to her sentimental tendencies, was much less hard, coarse, and obtuse. Summer brought its usual sweets, and autumn its pleasant hilarity, and another cheerful winter passed away, but spring came accompanied by a sad blow to the happiness of the tender-hearted Christine, in the shape of the lamented demise of poor Cripple Little. She had got through the winter in the usual comfortable manner, being allowed to flutter about the garden in the daytime to pick up a little gravel and a blade of grass when she could find it, and being as regularly consigned to her warm basket in the evening by her careful mistress. At last, a mild spring-day induced Christine to establish her in her usual summer-home in the arbour, but the wind changing during the night brought a sharp biting frost from the north, and in the morning, when Christine sallied out to give her some crumbs and corn for her breakfast, she beheld Cripple Little lying dead in her basket. So great was the grief of the poor child, that Nanny could not succeed in com-

forting her until she assured her that the lame bird had arrived at the utmost term of a hen's existence.

"Noo ye see, Miss Christie," she insisted, "a hen gangin six year auld is just the same thing as a body o' ninety; mair be token that she wanted a leg, an' was aye obligated to gang whirring alang wi' her wings to keep hersel' steady; noo ye ken, ma lamb, that sae muckle exertion maun hae spent her strength, an' its only a wonder that she leaved sae lang; an' for that she was behadden to the care ye took o' her. Noo that she's fairly deed, the best thing ye can do is to gie her a dacent burial, an' mak' Donald, an' Oscar, an' the dalls a' cum to the funeral, an' I'll dig her a bit grave, puir thing! an' mak' her a windin-sheet o' ain o' your auld daidlies."

This hint was forthwith acted upon; the dolls were quickly arrayed in a kind of motley mourning, Donald and Oscar had a bit of black ribbon put round their necks, and all being collected round the bower—beside which Nanny had dug a grave—poor Cripple Little was consigned to her last cold nest, on which Christine planted a small tuft of violets to mark the spot where lay her dead favourite, and, before long, began to experience the consolation which never fails to attend well-performed duties—whether towards man or beast—in a world where all is transient and changing. Spring and summer fleeted by, and autumn again came round, but, alas! for poor Christine, it likewise brought Mr. John Douglas with his wife and family to Scotland. The eldest son had gone into the Guards, the second had been sent to an English academy, the two elder daughters were under the superintendence of a strict governess at home, and the youngest boy and girl—about the same age as their little aunt—were partly in the nursery, and partly in the schoolroom with their masters and their sisters' tutoress. It was decided that the family were to fix themselves in Edinburgh, and after some communication by letter between Mr. Macintosh and Mr. Douglas, it was settled that Christine was to quit the beloved scenes of her infancy for her brother's abode, and partake of the benefits of the education his children were receiving, "until he and Mrs. Douglas should decide what was the most *prudent* plan to adopt with regard to her."

With inexpressible anguish the affectionate child heard that she was doomed to quit her hitherto happy home, her dear Nanny, her pets, her bower, and, last of all, her uncle, aunt, and cousin. But the sentence was pronounced; there was no remedy; and the unhappy little girl was taken more dead than alive to Perth by the weeping Nanny, where she was recommended to the particular attention of the guard of the mail-coach, by him to be consigned to one of her brother's servants, who was to meet her at the coach-office in Edinburgh.

ABOUT THE COMING MAN FROM NEW ZEALAND.

A FORECAST SHADOW (AND IRREPRESSIBLE BORE).

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

MISS EDEN'S "Up the Country" has supplied the critics with one more parallel passage to the famous one in Macaulay about the New Zealander in days to come, in silent session on a broken arch of the ruins of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. The Indian letters of Lord Auckland's lively sister, although only now published,* were written, we are reminded, three years or more before the New Zealander (by this time voted a bore) appeared full-grown in the *Edinburgh Review*, and made such a sensation in the House of Commons; nor, it is contended, was Miss Eden at all likely to have seen the fugitive pieces in which Macaulay was gradually polishing him up to his present perfection.† To her therefore is accorded at least half of the credit of the notion. Here is Miss Eden's version of that Coming Man: "Perhaps two thousand years hence, when the art of steam has been forgotten, and nobody can exactly make out the meaning of the old English word 'mail-coach,' some black governor-general of England will be marching through its southern provinces, and will go back and look at some ruins, and doubt whether London was ever a large town, and will feed some white-looking skeletons and say what distress the poor creatures must be in; they will really eat rice and curry; and his sister will write to Mary D. at New Delhi, and complain of the cold, and explain to her with great care what snow is, and how the natives wear bonnets," &c. &c.,—these pleasantries being à propos of Miss Eden's sojourn with her brother, the Governor-General, at Kynonze, a great place for ruins, and supposed to have been the largest town in India in the old time, and the most magnificent.

In the first really noteworthy review ever published by Macaulay,‡ then in his twenty-fifth year, may be seen the original draft of his *New Zealander*—a sketch afterwards filled up, as the editor of his *Miscellanies* reminds us, in the review of Mrs. Austin's translation of Ranke; which passage was at one time "the subject of allusion, two or three times a week, in speeches and leading articles."§ In the peroration of the Mitford paper, a period in the world's history is forecast when civilisation and science shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when "the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labour to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest

* Up the Country: Letters written to her Sister from the Upper Provinces of India. By the Hon. Emily Eden. Bentley. 1866.

† *Saturday Review*, xxii. 210.

‡ On Mitford's History of Greece, contributed to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in 1824.

§ Preface to *Miscellanies*, p. viii.

temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts."*

The after application of the passage was to the possibility of that Church of Rome which was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, still existing, ages hence, in undiminished vigour, "when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."†

Here we have the passage in its completest form and best apparel, point device,—a triumph of condensed, picturesque, suggestive imagery. How favourite a topic the germ of this full-blown flower must have been to the reviewer's fancy, is plain from the fact that in yet another of his reviews, that on Mill's Essay on Government, and bearing date 1829, occurs the following note of interrogation: "Is it possible that, in two or three hundred years, a few lean and half-naked fishermen may divide with owls and foxes the ruins of the greatest European cities—may wash their nets amidst the relics of her gigantic docks, and build their huts out of the capitals of her stately cathedrals?"‡ But it was not until a full decade later that this comparatively vague and abstract vision was consolidated into the concrete particulars of New Zealander, broken arch of London Bridge, and ruins of St. Paul's.

It is a common-place with the moralists, the moralising over the evanescence of great cities. Byron says (not that Byron was conventionally a moralist), in one place,

—I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of Rome.

And in another:

The town was enter'd. Oh Eternity!—
"God made the country, and man made the town,"
So Cowper says—and I begin to be
Of his opinion, when I see cast down
Rome, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Nineveh—
All walls men know, and many never known;
And, pondering on the present and the past,
To deem the woods shall be our home at last.§

Goldsmith's travelled Chinese, meditating in and upon London after midnight, when all that mighty heart (as Wordsworth says) is lying still, speculates on a possible time coming when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room. He bethinks him of other cities, great as this, that once triumphed in existence and promised themselves immortality; cities, nevertheless, of some of which posterity can hardly trace the site. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession. "Here," he cries, "stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every

* *Miscellanies*, vol. i. pp. 179-80.

† Essay on Ranke, in the *Edinburgh Review*, Oct., 1840.

‡ *Miscellaneous Works of Lord Macaulay*, vol. i. p. 314.

§ *Don Juan*, canto iv. st. 101; canto viii. st. 60.

noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin.”* And is London Bridge—once at least already “broken down,” in the old song that nobody sings now—to be thus doomed, thus to decay and dislimn, till there remain but one broken arch for the New Zealander to sit upon, while he sketches the ruins of Wren’s monument? Is the day, *one* day to dawn when it shall be “forfairn” enough, decaying and waxing old enough (now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away), to take up its parable, in tetchy, querulous defiance, with that other Auld Brig, of Burns’s biggin’, so to speak, and declaim against a new-fangled critic,

Conceited gowk! puff’d up wi’ windy pride!
This mony a year I’ve stood the flood and tide;
And tho’ wi’ crazy cild I’m sair forfairn,
I’ll be a *Brig* when ye’re a shapeless cairn!†

Horace Walpole’s letters contain more than one passage which Lord Macaulay may have read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested, before he shaped his prevision of the New Zealander into epigrammatic completeness. In one epistle to Sir Horace Mann, written while the House of Commons was tossed on the troubled sea of Indian affairs, Walpole says: “We beat Rome in eloquence and extravagance, and Spain in avarice and cruelty: and, like both, we shall only serve to terrify school-boys, and for lessons of morality. Here stood St. Stephen’s; here young Catiline‡ spoke; here was Lord Clive’s diamond-house; this is Leadenhall-street, and this broken column was part of the palace of a company of merchants who were sovereigns of Bengal!” There is nothing more like, he adds (referring to the age of Catiline and Cæsar, with its results), than two ages that are very like; which is all he supposes Rousseau to mean by saying, “give him an account of any great metropolis, and he will foretel its fate.”§ More than two years later Walpole refers the same correspondent to the same authority, when he asks, “Do you think Rousseau was in the right, when he said that he could tell what would be the manners [and therefore the fate] of any capital city, from certain given lights? I don’t know what he may do on Constantinople and Pekin—but Paris and London! . . . Don’t tell me I am grown old and peevish and supercilious. . . . The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last, *some curious traveller from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul’s*, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra; but am I not prophesying, contrary to my consummate prudence, and casting horoscopes of empires like Rousseau? Yes; well, I will go and dream of my visions.”||

A year or two later, again, we find Horace of London dilating to Horace of Florence on the rapid growth of the Great Metropolis (“London could put Florence into its fob-pocket”), and wondering how long this exuberance of opulence is to last. “The East Indies, I believe,

* Citizen of the World, letter cxvii.

† Burns, the Brigs of Ayr.

‡ Meaning, from the context, Charles James Fox, then amazing the House by his speeches after nights of riot and excess.

§ Walpole to Mann, April 9, 1772.

|| Same to same, Nov. 24, 1774.

will not contribute to it much longer. Babylon and Memphis and Rome, probably, stared at their own downfall. Empires did not use to philosophise, nor thought much but of themselves. Such revolutions are better known now, and we ought to expect them—I do not say we do. This little island will be ridiculously proud some ages hence of its former brave days, and swear its capital was once as big again as Paris, or—what is to be the name of the city that will then give laws to Europe—perhaps New York or Philadelphia.”* Another year or two gone, and we have Walpole writing to Mason, that London will be the storehouse hereafter, whence declamations shall be drawn on the infatuation of falling empires. Nations at the acme of their splendour, or at the eve of their destruction, he goes on to remark, are worth observing. “When they grovel in obscurity afterwards, they furnish neither events nor reflections; strangers visit the vestiges of the Acropolis, or may come to dig for capitals among the ruins of St. Paul’s; but nobody studies the manners of the pedlars and banditti, that dwell in mud-huts within the precincts of a demolished temple.”†

It is to Mason that Walpole writes on a previous occasion, discussing the literary schemes and doings of them both, “I approve your printing in manuscript, that is, not for the public, for who knows how long the public will be able, or be permitted to read? Bury a few copies against this island is rediscovered. Some American versed in the old English language will translate it, and revive the true taste in gardening; though he will smile at the diminutive scenes on the little Thames when he is planting a forest on the banks of the Oronoko.”‡ In a not unlike vein of humour, Southey recreates himself with the fancy that “The Doctor” may haply outlive not only such transitory things as Lord Castlereagh’s Peace, Mr. Pitt’s reputation (he throws Mr. Fox’s into the bargain), Mr. Locke’s *Metaphysics*, and the Regent’s Bridge in St. James’s Park; not only even the eloquence of Burke, the discoveries of Davy, the poems of Wordsworth, and the victories of Wellington; but perhaps also the very language in which it is written; “and, in Heaven knows what year of Heaven knows what era, [it may] be discovered by some learned inhabitant of that continent which the insects who make coral and madrepore are now, and from the beginning of the world have been, fabricating in the Pacific Ocean. It may be dug up among the ruins of London, and considered as one of the sacred books of the sacred Island of the West”—for Dr. Daniel Dove is too true a patriot not to hope that some reverence will always be attached to what he calls “this most glorious and most happy island,” when its power and happiness and glory, like those of Greece, shall have passed away.§

Gibbon incidentally remarks, in his chapter on the early history and pre-historic times of Britain, that if, in the neighbourhood of the commercial and literary town of Glasgow, a race of cannibals has really existed, we may contemplate, in the period of Scotland’s existence, the opposite extremes of savage and civilised life: “Such reflections tend to

* Walpole to Mann, July 17, 1776.

† To Rev. William Mason, May 12, 1778.

‡ To the same, Nov. 27, 1775.

§ The Doctor, interchapter ii.

enlarge the circle of our ideas; and to encourage the pleasing hope, that New Zealand may produce, in some future age, the Hume of the southern hemisphere."*

In Sydney Smith's review of the position and prospects of Australia, as Australia was at the commencement of the present century, the remark occurs, that he who lives among a civilised people may estimate the labour by which society is brought into such a state, by reading in Colonel Collins's annals of Botany Bay,† the account of a whole nation exerting itself to new floor the government-house, repair the hospital, or build a wooden receptacle for stores. "Yet the time may come when some Botany Bay Tacitus shall record the crimes of an emperor lineally descended from a London pickpocket, or paint the valour with which he led his New Hollanders into the heart of China."‡

It is anything but true to allege of the Coming Man from our antipodes that he has long since been worked to death in parliament, the pulpit, and the periodical press. On the contrary, he is all alive himself—and *ecce iterum Crispinus* seems to be his cue. Us it rather is that are in jeopardy of being worked to death by him. That Coming Man enjoys a stock of redundant vitality; though we cannot ascribe to him such an infinite variety as time cannot wither nor custom stale.

The late Mr. Hawthorne, in his investigation of, and speculations upon, that "sublime piece of folly" the Thames Tunnel, was led to surmise, that when the New Zealander of distant ages shall have moralised sufficiently among the ruins of London Bridge, he will bethink himself that somewhere thereabout was the marvellous Tunnel, the very existence of which will seem to him as incredible as that of the hanging gardens of Babylon. "The traveller will make but a brief and careless inquisition for the traces of the old wonder, and will stake his credit before the public, in some Pacific Monthly of that day, that the story of it is but a myth, though enriched with a spiritual profundity which he will proceed to unfold."§

The author of those curious essays entitled "The Original," in one of his letters from the Continent, amusing himself in Rome with the bustle in front of the shop of one Samuel Lowe, wine-merchant, parenthetically exclaims: "Samuel Lowe in the 'eternal city'! and English ladies'-maids on the soil of Livia, Octavia, and company! What changes! But, as Gibbon somewhere prognosticates the future ascendancy of the negro race, perhaps the Timbuctooians may hereafter figure in England as we now figure in Rome. We may as easily imagine that, as Julius Cæsar could have imagined the present change."||

In an indignant denunciation of the insults offered to Sir Walter

* Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, ch. xxv.

† Account of the English Colony of New South Wales, vol. ii. 1803.

‡ "At that period, when the Grand Lahma is sending to supplicate alliance; when the spice islands are purchasing peace with nutmegs; when enormous tributes of green tea and nankeen are wafted into Port Jackson, and landed on the quays of Sydney; who will ever remember that the sawing of a few planks, and the knocking together of a few nails, were such a serious trial of the energies and resources of the nation?"—Article, "Australia," reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review* of 1803, in Sydney Smith's collected Works, vol. i.

§ Our Old Home, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, vol. ii. pp. 137 sq.

|| The Original, by Thomas Walker, M.A., p. 131, edit. 1850.

Scott at Jedburgh and Hawick, during the elections of 1831, his son-in-law and biographer gloomily predicts: "The civilised American or Australian will curse these places, of which he would never have heard but for Scott, as he passes through them in some distant century, when perhaps all that remains of our national glories may be the high literature adopted and extended in new lands planted from our blood."*

Ah, said the sighing peer, in Gray's *jeu d'esprit*, had Bute been true, and his policy prevailing, sword would have purged and fire have purified London's hated walls:

Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's.†

A Yankee orator, spouting tall talk in the autumn of 1863, indulged in a beatific vision of the Federal army—its work done at home—crushing London Bridge with the fragments which fly from the bombarded dome of St. Paul's.

Shelley amused himself in his epistle to the author of the Fudge Family, written as a preface to his own unsuccessful satire on Peter Bell, with predicting a day for some transatlantic commentator to be found weighing in the scales of a yet undiscovered and unimaginable criticism, the respective merits of the Fudges and the Bells, "when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; and when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream."‡ This was written in 1819.

Musing over the desolate ruins of St. Jago, one of Marryat's naval wanderers meditates on the possibility of London one day being the same—and Paris: "but who will the wretched man be, that shall sit on the summit of Shooter's Hill, and look down upon the desolation of the mighty city, as I, from this little eminence, behold the once flourishing town of St. Jago?"§ Some day or other, muses Mr. Thackeray, "(but it will be after our time, thank goodness,) Hyde Park-gardens will be no better known than the celebrated horticultural outskirts of Babylon; and Belgrave-square will be as desolate as Baker-street, or Tadmor in the wilderness."|| Mr. Laman Blanchard had previsions of an Exploring Expedition sent forth in the year 2844—just one thousand years after the date of his writing—by the inhabitants of Anteros, one of the sea-ports in the planet Mars, to discover the site of ancient London.¶ President Isnard warned the French Assembly, in 1793, that if the Marat faction of destructives were allowed to have their way, before long "the traveller would ask, on which side of the Seine Paris had stood."***

* Lockhart, Life of Scott, ch. lxxx.

† Gray's Poems: Impromptu, 1766.

‡ Dedicatory Epistle prefixed to Peter Bell the Third.

§ Frank Mildmay, ch. xxv.

|| Vanity Fair, ch. li.

¶ Excursions to the Ruins of London in 2844.

*** So Mr. Carlyle quotes him, from the *Moniteur*, Séance du 25 Mai, 1793. And this is better than Lamartine's version: "And you would soon have to search upon the banks of the Seine whether Paris had existed."—*Histoire des Girondins* l. xl. § 27.

A city once for power renown'd,
Now levell'd even to the ground,
Beyond all doubt is a direction
To introduce some fine reflection,*

especially on the part of a Girondist president during the reign of terror. But President Max was not original in his stroke of the sublime. Nearly a century before—to go no further back—one of perfidious Albion's poets, triumphing in a *carmen seculare* at the cost of the Grand Monarque himself, had foreseen in prophetic rapture a time

When the great monuments of his power
Shall now be visible no more ;
When Sambre shall have changed her winding flood ;
And children ask where Namur stood.†

So in another poem, taking a broader view of things, Mat Prior (impersonating King Solomon) delivers himself of the *ex post facto* meditation :

Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood,
And travellers inquire, where Babel stood.‡

Mr. Prior found it convenient to repeat not only the self-same idea, but in the self-same rhyme.

THE VAGRANT'S CHILD.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Thou little child in rags—
Hanging at thy mother's side,
Sullen moping, weeping,
What to thee all London's pride,
O'er the pavement creeping,
Asking alms of passers-by,
Tears for ever in thine eye ?

Thou little child in rags—
Pattering on with naked feet,
Hungry, wretched, shivering,
Like a blot upon the street,
Little red lip quivering,
Looking through the shop's great pane
At delicious food in vain.

* Churchill, *The Ghost*, book iii.

† Prior, *Carmen Seculare*, for the year MDCC.

‡ Solomon on the Vanity of the World, book i., "Knowledge."

Thou little child in rags—
With thy uncut, jetty hair,
 To thy shoulders streaming;
With thy forehead bold and fair,
 With thy great eyes beaming;
With thy young mind like a star
Hidden by thick clouds afar.

Thou little child in rags—
I do follow thee with sighs,
 By thy half inebriate mother,
Fearing her stern, flashing eyes,
 Trying sobs to smother,
Beaten, chid, through good and ill,
Clinging to her garments still.

Thou little child in rags—
This is destiny or fate;
 Dark enigma—wondrous Heaven!
Wert thou born in other state,
 What to thee perchance were given?
Gayest dress, toys, sweetest kisses,
Maids to wait—a world of blisses.

Thou little child in rags—
Yes, thou mightst have been the heir
 To some dukedom great and old,
Or one day a crown mightst wear,
 And a sceptre hold;
Or a general thou mightst be,
Shouting freedom! victory!

Thou little child in rags—
Fortune might have placed thee near
 Learning's temple, and thy mind
Might have traced the starry sphere,
 Leaving common souls behind,
Like a Newton, worlds exploring,
Or a Shakspeare, Milton, soaring.

Thou little child in rags—
Now most haply thou wilt grow
 To a lawless, reckless man,
Stealing, working others' woe,
 Punish'd, ever under ban:
But I pray thou ne'er mayst be
Led unto the gallows-tree.

Thou little child in rags—
Hanging at thy mother's side,
 Sullen moping, weeping,
What to thee all London's pride,
 O'er the pavement creeping?
Still in penury thou must roam,
Through the world without a home.

ORIGIN OF FAMILIES, AND INACCURATE GENEALOGY.

JOURNAL OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, TEMP. CAR. II.

OWING to the diffusion of historical knowledge, and the facilities now afforded for testing "authorities," one grand delusion after another is gradually disappearing, notwithstanding the efforts of certain families that owe the golden opinions which they have acquired in the heraldic world to the preservation of spurious tradition.

So was it, not many years since, when the Emperor of the French, intending to do honour to the memory of the good citizen of Calais—St. Pierre—caused the state archives to be carefully examined, with the view of making "assurance doubly sure." The result is well known. It was soon ascertained that the patriot had been in collusion with the English invader, and the episode so affecting described by historians, proved to have been a capital piece of acting, planned by the parties concerned, to suit their mutual interests.

Our novelists of the eighteenth century have given no very flattering account of the energetic, but generally indigent, and too frequently unprincipled, adventurers of the obscurer classes, who, obtaining commissions in the army when it was in a very different condition from what Wellington made it, indulged in that profession most of the vices arising from limited education, and ambition, unsupported by merit. That these writers greatly exaggerated, is scarcely consistent with the popular reception of their works, and many of the heroes of this class have been handed down to our own times, by the pens of Fielding and Smollet, and the pencil of Hogarth, as accepted representatives of the lower grades of officers in those days.

Successful government partisans, and stockbrokers, also contributed not a few members towards recruiting what has been called "the landed gentry," and time, with its softening tones, gives a certain dignity to these patriarchs, as we now run over their names, in the pedigrees of their descendants, little caring to scan too inquiringly the lineaments represented by, perhaps, two brief parochial records.

After a while, when the family begins to creep into the Church, or raise its head in the Senate, the ingenious dreamer begins to remember having heard from his grandfather of some old pedigree, which mysteriously disappeared many years before. Sometimes the Trophonian echo hints at a supposed extinct baronetcy. Then follow surmises of some unnamed grandee being in "wrongous possession" of the family estate; of a strange traditional eviction from the paternal acres; or it may be that the ancestor was a *political* exile, who imprudently changed his patronymic, and left his impoverished heirs only the shadow of a mighty name, but, at the same time, a good coffee-plantation or a "dry-goods" house in the colonies.

Under such circumstances, a *bonâ fide* great-grandfather is invaluable; for, by a little management, he may be thrown into the seventeenth cen-

tury, which seems to be the chronological Rubicon of these families. Once establish the great-grandfather, and a few judiciously introduced names will apparently easily connect him with some venerable knight, who "paid a fine," in the reign of Edward III.

When, however, there is absolutely no foundation whatever for the pretension, an equivocal and indirect expression is adopted, as, for instance, "he claims to represent," "he is supposed to have," "he quarters," &c.

The surnames of such families and their congeners may be thus classified: first, those for which there is an assumed genealogical foundation; second, those assumed for phonetic reasons.

Of the first class are the modern substitutions of De la Beche for Beach, Cowley for MacColley.

To the second belong such names as De Bathe als Bath, St. Paul als Paul, De Winton als Wilkins, De Moline als Mullins, De Montmorency als Morris.

We may also, perhaps, add such names as are assumed from poetical instincts, as, for instance, "De Vere," and which are not provoked by the "vulgarity" of the original patronymic, but have this advantage over it, that they suggest dreams of roasted swans and peacocks, gilt spurs, baldricks of silk and gold, knightly jousts, awful family predictions and weird relics, saintly ladies and old portraits.

Now amongst the above names, taken at random, there seems to us nothing offensive in Beach, whether derived from that which the "ebbing Neptune" deserts, or the other, which gives its wholesome nuts to our Berkshire pachydermata. As for MacColley, although it may suggest pictures of faithful dogs, such ideas are pleasing, and are scarcely improved upon by those of kine. Bath, again, is a capital cleanly surname, and suggests the famous military order of Henry IV. Saint Paul, however, may stagger us a little, as we cannot deny the grandeur of the associations called up by saintly prefix.

We have no sympathy for the next class, and in vain De Winton seeks to make us forget the cruel fate of Dinah. No: such an evasion of sacred obligations, and denial of an historic popular fact, will not satisfy right-minded men; we refuse all explanation, and imperatively demand Villikins himself.

We never could clearly understand why Mullins resolved himself into De Moline. Mullions would have been an easier transition, and have suggested "storied windows richly dight." Moreover, it would have been more according to the proprieties of that class of names. It might even in time have been taken for an old Cornish name.

As for Morris becoming De Montmorency—the scion of the first baron of Christendom, whose Junonian birds stand so proudly on the Gallic escutcheon—the mind naturally feels embarrassed, and thought strays to classic fable.

Of the good Earl of Oxford,* we remember the alarm of the first royal Tudor at the number of his retainers; but who are these redundant knights whose antique names only embitter our genealogical pangs?

Sometimes pedigrees are so ingeniously arranged, that the Hebrew

* De Vere.

founder of the family, in the course of four generations or so, is made to assume the verisimilitude of the heir of some ancient English name by, perhaps, a slight alteration in the orthoëpy.

To purchase the ancient estate of a family of one's own name, multiplying the latter by two, is often a successful mode of creating a retrospective dignity, and, moreover, it adds greatly to the appearance of wealth, being generally accepted as an evidence of two branches being again united in one, as, for instance, Theodore Smith Smith, or Robinson Green Robinson, of Robinson Green, Greenwich.

These tautological designations appear to be regarded as having an especial virtue, and to bear about them the stamp of something above the common, as, indeed, they are.

But it is not with inferiority of lineage that we find fault, and we fully recognise the justice of the following retorts :

Iphicrates, a man of mean extraction, being reproached by an Athenian aristocrat with his birth, replied, "True, the nobility of my family begins in me, and of yours ends with yourself." And so a well-known French novelist* of the present day being rudely asked, in allusion to his complexion, who his father was, replied, "A brown man." "And your grandfather?" "A black man." "Then may I ask who was your great-grandfather?" "A monkey, sir; my family commenced where yours ends!"

These ancestor-hunters generally fasten with all the dreaded tenacity of a "poult" on their helpless prey—an extinct or dormant title.

Sometimes, indeed, there is the anamorphosis of truth in family tradition, but when we attempt to bring it within the rules of symmetry, the task becomes hopeless. We often seem to strike the fish with our spear, but we have not made allowances for optical deceptions, and so miss it!

Until within the last few years, while the State Paper Office was inaccessible to mere idle curiosity, unless under very exceptional circumstances, our parish registers have either been closed to the general inquirer, save through the medium of heavy charges, or have been altogether abandoned to their fate, in some rare instances even lining a trunk or kindling a kitchen fire. In fact, these valuable public records have often been treated by incumbents as their own private property, and they have occasionally even been found in the auction-room, but these greater abuses are, happily, not likely again to occur.

The parish register, therefore, being a mainstay of genealogy, it does not seem unreasonable that every one should, more or less, have a right to demand its careful preservation, and that it should be inspected by others than the custodians periodically, for it is not every incumbent of a living who takes an interest in it.

In Scotland, the older parish registers have been collected and deposited in the register-house of Edinburgh, where, if not already indexed, it is probably the intention to have them thus made more available for inquiry.

Many of these latter registers are interesting, and, on the whole, considering the state of the kingdom, they have been comparatively well

* Dumas.

kept, where they existed; but, after all, the commissariat (or probate) records of the various shires and counties supply the deficiencies, to a great extent, in other branches of registration.

To trace the cadets of Scottish families of the seventeenth (and even eighteenth) century through the German wars, colonising companies, and other outlets, would in most cases be well-nigh an impossibility. In the Stuart rebellions numbers of small as well as great lairds disappeared, and are now only to be found represented in country towns, sometimes as shopkeepers, writers, or apothecaries.

In Ireland, again, we believe, the case to be still more hopeless, where, as is said, every one asserts the same pre-eminence and right to bear the arms of the head, not only of his own family, but of his surname!

These remarks may seem unkind to those who suffer from the morbid affection to which they have given rise, but there is surely far greater unkindness to healthy pedigrees, in not noticing the former.

On the appearance of a cattle plague, even the owners of the infected animals are glad that measures should be adopted for arresting the progress of the disease, and in this view of the case, we claim the consideration due to a conscientious sanitary commissioner, or unflinching physician, who insists on reducing his patient's diet. True, the comparison scarcely holds good, for we have not been "called in" by the sufferers themselves, but rather by their distressed and anxious friends and neighbours. Our opinion is not asked by the former, but, in the cause of society we insist on offering our nostrums, and we may even add a word of advice to minor patients—namely, to reduce their "armorial devices" on stamped note-paper, and remember the "assessed taxes,"* and also to bear in mind that if the latter were more rigidly collected, there would certainly be a reduction on the income tax.

The following extracts from the journal of the House of Lords at a period of English history, when numerous new families were springing up, in the general confusion, social and political, show how much may yet be gathered by the genealogist, imbued with the true spirit of his profession, and not simply bent upon—to use a vulgar adage—"making a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

1660.

- 7 Sept. Richard Chase, by false representations, obtained the profits of the rectory of Chiselhurst, Kent.

1669.

- 7 March. William Dauyes, m. s. of Lord Vaughan.
 9 " Roger Payne, household steward to Duke of Richmond.
 11 " John Colles, m. s. to Lord Newport.
 12 " Erasmus Dreyden, a grocer, broke open Lord Audley's doors.
 17 " Hugh Bowring, m. s. to Lord Holles.
 17 " William Hyde, m. s. to Lord Rivers. (William Hotchkin, a name mentioned.)
 11 April. William Wallis (also Richard Wallis), coachman.

* Query. How many pay for their dogs in barracks? How many turnpike-keepers for theirs? How many use crested paper who have neither a right to the armorial device itself, nor a right to be excepted from paying the tax?

- 31 Oct. Walter Brisco, an attorney.
- 31 „ William Princhard, a bailiff.
- 11 Nov. Henry Wilson, a bailiff, committed for rude behaviour.
- 17 „ Thomas Prettyman, m. s. to Earl of Marlborough.
- 2 Dec. Randolph Yarwood, clerk, and Thomas Francklyn.
- 10 „ Samuel Francklyn, proctor, Probate Court.

1670.

- 6 Nov. Abraham Schofield, servant and tax-collector to Lord Byron. (Sir William Juxon had obtained a decree in an action at law against Lord Byron).
- 14 May. Eleanor Burford, domestic servant to Katherine, Dowager Lady Mohun.
- 17 Jan. George Bull, s. to Lord Lovelace. Benjamin Cotton, and Richard Clements, bailiffs.
- 18 „ William Wilkes, s. to Lord Coventry.
- 23 „ Abraham Bradney, s. to one Lucas, an attorney of Colchester. Vincent Hawden, of Lexton, bailiff.

1661.

- 22 May. Joseph Bastard, s. to Lord Mohun.
- 8 June. Lewis Butts, m. s. to Lord Abergavenny.
- 10 July. William Frith, m. s. to Lord Mohun.
- 24 „ (Ferdinando Pennyworth mentioned.)
- 16 Jan. Clement Oxonbridge, m. s. to Lord Vaughan.

1670.

- 25 June. Hugh Bowling, m. s. to Lord Vaughan.
- 26 March. Robert Ridge, of Chester, m. s. to Lord Rivers.
- 26 „ William Hyde, m. s. to ditto.
- 26 „ James Haughton, m. s. to Lord Derby.
- 8 Feb. John Harrison, s. to Countess Dowager of Northumberland. John Clarke, of Rugby, attorney.
- 1 March. Francis and Richard Coay, s. to Duke of Buckingham.
- 9 „ Thomas Allen, &c., found guilty of assault and battery. Henry Partridge, s. to Archbishop of Cantuar. Jonathan Darbyes, a schoolmaster at Moreclock. Thomas Allen, late footman to Sir M. Livesay. Michael Beresford, a clerk and friend of Allen of Hopton.
- 11 „ Anthony Hobert, a pauper.
- 15 April. John Rawlins, m. s. of Lord Windsor, Edward Wassell, and Henry Hayward, bailiffs of Bengeworth, Worcester.

1669.

- 18 March. John Morris and Robert Clayton, against a Court of Chancery's decision, in which John Dove and Anne his wife were plaintiffs against Sir John Prettiman. Thomas Dove, executor of J. Dove, had sued Morris Clayton and Sir Thomas Cullam, Baronet.
[N.B. Not in Burke's Extinct Baronetages.]
- 22 „ Cuthbert Morley's sole heiress, Anne, m. s. to Bernard Grenville.

1670.

- 29 March. Robert Hotchkins. Bill to sell lands to pay debts.
- 29 „ The Lord Viscount Hallyfax acquaints the House that he, being named a trustee for a gentleman in Ireland lately deceased, is

sued in the courts of Ireland, and that it is expected that he should answer upon oath, his lordship not being a peer of Ireland.

- 10 April. Petition of Peter Salmon, Doctor in Physic, against the Governor and Assistant of the Merchants-Adventurers of England, whose names were—Sir Edward Forde, Sir Charles Lloyd, Sir Anthony Bateman, Sir Thomas Smith, Rowland Wynne, John Doggett, Henry Collyer, Henry Smith, John Lethular, Christopher Pache, George Wytham, and others.
- 11 April. Thomas Cheeke, Esq., committed to the Tower, for rescuing one Wallis, a coachman.

1669.

- Thomas Austin, son and heir of Thomas Austin of Newington Barrow. (Sir A. Apsley mentioned.)
- 17 Nov. Petition of Dame Jane Gerard, relict of Lord Gerard of Gerard Bromley and of Digby. Lord Gerard, his son and heir, (?) complains of a scandal against her.

1670.

- 11 Feb. Sir John Reresby, Baronet, great-grandson of Sir Thomas Reresby of Ashover and Derby.
- 1 March. Matthew Deverill, of Swanborne, co. Bucks, yeoman, late High Constable of the Three Hundreds of Cottesloe.
- 17 „ County palatine of Durham and Salberg.
- 22 „ Penelope Stanton and John Holgate, Esq.

1671.

- 17 April. Captain Robert Hill, Paymaster of Indigent Loyal Officers.

1672.

- 13 Feb. Sir John Hanham, Bart.
- 25 „ William Pamplyn, of Barking, in Essex.

1673.

- 30 Oct. Francis Blake and Jane Pringle, their cases.
- 23 Jan. Dame Alissemon Reade against her husband, Sir John Reade, Bart.
- 2 Feb. Ralph Hodgskin, vintner of London.
- 9 „ Edward Lawrance.

1672.

- William Living, s. to Mr. George Asser, of Barking, Essex.
- 25 Feb. John Manister, s. to Henry Goodwine.
- 13 March. Richard Hipsley, s. to Lord Brooke. Symon Sands, and Francis Slater, of the Poultry Compter, London.

1675.

- 20 April. Thomas Goston, an attorney. Richard Vinson, Duchess of Cleveland's livery servant. John Chanwell, plumber.
- 4 May. Robert James, of the Savoy, tailor; John Ruddock and Henry Lauson, bailiffs; William Jones, m. s. to Duke of Buckingham. Petition of Sir Nicholas Crispe, Baronet, and Thomas Crispe, Esq., and John Crispe, Esq., about Lady Ann Bowyer and others.
- 20 April. Sir Jeremy Whichcot.
- 26 „ Crispe *ver.* Boys.

- 2 May. Thomas Sherley, physician to the king.
 19 " Sir Nicholas Crisp, Baronet.
 26 " Sir Alexander Fraser, his Majesty's physician. Sir Thomas Badd, Baronet, his daughter Frances, wife of Edward Dennis, about the manor of Sparewell, Isle of Wight.
 28 " Mr. Anthony Keck, barrister.
 30 " John Walford, of London, leather-gilder.

1667-8.

- 10 Feb. Richard Harris, m. s. to Lord Berkeley of Stretton.
 13 " Richard Mason, m. s. to Duke of Newcastle.
 15 " Robert Woods, Robert Dennis, and Samuell Jackson, for rioting on the Earl of Lindsey's estate in Lincolnshire.
 15 " Richard Mason imprisoned by Bold Boughey, Esq., warden of the Fleet, for a pretended debt of 20,000*l*.
 3 May. Mr. Ogle Hatfield, a great importer of foreign cattle.

1666.

- 26 Sept. Beaumont and Knevet Hastings, for attack on Lord Morley.
 27 " Isabella of Nassau, wife of Lord Arlington, naturalisation.
 27 " Richard Hopton, Esq., grandson and heir of Sir Richard Hopton, late of Caun Froome, Herefordshire, for fraud and forging a will.
 12 Oct. Naturalisation of Ester Le Lon, wife of Denzell, Lord Holles.
 19 " William Spurrier, m. s. to Lord Crewe.
 22 " Ester Le Lon (Lady Holles), daughter and coheir of Gideon Le Lon, Lord of Colombières, in Normandy.
 26 Oct. Mortgage of John Sparrow of the Duke of Cleveland's manors of Hackney and Stepney.
 20 Nov. Illegitimation of the children of Lady Anne Rosse.
 22 " William Jones, gentleman steward and domestic servant to the Lord Hatton.
 26 " Sir Richard Franklin,* Knt. and Baronet, and Dame Eleanor his wife.
 27 " William Baud, Esq., m. s. to the Mayor of Worcester.
 3 Dec. George Blagrove, yeoman of Derby, and Thomas Benskin, attorney, sued Job Brookes, tenant and bailiff of Lucy, Countess Dowager of Huntingdon.
 6 " Jane Brookes, m. s. of Lord Dorset.
 12 " George Mangie, m. s. of Duke of Buckingham.
 22 " John Prosser, m. s. of Dowager Lady Abergavenny.

1666-7.

- 2 Jan. Act for restoring Francis Scawen in blood.
 3 " Lord Mordaunt impeached for imprisoning William Tayleur, Esq., because the latter's daughter, Anne, would not, &c. She was afterwards Mrs. Vachell. This took place in 1664.
 8 " Mary Bishop convicted of perjury against Scawen.
 10 " Sir George Downing brought up from the Commons a message and "Act for burying in woollen only."
 15 " Peter Southicke and Claudius Petyte naturalised. Henry Martin, a regicide, brother-in-law to Lord Lovelace.
 19 " William Ryley, Francis Sandford, and Richard Bodily, gentlemen examined on the Roos case.

* Q. In Burke's Extinct and Dormant Baronetage?

- 21 Jan. Concerning the estate of Sir Seymour Shirley, Bart.
- 22 „ Witnesses on the trial of Lord Mordaunt, Richard Franklyn, M.D.,
Captain Richard Harrison, Simon Bernard, &c.
- 25 „ Examined, about commercial disputes with France, the following
merchants: viz. George Toriano, James Trustone, Abraham Beake,
Vincent Delabar, Arnold and Elias Beake, John Loveroo, Nicholas
Hayward, James Nutmaker, and John Mervin, &c. &c.
- 29 „ Edward Cooke, Esq., Lady Cholmely's husband.
- 29 „ Thomas Freeman, late merchant of London, against Laurence Hyde
(since 1661).
- 5 Feb. James Smith and Bernard White drove beasts out of Lord Wid-
drington's park, at Ellington, Northumberland. They were ser-
vants of Mr. John Blount, solicitor.
- 5 „ To enable John, Earl of Abergavenny, to sell lands to portion his
brother and sisters.
- 6 Nov. To enable Sir William Juxon to recover part of the estate, as his
executor, of William Juxon, late Archbishop of Canterbury.
- 6 „ Arthur Capes, s. to Earl of Northampton.
- 9 „ Petition of Katherine Pory, wife of John Pory, Esq., praying to be
heard in the case brought against her by Sir William Juxon, John
Pory being then beyond seas.
- 14 „ Thomas Ashe, attorney-at-law, Balbrough, county of Derby.
- 5 Dec. Colonel Samuel and Martin Sandys.
- 9 „ To stay proceedings against Corderia Harris, Theophilus Cambell,
and Phillippe Mohun, aunts and guardians to Charles, Lord
Mohun.
- 10 „ Mary Horton, s. to Dowager Lady Cornwallis.
- 11 „ Mr. George Weldon, s. to Lord Vaughan.

References.

s. servant; m. s. menial servant.

N.B. It must be borne in mind that "menial servant," in law, did not mean merely those engaged in common household offices of an inferior kind.

WANDERINGS THROUGH ITALY IN SEARCH OF ITS ANCIENT REMAINS.

BY CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D.

XVI.

I HAVE invariably abstained from expressing any opinion respecting the political administration of the Neapolitan government, unless circumstances naturally led to the subject, and I have not then concealed the sentiments which a British subject usually holds respecting the advantages of a constitutional form of government, guarding myself, at the same time, against giving an opinion whether it would be suited for the present state of this people. I have observed the same rule in respect to religion, though, when I am asked to state what objections I have to the Roman Catholic Church, I have never hesitated to point out those doctrines and that part of her government from which I dissented. I have thus endeavoured to steer a middle course, not wishing to intrude my own opinions on others, and, at the same time, having no desire that there should be any concealment respecting them. Following this rule very strictly, you will be surprised, in my account of this day's proceedings, to hear that I was on the point of being arrested for using what my opponent was pleased to call language defamatory of the Holy Catholic Church.

I started at daybreak on a good stout mule on my way to visit Pizzo, the spot where the brave but unfortunate Murat met his fate. The country continued to exhibit a very uncultivated appearance, being at first covered with marshes, though the scenery was in many parts magnificent; the mountains were wooded to the top, and till I approached the sea I traversed a forest of oaks and cork-trees. It is from these woods that my guide told me the brigands issue on unprotected travellers, and he pointed to several rude crosses, which had been erected where murders were committed. They were adorned with faded garlands of flowers, which reminds us of what Tibullus (Eleg. i. 1, 2) says:

Nam veneror, seu stipes habet desertus in agris,
Seu vetus in trivio florida sertā lapis.

“For I offer my adorations, whether a lonely trunk in the fields or an old altar by the roadside has garlands of flowers.”

No brigands, however, made their appearance, and I cannot help feeling somewhat callous to the alarming reports with which the inhabitants are constantly assailing me. The road, running along a natural platform for many miles, was delightfully shaded by lofty trees, and occasionally we had glimpses of the sea, slightly rippled by a breeze, which reached us sufficiently to cool the air. I cannot conceive a more beautiful scene than that through which I passed. At last I reached Pizzo, which stands close to the sea, a short distance from the post road, and when I entered the principal locanda, I was surprised to be addressed in French by a person who was seated at one of the tables. I made no concealment as

to my object or my country, entering freely into conversation with him. He artfully led me to the subject of religion, and, believing that I was conversing with a person unconnected with the country, I made no secret of my opinions respecting the ignorance of the clergy, and the superstitious character of the people. You may judge of my surprise and indignation when, on rising from dinner, he coolly said that the sentiments which I had expressed on these subjects were of a kind that he, as lieutenant of gendarmes, should find it his duty to put me under arrest. The heat of the day had caused him to sit undressed, so that I was not aware that he was one of the officers belonging to government. I saw at once that he was an unprincipled bully, and I determined to meet him without flinching, thinking it likely that he would be afraid to put his threat in execution if he found that I was not so unprotected as my present appearance might have led him to believe. I told him that I had imagined that I had been addressing a French gentleman; I found, however, that I had been conversing with a person who had acted the dishonourable part of entrapping me into a conversation on a subject on which I had no desire to speak, and was then going to take advantage of my candour to curry favour with his government for zeal in its cause. My arrest could only inconvenience me for a short time, as I had letters to all the chief magistrates in his district from the most influential men in Naples, and their guarantee for my honour would, I trust, bear down any statement which he could bring against me. I should take care, at the same time, that his conduct should, through the English minister at Naples, be represented in the proper quarter for animadversion, and I should demand his dismissal as satisfaction for my unjust imprisonment. I told him that I was aware of instances in which Englishmen had been treated by Neapolitans in the way that he threatened, but I also knew that these very men were afterwards placed by their government at the disposal of those Englishmen for punishment. At the same time I pulled out a letter, and asked if he could read the address. He acknowledged that it was to the royal governor of his province. I showed him another to the supreme judge. I saw at once by his confusion and cowed look that I had judged rightly of my man, and I now dared him to put his threat into execution. His tone was completely changed, and he assured me, in a humble manner, that he had had no intention to exert his authority, though others in his place might possibly have done so. He showed a desire to make up for the annoyance he had given me, and I thought it impolitic to take any further notice of what had taken place. Though I showed a bold front on the emergency, I did not feel sure that I might not have been considered to have broken the law technically by my line of argument, as the penal code contains this enactment: "Whoever teaches against the Catholic doctrine in order to change it, shall be banished from the kingdom for life." I am quite certain that any faltering on my part would have ensured my arrest, which would have been very annoying, and I resolved in my own mind that I should be still more cautious for the future, and steer clear of such a pitfall.

Hearing that I was anxious to visit the spot where Murat had fallen, the lieutenant offered to accompany me, and to employ his official authority to obtain from the gaoler some account of his last moments. As I thought that I might, perhaps, have some difficulty in getting admittance

to the prison, I accepted his offer, though I had no confidence in his honour, and imagined that this kindness might only be a pretence to get me within the walls of the prison without exciting the attention of the inhabitants. I showed, however, no appearance of shrinking, though it was an anxious moment when I heard the gate grate behind me. The gaoler was introduced, and his appearance was not so prepossessing as to make me wish for a more intimate acquaintance. There was, of course, no longer any necessity for concealment, and as the lieutenant seemed to take no further steps, I became convinced that my suspicions were unjust.

You may have read a detailed account of Murat's trial and condemnation, but you may find it interesting to hear the statement of the gaoler, who evidently considered himself the most important personage in the transaction. It was on a Sunday morning, October 8, 1815, that two small vessels were seen to approach Pizzo without attracting much attention from the inhabitants, who were employed at the time in hearing mass. Murat and thirty of his followers landed immediately, without a single question being asked, and proceeded to the public square, where he found the legionary soldiers on duty in that very uniform which he had himself bestowed upon them. He exclaimed, "Ah, my brave legionaries, you still wear my uniform;" and, naming one whom he recognised, he said, "Do you not know me, your king, Joachim Murat?" To this one of them answered, "Ferdinand is our king, by whom we are paid." Meanwhile, a crowd of people had collected round him, and he urged them to cry, "Viva Joachimo Murat!" and to pull down the flag which was displayed on the castle, calling it a "mappino," a "rag." This word is Neapolitan, and is used to signify the towel made use of in the kitchen by the cook to clean her dishes, and was, no doubt, used by Murat in contempt. It is derived from the Latin, *mappa*. When no one offered to do so, he upbraided them as a mere band of brigands and traitors to their sovereign. As no one seemed willing to bring forward the horses for which he called, he inquired for the road to Monteleone, the chief city in the vicinity, and began to mount the hill to the post-road.

In the mean time a person had proceeded to give information to the commanding officer that Murat had landed, and was haranguing the soldiers in the public square. The result was soon known, and the direction in which he was proceeding. The officer immediately ordered a party of men to hurry forward to the point, where the road from Pizzo joined that to Monteleone, while he himself followed in the direction that Murat had taken. Murat had reached the heights where the two roads meet, when an officer stepped forward, and said, "I arrest you in the name of King Ferdinand as a traitor." Murat's men immediately prepared to resist, and had levelled their guns, when Murat called out to them not to fire, while the officer opposed to him ordered his men to aim at Murat, yet not one shot took effect. It is difficult to account for Murat's indecision at this moment, as no one who has read his history can doubt that he was brave to a fault, but instead of making any resistance, he fled down a precipitous bank and reached the shore. In all prints that you may have seen of him, you will find him represented with long cavalry boots and enormous spurs. He was dressed in this way at the time, and as he attempted to leap into a fisherman's boat, his spurs

got entangled in a net and held him fast till his opponents got up, when he was taken prisoner. Then began one of those disgraceful scenes which have only too often taken place when the tide of popular favour has turned against some unfortunate wretch. A few years before, the inhabitants of Pizzo would have crouched before his chariot-wheels; now, they heaped on him every species of indignity. They spat in his face, they tore his clothes, and even plucked the hair from his head and whiskers. I am ashamed to say that the women were more savage than the men, and if the soldiers had not come up and rescued him from their hands, his life would have been sacrificed to their fury. He was carried to the castle, and thrust into a low and dirty dungeon, into which I entered. A telegraphic despatch was sent to the commander of the forces in the district, General Nunziante, who hurried forward without delay, with all the troops he could collect, and took military possession of Pizzo. The ex-king was placed at his disposal, and he had no longer any reason to complain of his treatment. Everything was granted that was consistent with his safe custody, and it is only justice to the military officers whose duty it was to act against him, to state that from them he received no treatment unworthy of the high station which he had once held. On Thursday morning orders were received from government to proceed to his trial, and a military commission of twelve persons was formed in order that all legal forms might be complied with. He was even allowed to employ in his defence, if he chose, a person who is called the advocate of the poor. There could be no doubt that he had forfeited his life by an attempt to excite rebellion; every government must possess the power to punish by the extreme penalty of the law any one who shall attempt to depose it. The exact grounds, however, of his condemnation arose, I believe, from his contravention of a law which he had himself enacted. By the quarantine laws, death is the penalty incurred by any one who shall land in the kingdom of Naples from a vessel that has not received "pratique"—that is to say, which has not remained in harbour a certain time under the surveillance of the officers of health. The object, you know, is to guard against the introduction of the plague from the East, and the penalty was one which he had himself sanctioned. This, I believe, was the technical grounds of his condemnation, but even without this he must have fallen a victim to his want of success. After the examination of some witnesses, and no attempt of defence being made by Murat, the military commission retired for a short time to consider its verdict, soon, however, returning, when the president, General Nunziante, addressed Murat somewhat to the following effect: "General Murat, our consciences are clear; you are condemned to death by your own law, and you must die. If you wish a confessor, you shall have one summoned immediately." He requested that a confessor should be sent for, adding, that he could not believe that Ferdinand would confirm his condemnation; but there was to be no forgiveness for him; orders had already been given that the law should immediately take effect. It is said that General Nunziante was so deeply affected at the part he was obliged to act, that he retired from the room, and did not again make his appearance. While he was waiting for the confessor, Murat said, "Officers, you have done your duty," and at the same time requested that paper should be furnished him that he might write a few lines to

his wife. He then presented the note to the officers, who pledged their honour that it should reach its destination. He was then asked where he wished to die, being led into a small court-yard within the castle. He paced up and down for a few minutes, exclaiming, "*Dove è il mio destino*"—"Where is my fate?" when suddenly stopping at a spot which was nearly a foot higher than the rest of the court-yard, and facing round, exclaimed, "*Ecco il mio destino*"—"Behold the fated spot." He then addressed the officers to the following effect: "Officers, I have commanded in many battles; I should wish to give the word of command for the last time, if you can grant me that request." Permission having been given, he called out, in a clear and firm voice: "Soldiers, form line," when six drew themselves up about ten feet from him. "Prepare arms, present"—and having in his possession a gold repeater with his wife's miniature upon it, he drew it from his pocket, and as he raised it to his lips, called out—"Fire!" He fell back against a door, and as he appeared to struggle, three soldiers, who had been placed on a roof above, fired a volley at his head, which put him out of pain. Thus perished the brave Murat, whose fate we may indeed regret, but its justice we can scarcely deny. His body was placed in a common coffin, and conveyed without ceremony to the church by the clergy. He was buried in the vault set apart for the poor, which, however, has been closed since that period. I was shown the small room where the council was held, and two low-roofed dungeons in which Murat and his companions were imprisoned. The door against which he fell appears still stained with his blood. I then proceeded to the church where the bones of the hero were laid. It was small and neat, and on remarking that it seemed to be of late date, I was told that Murat himself had contributed funds for its erection. It appears that he had shown considerable favour to this village of Pizzo, and it was probably from a recollection of this that he selected Pizzo for his foolhardy attempt. In the middle of the church a small stone, with an iron ring by which it was raised, was shown as the entrance to the vault; and, suspended to the roof, the small banner which was to have led him to fortune waved mournfully over his tomb.

This was a painful story to listen to, and I could have wished to have been left to my own reflection, but the lieutenant stuck to me, wishing, no doubt, to obliterate any bad impressions he might have left on my mind. As he intended to proceed next morning to Catanzaro, he sent for a muleteer, with whom he tried to make a bargain; failing to make one to his own satisfaction, he threatened the poor man with castigation, and summoned the syndic to his presence. He employed the same haughty, overbearing manner with which he had begun to treat me, and I remarked in French that he was surely adopting a wrong method to gain his point. He assured me, however, that if he did not keep the whole district in awe of his authority, he might at once give up his command, as nothing but strong measures suited their wild and ferocious tempers. He maintained that they were all brigands, or connected intimately with them. He said that it was not unusual to hear the reproach addressed at other places to its natives on the slightest altercation: "*Tu sei del Pizzo e questo basta*"—"Thou art a native of Pizzo and that is enough." He threatened to report the whole village to government, if the magistrate did not furnish him with a horse at his own



rating. The poor syndie showed evident symptoms of terror, and stated that his excellency should be obeyed. This title is always given when they wish to propitiate the favour of the individual whom they address, and sounds in my ears as if they were a down-trodden race. It is like "your honour" of the Irish. This lieutenant is a native of the Roman States, and had been long in the service of the Austrian government in the north of Italy. He came down with the army of occupation, and has been retained by the Neapolitan government. He is, I should suppose, a fair specimen of the Italian soldier of fortune of the present day, living at the expense of both king and people. This is the force which the government is anxious to augment, as it fears to put arms in the hands of its own subjects. There are now nearly four thousand Swiss troops in the vicinity of Naples, who are intended for the personal defence of the royal family; such a force, however, must be galling to the feelings of the natives, and, like all mercenary bodies of men, they treat the inhabitants in a rude, overbearing manner. At Naples, a few months ago, as I was returning alone at midnight from the opera, I was alarmed by hearing loud exclamations, and a carriage driving towards me at full speed. As it approached, I found two Swiss officers with drawn swords pursuing the coachman with bloody threats, evidently intending, in a most cowardly manner, to cut him down. No one could allow such odds to be used against an unarmed man, and I rushed forward to the rescue, though I possessed no weapons of offence. The officers, of course, ceased their pursuit, and turned upon me, demanding in an excited tone who I was, and why I interfered. I said at once that I was an Englishman, and that it was not the custom of my country to see such treatment of an unarmed man without interference. They said that the man had refused to be hired, and demanded if I wished to adopt the quarrel of the coachman. I said, my object was that the man should escape, and, as he had done so, it was for them to say whether they thought the matter should proceed further. If they did, my card was at their service; but they were now cooled, and probably ashamed of their conduct, as, had they pushed it, our cause of quarrel must have become known to their commanding officers and the whole of Naples. They ended by saying that the coachman was a "birbone"—"a scoundrel"—and did not deserve to be fought over. I said that I was satisfied that the matter should thus end; and, bowing to my opponents, passed on. This little adventure led me to make inquiry respecting the conduct of the Swiss officers, and I was told that the cab-drivers always avoided them when it was possible, as they either paid nothing, or much less than their fare. Here I found the same conduct being pursued by this lieutenant in Calabria.

I made inquiries for ancient remains, as some geographers place an ancient city, *Napetia*, at Pizzo, giving the name of *Napetinus* to the Gulf of Euphemia, known also as *Terinæus*. No one had ever heard of any antiquities having been found here. They pointed out a valley called *Trentacappelli*, where marble of various colours is dug up, white, black, and yellow; and one of the inhabitants, who seemed to know something of geology, said that fossil remains were very plentiful in this neighbourhood. The rocks are calcareous, and this may very well be the case. Pizzo is prettily situated, with a harbour of some size, though it is much exposed. A good deal of fishing goes on, particularly of the tunny, and

they spoke of a fish called "cicerelle," a small kind of fish of an exquisite flavour. Lampreys also are found, and they maintain that they are equal to those caught a little farther south in the sea round Reggio. I heard also of another fish like to the lamprey, but said to be of a more delicate flavour, called "allampate." It has a snout somewhat hairy, curdled in its meat like our salmon when it is good, oily, with sweet flavour.

I would have willingly remained at Pizzo for the night, but the company of the lieutenant became so thoroughly distasteful to me, and I could in no way shake him off except by positive rudeness, which I did not choose to use, that I preferred the fatigue of a walk of six miles, as far as Monteleone, rather than submit to the torment of his volubility, even at the risk of falling in with the brigands. The ascent from Pizzo to Monteleone is long and steep, with terraces rising above one another, which are cultivated in the form of gardens. There are many streams at present with little water, though sufficient to irrigate the ground and produce vegetables of all kinds. It was long after sunset when I presented myself at the palace of the Marquis Gagliardi, by whom I have been received with the utmost kindness. He is one of the most influential proprietors in this part of Italy, and prefers to spend his time in the improvement of his property to a useless life in the city of Naples. His manners are those of a polished gentleman, and the marchioness is a lady, who would be an acquisition to the most brilliant court circle.

Another day of great excitement has closed, and though I feel thoroughly worn out, I have been amply repaid for all the fatigue I have undergone.

XVII.

I DETERMINED to spend a day with my kind host at Monteleone, and examine the beauties of the surrounding district. The city is built upon a hill of considerable height, which commands a wide view of the country, extending from the bay of St. Euphemia, along the shore of which I have been passing for the last few days, to that of Gioia and the Apennines. A magnificent spectacle strikes the eye all around, and the view is crowned in the distance by the bluish smoke of Etna. A castle, surrounded by fine trees, gives it a commanding appearance; and at a short distance lofty mountains, covered with forests, secure it from the cold winds of the north. It is, indeed, a lovely spot; and so far as my slight intercourse can enable me to judge, the inhabitants seem distinguished from those of Hither Calabria, through which I have lately passed, for a higher degree of knowledge and civilisation. The country being by no means so mountainous, affords facility to communications; the sea-coast is more accessible, and being nearer to Sicily, causes a constant intercourse to be kept up with Palermo and Messina. Monteleone, containing about seven thousand inhabitants, was the capital of a province till within the last few years, when the district was divided. Reggio and Catanzaro are now the seats of government, and in consequence of this arrangement the streets of Monteleone have a more deserted and gloomy appearance than you are prepared to expect from the size and respectability of the houses.

It is the site of an ancient Greek city called Hippo, said to have been founded about B.C. 388, by a colony from Locri; however, as the position is eminently fitted by nature for such a purpose, we can scarcely imagine that it was left unoccupied till so late a period. It is more probable that the inhabitants of Locri may only have taken possession of it at that time, and raised it to an importance which it had not before enjoyed. A few years later we find it a bone of contention between Dionysius the elder of Syracuse and the Carthaginians, by the former of whom the inhabitants were transferred to Syracuse. Subsequently it fell, with all the other Greek cities, into the hands of the Bruttii, who were the native inhabitants of this part of Italy. After the conclusion of the second Punic war the Romans sent a colony, B.C. 194, and changed its name to Vibo Valentia, when it seems to have become a city of great importance, being called by Cicero, who resided here previous to his quitting Italy at the time of his exile, "an illustrious and noble municipal town." The beautiful gulf, on which I was looking, had also witnessed an engagement between the fleets of Pompey and Cæsar (Cæsar, *Civ. Bell.* iii. 101). Strabo (vi. 256) mentions a grove and meadow remarkable for its beauty in its vicinity; and there was a magnificent temple to the goddess Proserpine, in whose honour the women used at her festival to gather flowers and to twine garlands. I was, of course, anxious to find out if there were any remains of this temple; but they have a tradition that it was entirely obliterated by Roger, Count of Sicily, in the eleventh century, who, from the desire to enjoy the odour of sanctity, transferred all the marble pillars and hewn stones to the Cathedral Church of Mileto, twenty or thirty miles to the south of Monteleone. There also may be seen an inscription, which was to the following effect, when it was more perfect than it is now:

L . VID . VIR Q . CINCIUS . C .
 AUL . IIII . VIRID SIGNUM PROSERPINÆ .
 REFICIUNDUM STATUENDUMQUE
 ARASQUE REFICIENDAS EX S . C .
 CURARUNT HSDCCLXX M XC FUERE
 HELVIA Q . F . ORBIA M . FILIA .

The plains here are famed for the variety and beauty of the flowers with which they are covered; and hence the Greek colonists of Hipponium maintained it to be the place from which Proserpine was carried off. I find that the festival of the Madonna is now celebrated very much in the same way as we may suppose that of Proserpine was in ancient times. As her statue is conveyed through the streets, flowers are strewed before it by young virgins, and arches decorated with flowers are erected in various parts of the city through which she has to pass. There is more particularly a festa of St. Luke, in the middle of June, when they erect columns, round which they twine flowers. The remains of the ancient walls are still to be seen in the direction of the telegraph, of a construction similar to those I found at Pæstum, being immense square masses of stone placed on each other without mortar. In some stones are holes bored, into which strong bars of iron are supposed to have been introduced. An Italian geographer asserts that the circumference of the walls was eight miles; but though Hipponium was an important city,

this is, probably, an exaggerated statement. At the *Porta di Piazza* there are some sepulchral inscriptions in the Roman character, built into the wall of a house; and it is strange that no Greek inscriptions should have been preserved, except the epigraph of the medals and coins. At the church of *St. Leoluca*, the patron saint of *Monteleone*, there is a mosaic pavement in good preservation, though it is of coarse design; and at a spot where they have been lately levelling the ground for the passage of the post-road, they have exposed the remains of a brick building, the original use of which it is impossible to determine. The church of the *Capuchins* contains a tolerable painting of *Salvator Rosa's* brother; and in that dedicated to *St. Leoluca* there is a marble statue of the *Madonna* of considerable pretensions.

The *Canonico Iorio*, a gentleman of high literary acquirements, and well known to all English travellers who have visited *Naples*, was kind enough to furnish me with a letter of introduction to *Signor Capialbi*, one of the most intelligent and best educated gentlemen in the south of *Italy*, and whose family has been long distinguished for its love of literature. He possesses a museum of antiquities of considerable value, containing many rare coins, medals, and vases; but he had much cause to deplore the visit of the *French*, who deprived him of a great portion of his collection, and when they evacuated the country they were irrecoverably lost to him.

During the morning I paid a visit to the *Collegio Vibonese*, the exterior of which prepared me for a flourishing establishment. However, only the higher classes are able to send their children to this seminary, and out of a population of seven thousand only twenty-four pupils could be mustered. This is certainly an unfavourable sign, though we might, perhaps, form an erroneous estimate of the character of the people, if we were to judge merely from this circumstance. Still the love of literature must be at a low ebb, as the province is only able to support three booksellers' shops, if we can dignify with such an appellation those where you can only find prayer-books and a few religious works. Some of the inhabitants prefer to have a private tutor, as they are thus able to have some control over the political sentiments with which the minds of their children are imbued, and the learning of the professors is not of so high a character as to make their labours very strongly appreciated. Their general information is not very extensive, if we may form an opinion from the question put to me by their professor of poesy—whether *Scotland* was separated from *England* by sea, and how far distant it was. I could see the confusion of my host when this question was put, though I showed no surprise, and simply gave the information he required.

I observe by the last census that there are 27,612 priests, 8455 monks, 8185 nuns, 20 archbishops, and 73 bishops. What could they have been before the *French* turned so many adrift! In 1807, about two hundred and fifty convents were dissolved; only a few hospices, and the monasteries of *Monte Casino*, *La Cava*, and *Monte Vergine*, were retained, though much diminished in numbers and yearly income. The mendicant monks, from whom the state could derive nothing, were suffered to remain, and therefore you hear of my meeting the *Capuchins* in various parts of the country. Of late years, however, many convents and religious foundations have been restored, and some of my liberal friends

maintain that the ambition and arrogance of the clergy are again becoming intolerable.

Though there is no food for the mind to be found, you cannot pass through the streets of these small towns without being struck by the advertisements everywhere to be seen in the shop windows: "*Qui si giuoca per Napoli*"—"Here is a lottery for Naples." "*Qui si giuoca per Firenze*"—"Here is a lottery for Florence." This taste for gambling is very strong in every part of Italy, and is encouraged by the governments. A ticket is purchased for a few pence, and thus a temptation is held out to the lower classes, which they find it impossible to resist. The people have no serious occupations; politics are tabooed, and there is little commerce, so that they are left a prey to their own thoughts, and glad to escape from them by any course of excitement, however pernicious it may be. You will see even boys playing at ball, pay and receive grani at the end of each game. The system of lotteries is of old date in Italy; we find (Suet., Aug. 75) that Augustus sometimes amused himself by selling tickets for prizes of very unequal value (*inequalissimarum rerum sortes*), and placed pictures with their faces turned towards the wall, that he might enjoy the satisfaction or disappointment of the parties who had purchased the tickets.

In the afternoon I rode down to the village of Bivona, on the shore, which is considered to have been the ancient port of Monteleone. If it were so, it possessed a poor harbour, though we must recollect that the vessels of the ancients could be drawn up on the beach. There was much more protection at Pizzo. It was evident, however, that an attempt had been made to construct a port, as the remains are of a very massive style.

I was present at mass this evening, and everywhere I can see that the Calabrese are urgent in their demands on Heaven. If drought desolate their fields, and no attention is paid to their prayers, it is said that they proceed to put the statues of their most revered saints in prison, hoping that this humiliation may make their intercession more effective. What can be done with a people in this abject state of superstition? What effect would a more spiritual form have upon them? Their belief seems to be in harmony with their impressionable character, and I sometimes doubt whether the exterior form of religion may not depend a good deal on climate and the constitutional temperament of a nation; yet I have found men of the highest intelligence in this remote district, and who felt the necessity of something better and more ennobling in religion, but what could they do? They are kept down by the knowledge that to disclose their sentiments is worse than death, and they prefer to bow in the temple of Rimmon to the ruin that would come upon them by an open announcement of their principles. Even here I find a division in the Church. There are what they call "*Papisti*," men devoted to the Pope and those principles which are known to us as Ultramontane. But, besides these, there is a large body of men who are opposed to these extreme views, and may be regarded in the same position as the Low Church with us. What, however, speaks highly in their favour, when compared with the Spaniards, is, that all parties have refused to allow the Inquisition to be introduced into their kingdom. I inquired whether the feudal system still subsisted here in all its strictness, but I find that the French put an end to it in a great measure, and it has never recovered its

former power. Before the French occupied Calabria, the rich and powerful barons exercised a despotic sway long unknown in other parts of Europe, feudalism being never, as far as I can understand, seen in a more odious and disgusting form. Those who have read "*I Promessi Sposi*" of Manzoni, may have some idea of the miserable state in which the country was kept. The barons had an armed militia under the name of "*Sbirri*," who were ready to attend to the will, and very often the caprices, of their sanguinary masters. If a vassal questioned or resisted the commands of his lord, he was sure to fall by the stiletto of some of these armed followers without any notice being taken of so atrocious a crime. Now all this is, no doubt, ended, and the law is, to a certain degree, omnipotent. The great barons, however, have deserted their property in the provinces, leaving it to be managed by agents, and lead an idle, useless life, dangling about the court at Naples. They have country-houses along the shores of the bay, and alternate all the year between the opera and the "*dolce far niente*" of their country-houses.

I am now on the spot which suffered so much from the earthquake in 1783, destroying many thousands of the inhabitants, yet it is astonishing how tranquilly the mind can contemplate danger when it has once been accustomed to it. Whether it be on the edge of a slumbering volcano, or where nature is convulsed by the most fearful earthquakes, man lives and enjoys himself as calmly as we do, where no sudden convulsion of nature has in the memory of man overtaken us. This is a curious mental phenomenon, and may be accounted for by the strong feeling of hope that is implanted in the mind. We trust that, though all our neighbours may be destroyed, we shall escape.

I left Monteleone this morning before daybreak, with a muleteer, to proceed to Casal Nuovo. The air was cool and refreshing at this early hour; the country was well cultivated in the immediate vicinity of the town, and all Nature was clad in her loveliest attire. We might have expected to meet Proserpine, with her attendant virgins at every corner, gathering the flowers that were as beautiful as they were in former times. We proceeded along the post-road which leads to Reggio; being only lately constructed, it was in a very rough and unfinished state. As we receded from Monteleone, the country again began to assume the same desolate appearance which has so forcibly struck me in every part of my tour. When I use the appellation of desolate, I merely mean that man has left Nature to herself, and that he makes no use of those advantages which she offers to him. I have passed by many a lovely spot and many a beautiful landscape, but they wanted that charm which the industrious labours of man can alone confer. We met a party of gendarmes, with whom I entered into conversation, and found that they had succeeded in capturing three men who had been concerned in a murder, and that they were conveying them to Catanzaro. I confess that I was disappointed in their appearance, as they had none of that lofty daring in their looks and gait which we usually imagine to be found in an Italian brigand. It is seldom that these men suffer the extreme penalty of the law, even when they are laid hold of, as the government is inclined to deal leniently with all crimes that are not directed against itself. Though it is seldom that life is forfeited, I am not sure that the punishment inflicted is not

severer. They are condemned to the galleys, or, more correctly speaking, to be employed in the construction of public works. I have often seen fifty of them, chained two and two, working at a new road under a broiling sun, with half a dozen soldiers standing over them with loaded muskets. They are confined at night, and the food they receive is neither sufficient in quantity, nor to be commended for its quality. I believe that few of them survive any length of time the severe labours they are made to undergo. You know that they have no Botany Bay which they can colonise with their convicts. There is a small island, Ponza, a little to the north-west of Naples, to which the government usually sends those political offenders who are not considered worthy of death. The same island served for the same purpose to the tyrants Tiberius and Caligula.

We met with an old man carrying a quantity of "ricotto," a kind of curdled goat's milk, and on finding that he was conveying it to a neighbouring village to market, I became the purchaser of the greater part of it, that I might lose no portion of the coolness of the morning by delaying to breakfast. How often I have longed for a good substantial Scotch breakfast with "Finnon haddies," salmon, and all the other *et cæteras*! The Italians are sadly ignorant on many points, but I am sometimes inclined to think, when I am hungry in the morning, that they display their ignorance in nothing more lamentably than in not knowing how excellent a thing a good breakfast is.

Our route lay along the banks of the river Mesima, the ancient Medma or Mesma, till we approached a forest, which I found to be called Rosarno. The name sounded familiar to my ear, and the association with it was not of the most agreeable kind, when I recollected having heard at Naples, a short time ago, that two of my countrymen had been stripped here even of their clothes by a band of brigands. The muleteer confessed that it was a dangerous spot, and I consulted my map to see whether we might not, by some cross-roads, in a great measure avoid it. I saw at once that our distance to Casal Nuovo would be considerably shortened if we struck directly across the country, and I found from my muleteer that my chance of falling in with brigands would be pretty much the same. A narrow path led us to the river Mesima, which was now nearly without water, though it was evidently in the winter a turbulent stream. The bank was thickly covered with trees of all kinds, and we had now got into a path that was little frequented. It became so entangled that I was obliged to dismount, and at last we were pulled up by a thick natural hedge, through which, indeed, I contrived, with much difficulty, to insinuate myself, but it was vain to think that my mule could pass. My muleteer proposed that he should return some distance to a spot where we thought he might cross the hedge, and then join me on a path, which we found to be on the other side at the top of the bank. To this I agreed, and sat down to wait for his appearance. When about an hour had elapsed, and I could neither hear nor see anything of my mule, you may imagine that I was in some alarm for my goods and chattels, though they are of no great intrinsic value if I were anywhere else than in this remote part of Calabria.

It was a lovely spot where I was seated; I could not help being

struck, as I have been passing along this morning, with the almost tropical appearance of the country. In the neighbourhood of Monteleone I passed a continued grove of orange, lemon, and citron trees, which attain a size unknown in the north of Italy, and after I left the more cultivated parts, I found forests of arbutus and different kinds of oaks, having as underwood the oleander, the arborescent ericas, and the sweet-smelling myrtle. The hedge-row, which I had such difficulty in penetrating, consisted of alder and pomegranate bushes; but I had had sufficient time to admire its beauties, and I began to consider what steps I ought to adopt in such an emergency. I had luckily kept my money and my letters in my pocket, so that I determined to proceed forward in the direction of Casal Nuovo. Before I finally gave up all hopes, I travelled down the bed of the river for some distance, and made the echoes of the Mesima to resound loudly with my voice. An answer was at last made to my hallooming, and my muleteer appeared in the distance. He apologised for his long absence by assuring me that he had been obliged to descend a great way down the river before he found a spot where he could ascend with his mule to the top of the bank. I began, therefore, to doubt whether I had adopted the wisest plan in making this attempt to cross the country. Ere long, however, we issued from the wood, and came upon a shepherd's solitary hut, which was unoccupied. We again descended into the channel of a river which I found to be called Vocale, and along it we proceeded for many miles without meeting a human being, or observing the slightest appearance of the country being inhabited. At a short distance I saw the ridge of the Apennines rising to a great height, thickly wooded. At last, the bell of a church struck upon my ear, and roused a host of pleasing recollections of times long gone by. I forgot for a moment the spot where I was, and the village church of my earlier days stood before me. This mental mirage, if I may so call it, was only momentary, for there were too many causes of physical suffering to allow long forgetfulness of the present. The village was called San Fili, in a gorge of the mountains, and as I had been upwards of seven hours astride of my mule, it was necessary to have some rest. My muleteer, however, maintained that we were only a few miles from Casal Nuovo, and I agreed that we should continue on our journey. We entered upon a plain, which is said to be nearly thirty miles in extent, and is thickly covered with olive-trees. It reaches between the rivers Mesima and Muro, and might be made one of the most fertile spots in Italy. These olive-trees are different in form from those to which I have been accustomed in other parts of Italy; instead of the knotted, hollow trunk, the stems were tall and straight, the branches not twisted into fantastic shapes, but smooth, and at equal distances from each other. The ground beneath was covered with beautiful ferns, through which paths are cut, and I believe that the ferns are moved every year, as it would otherwise injure the roots of the olive-trees. They are always very anxious respecting this crop, as it is apt to fail for various reasons. It is very much like our own apple-trees in Scotland, whose blossoms are often blighted by the dry east wind. So here the flowers of the olive-tree are liable to early destruction from cold dry winds, or else from too much damp, and even after the fruit is set and far advanced a heavy

shower of rain may utterly destroy it. They speak also of a glutinous fluid appearing upon the olive like a blight after the continuation of a south-west wind, which they believe to bring some poisonous vapour from Mount Etna, and this causes the olive to rot off the branch. After having passed upwards of eight hours on muleback, it may be easily conceived that I hailed with pleasure the small village of Casal Nuovo, where I meant to spend the night. The Marquis of Gagliardi had been kind enough to recommend me to the care of a gentleman who was agent on his estates here, and nothing could exceed his attention to me.

I was now on the central spot where the earthquake of 1783 had been felt most severely, when the greater part of the village had been swallowed up. The houses are now built principally of wood, as few months pass without a shock more or less severe being felt, and yet they speak of the insecurity of their situation with the utmost nonchalance. About a week ago they had felt a severer shock than had taken place for many years before, and they had thought it prudent to spend the night in the open air. Several of the inhabitants were old enough to have a very vivid recollection of what had taken place in 1783, and shuddered at the thought of what they had witnessed. They said that the appearance of the sky gave warning of some fearful catastrophe impending; close, dark mists hung heavily over the surface of the plain; the atmosphere appeared in some places so red hot that they would not have been surprised to see it burst into flames; even the waters of the river had a turbid colour, and a strong sulphureous smell was diffused around. The violent shocks began on the 5th of February, 1783, and continued to the 28th of May. It was on the 5th of February that Casal Nuovo more particularly suffered, when the greater proportion of the inhabitants were crushed under the ruins of the houses. I was anxious to see some of the more striking effects of the convulsions, and I was conducted a few miles to a deep glen, which they said had been formed by the earthquake. They pointed to a forest which had been hurried down to the bottom of a deep ravine, without having been in the least separated by the shock. In other parts, rivers had been arrested in their course by the fall of mountains, and had become large lakes, but of this I saw nothing. It is astonishing to what remote distances these shocks are felt, and in countries where nothing serious has ever been experienced. On Sunday, the 1st of November, 1755, the great earthquake in which Lisbon suffered took place, and at the same moment the small Castle loch of Closeburn, in Dumfries-shire, was so violently agitated, as the people were going to church, that they dared not enter, and service was performed in the open air. The Princess of Gerace happened to be at Casal Nuovo at the time of the earthquake, and perished with many thousands on the occasion. To the south my host pointed to the highest mountain, Aspromonte, and said that all their calamities arose from that central point. They would be safe if a volcano would burst out there, and give ease to the throes of the earth, letting off gases or pent-up air, to which he ascribed these disasters. This was the opinion of one who had watched for half a century the shocks to which they were constantly subject, and this man, *abnormis sapiens*, may not be far from the truth. Sir W. Hamilton places the focus of the earthquake of 1783 at Oppido, a village

close to Aspromonte, and says "that a radius of two-and-twenty miles from this point would inscribe a circle, including within its boundary all the cities and villages which were entirely overthrown, while one of seventy-two would comprise the farthest range of its less destructive effects."

I have been surprised to hear the bitterness with which the inhabitants speak of their countrymen in other parts of Italy, even of those of another province. Imagine a Lancashire man looking upon a man of Yorkshire as scarcely belonging to the same country, and you will have some idea of the feelings that prevail here. It is this that will always render it difficult to unite Italy into one homogeneous nation, and make it anything else than a "geographical expression." When they come to understand the meaning of the word patriotism, and the sacrifices it imposes; when they shall be persuaded that their country can only be freed by subordinating their individual interests to those of the national unity—it is then only that Italy will be ripe for freedom. But, alas! how far is the reality of things from this pleasing perspective, and how long must the friends of Italy wait before these sad words be effaced, which have for so many ages been engraved on her forehead,

Servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta!

"A slave always, whether conquering or conquered!"*

I suspect that we must attribute much to the enervating effects of the climate. A three years' residence has enabled me to understand that it requires much mental energy to withstand its weakening influences. It is vain to expect that man can oppose with success the strong hand of necessity, or get over this perpetual round of vice and indolence; yet the climate of Rome is that of the ancient Romans, and the climate of the kingdom of Naples is that where lived the warlike Samnites and Lucanians, and where the Norman adventurers afterwards settled. Such inspiring recollections only place in stronger relief the degeneracy of these once valiant races, now sunk into effeminacy and feebleness.

* This opinion of the Italians, formed forty years ago, has been somewhat modified by late events, and yet I fear that Italy will require to be baptised in blood before she be able to form that homogeneous whole which all her friends would rejoice to see her present to the world. She has yet to learn to stand erect without the patronage of her great friend, Napoleon.

HARROLDSTONE TOWER.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

CHAPTER V.

EVANGELINE IN DIFFICULTIES. A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE FESTIVAL HELD AT ST. NINAN'S, AND THE OPINION OF SOME WHO ATTENDED IT.

AFTER a short visit to Scarborough, Lady Clarissa Raymond and her family, by the earnest advice of Mr. Floyd, returned to Harroldstone Tower for the winter. That gentleman was anxious to be back for two reasons. He was afraid that his friend Dimsdale would lose any influence he might have gained over Evangeline, and he wished, also, to assist the incumbent of St. Ninan's in carrying out the plans they had formed with regard to that church. While Lady Clarissa was at Scarborough she spent a good deal of money, and was unwilling to subscribe as largely as her young husband wished to his friend's plans.

"When he marries Evangeline, we shall, I trust, more readily obtain funds; and, in case of a reverse, her ten thousand pounds will be very useful," he thought to himself.

Mr. Dimsdale had made considerable progress in what he called beautifying his church of St. Ninan's. He was ably seconded by two churchwardens Mr. Floyd had assisted in electing—Mr. Edwin Simper and a Mr. Eustace Flimsy, a brother of Miss Leonora Flimsy. The pews were abolished; a new pulpit, wide and low, had been introduced; a reredos had been erected; also a lectern of brass, a faldstool, and a new font. At the entrance was a marble basin, such as is used in Roman Catholic churches for holy water, but its object was not announced; new hangings, too, and a new dossal and newly worked pede-clothes were in use; but the altar cross, of beautiful proportions, jewelled with topaz, amethyst, and crystal, was much admired by all visitors.

The chancel had been painted and gilt, and a fresco covered the roof. Paintings, said to be copied from the best Italian masters, were not wanting in various parts of the church, and structures, which the country-people thought were tombs or monuments of some sort, were to be seen in various nooks and corners—they looked remarkably like the shrines to the Virgin and saints seen in Roman Catholic churches—pictures, candlesticks, small altars, and vases of flowers included. These additions, with the changes which had before been effected, were said by competent judges—clerical friends of the incumbent's and Mr. Arthur Floyd's—to have made the church perfect.

"Yes, my dear Lady Clarissa, we have now an edifice in which the most elaborate and ornate ceremonial can be performed with proper effect, and I trust that it will be unsurpassed by any within these realms," said the latter gentleman, as he tenderly pressed the hand of his wife, who had just given him a cheque for five hundred pounds, that he might pay for some of the alterations.

A collector of the Church Missionary Society called a few minutes afterwards, and was admitted by mistake. When Lady Clarissa heard

his errand, though he pleaded but for a sovereign, she dismissed him with a cold bow, assuring him that she had already bestowed so much in charity that she did not consider herself justified in giving more. Curiously enough, a travelling agent of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts called the same morning. He was treated much in the same way, and would not have obtained a subscription had not Mr. Floyd met him as he was going out, and, on hearing the society he represented, assured him that he was sure there was some mistake.

"Ladies, my dear sir, do not distinguish between societies, there are now so many," he observed. "The London Missionary Society, or the City Missions, or the Tract or Bible Societies, or any other of those vulgar dissenting societies, are mixed up in their minds with that of the venerable and orthodox society you represent."

Begging the travelling secretary to be seated, he returned with a cheque for four pounds, as his own and her ladyship's subscription, assuring him that the previous liberality of Lady Clarissa prevented her from contributing as she would have desired. Father Algar on the next day received twice the sum for fitting up a schoolroom in his convent, that a larger number of cottagers' children might be received in it, especially those of Protestant parents, for there was already ample room for all the Roman Catholics.

"We give the sum, my dear friend, to mark our affectionate regard and respect for our ancient Mother Church," said Mr. Floyd.

The alterations in St. Ninan's had not, however, been carried out without a protest from Evangeline. She saw very little of her mother in private, for Lady Clarissa always breakfasted in her room. She saw Mr. Floyd in the morning, but they seldom met again except at dinner-time. She had, therefore, few opportunities of speaking on the subject. One morning Mr. Floyd found her in the library looking for a book.

"My dear Evangeline, I understand from your mother that you are not satisfied with the changes which have been effected in St. Ninan's. Pray tell me to what particular part you object," he said, in his blandest tone.

"I object to everything which differs essentially from the established forms and ceremonies of the Church of England," she answered, quietly.

"A very sweeping assertion, young lady," he said, dryly. "You would then pronounce the Church of England perfect in all respects. You would say that Mr. Broadfield is perfect, and the service in his church properly conducted."

"No; but I should say simply that the music might be better, and that the congregation might be taught to join in it; that Mr. Broadfield's sermons might be more full of Christian doctrine, and that he might be more reverent in his manner; and that the congregation might exhibit more devotional feeling. There has been a great improvement, since Mr. Shepherd came, in the latter point, and that, at all events, is the most important, for God surely desires a spiritual worship; and, though as men are composed of body and soul when they worship together some form is necessary, still He looks to the spirit, and we should take care that the form does not overpower the spirit."

"Oh, this is rank dissent!" exclaimed Mr. Floyd, forgetting to use his silvery tones. "Where did you imbibe these notions? I suppose that we have to thank Mrs. Oswald for them."

"They appear to me simply the doctrines of the Church of England held in common with all the chief dissenting churches of Christendom," answered Evangeline, with a courage and sagacity which surprised herself.

She had imbibed them from Mrs. Oswald, and she had seen enough of Mr. Floyd to know that he would be glad of an excuse to get that lady out of the house. In vain Mr. Floyd endeavoured to make Evangeline commit her friend. She simply persisted in quietly expressing her objections to the new arrangements in St. Ninan's church, and at length Mr. Floyd walked out of the study, vowing that he would not rest till he had made her change her opinions. He described to Mr. Dimsdale, with expressions of regret, the conversation he had had with his step-daughter.

"I do not despair," said the latter gentleman, turning half round with a glance at the mirror. "Our exquisite music, and the ornate and imposing ceremonies we are about to introduce, will have great influence with her. We must spare no pains or expense. Fortunately, several handsome sums have been placed at my disposal by ladies in this and other neighbourhoods, and I trust that we shall be able to get up such an elaborate exhibition as may eclipse any which even our brethren of Rome can produce."

Mr. Dimsdale was as good as his word. He invited a number of clergymen, or, as they called themselves, priests of the Anglican Church, to stay with him, and Mr. Floyd invited others. Several ladies in the neighbourhood worked night and day to produce numerous gorgeous silken banners with various and elaborate devices, and from designs given to them, the meaning of which they did not comprehend. They had no difficulty in obtaining an ample supply of vestments from one of the many ecclesiastical warehouses which have sprung up of late to meet the demand for such things. Mr. Dimsdale had several circulars before him, some of them with illustrated priced lists. He read out, Mr. Floyd sitting with him.

"Here is one. Multum in parvo:

Mrs. —, Ecclesiastical Warehouse, so-and-so street, St. M—— Lane, London. Chasubles, Dalmatics, Copes, Albs, Surplices, Girdles, &c. Frontals, Stoles, &c., and all Church requirements. Gothic Laces in all widths, and prepared designs for Embroidery; also Mediæval Berlin Pattern Wools, Canvas, &c. Complete sets of Embroidery for Chasubles, Church Candlesticks, Vases, Crosses, and Altar Plate. Gold and Silver Crosses. German Prints of the Stations, 8vo, 5s. the set of 14. Altar Breads, Altar Wax, Incense, &c.

Or here we have the prices of another house:

VESTMENTS.

	£ s.	£ s.
Chasuble, with Stole, Maniple, Veil, and Burse	4 8	12 12
Dalmatics and Tunicles	3 0	5 0
Alb, Amice, and Girdle	1 6	2 10
Copes in Silk and Cloth of Gold	4 10	70 0

"Of course, my dear Dimsdale, you must have one at 70%. It
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would be positively irreligious to appear in one of less value. But go on."

"Oh, the rest are of less consequence—biretta, trenchers, surplices for choristers, &c. However, we'll not trouble ourselves with them. Just note down surplices for choristers at 7s. 9d. each. Take care you write to the proper address. Mrs. — is a woman of enterprise, for she has a baby-linen warehouse and a theatrical warehouse in other places, and it would be awkward to have a mistake, and find at the last moment that the boxes contained only bibs, frocks, and long-clothes for infants, or the costumes for *Norma* or *Anne Bolena*—ha, ha, ha!" And he laughed at his conceit, the joke of which Mr. Floyd did not exactly see.

No mistake did occur. The managers were, however, rather offended at payment being demanded beforehand, in consequence, it was suggested, of certain short-comings, the result of an entertainment of a similar character which had taken place at *Norwich* some time before. The money, however, was sent up, and the boxes arrived with the chasubles, stoles, maniples, veils, burses, dalmatics, tunics, albs, amices, and girdles, with Mr. Dimsdale's own cope of silk and cloth of gold, costing seventy pounds, and afforded matter of absorbing interest to the clerical gentlemen assembled at the parsonage. With eager hands they unpacked the cases. No young bridesmaids could have exhibited greater interest in taking out the dresses in which they were to appear at the marriage of a fair young friend than did these grave and reverend gentlemen as they drew forth chasuble, and alb, and cope, and the rest of the paraphernalia, in which they were to appear at their proposed festival. The zeal, they called it, of several was so great, that they were not content till they had dressed themselves up in the garments and paraded about the room, passing and repassing the mirror over the mantelpiece, crossing their arms, and bowing as they did so with smirking looks indicative of extreme satisfaction. No young actor preparing for his first appearance on any stage could have more zealously gone through his part.

Mr. Dimsdale's seventy-pound cope of silk and cloth of gold elicited universal admiration, and the envy of a few of the poorer incumbents who were doomed to wear those which cost but four pounds ten shillings. There were very many more garments than persons to wear them, but Mr. Dimsdale explained, as he exhibited them, that they were of different colours, and that certain colours were appropriate to certain fasts and festivals. Thus, white at Christmas should be used, red on the vigil of Pentecost, violet on Ash-Wednesday, black on Good Friday, and green on all other days; that the same order should be adopted with regard to the vestments of the altar. The dresses were hung up on the walls, on chairs and screens, and examined and re-examined, and tried on again and again, and then there were ornaments and pictures and figures of saints to be looked at, so that the evening quickly passed away in this interesting and highly edifying amusement. Mr. Floyd presented each of his clerical brethren present with a copy of the priest's Prayer-book—a valuable production, calculated to supersede in many instances the old-fashioned Prayer-book of the Church of England, and containing secret prayers to be used by the priest at the celebration of the Communion, or, as it was

denominated, the Sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist, with full directions as to hearing confession and granting absolution.

"I only hope, my dear friends, that you all have your altars correctly arranged," observed Mr. Dimsdale, as his guests were allowed to depart. "Pray take notes as I read. 'The length of the altar will vary according to the size of the church and chancel, but it should never be less than six feet. It should be three feet six inches high, and raised as much as possible above the level of the nave; there should also be a dossal-cloth or painting behind it. The covering or vestment should fit closely, and be in two parts; the frontal or antependium, which hangs in front, and the superfrontal, which covers the slab, and should hang down about ten inches below. The frontal and superfrontal should each have a fringe. The linen used at the celebration ought to cover only the top and sides. The ornaments proper for the altar are two lights and a cross, and, on festivals, vases of flowers. These should be placed on the super-altar, or retable. The superfrontal may always be red, although the other vestments should be changed according to the season of the year.' "

Highly edified, the visitors took their leave, and the guests in the house went to sleep to dream of albs, tunicles, copes, and chasubles. The projected scheme for holding a high festival came off, and was considered eminently successful. The following account of it appeared in one of the county papers:

"On Good Friday the church of St. Ninan's was draped in the Lenten violet, the altar being stripped as far as possible. The bell was tolled, calling the congregation to litany at 8, matins, litany, antecomunion office, and sermon at 10.30, meditation on the Holy Cross at 3 p.m., and even-song and sermon at 8.30. The celebrant was vested in an alb and violet-coloured chasuble, the holy altar, lectern, and pulpit being draped in the penitential garb of Lent. The offices were all said in a low monotone. The Easter festival commenced at 8 p.m. on Easter-eve with a processional and full choral service, after which the bells were rung 'right merrily,' and the church again put on her festive garments of gladness, and her walls once more resounded with the pealing organ's note, jubilant songs, and triumphant hymns of joy. The altar was vested with a white silk frontal having a golden border, the superfrontal crimson, with a fringe of gold and crimson. The dossal-cloth was of white silk, with a border of rich gold lace. On the retable stood the magnificent cross, jewelled with topaz, amethyst, and crystal, and twelve long wax tapers, and two new and handsome Latin vases filled with the choicest exotics sent from Harroldstone Tower. On either side of the altar was a standard holding five tapers, and on the reredos were ten more tapers, which graduated with the triangular form of its apex. The corona of ten lights, and the top of the rood-screen supporting seven tapers, contributed to the glory of the sanctuary. The angles of the east wall were adorned with decorated stands holding pots of choice flowers, the intervening spaces being judiciously embellished with small star devices in leaves and flowers. A reredos of evergreens and flowers, with three Greek crosses of violets and jonquils, with red and white camellias for the centre, had a very pleasing effect. A lovely wreath

of camellias hung over the cross; the lectern was also wreathed with various flowers. The font was covered with a rich English moss, which was raised towards the centre, from which arose a large perpendicular cross of box and daffodils; the outer rim was also bordered with daffodils.

"The choir and clergy, in rich and appropriate vestments, went in procession with banners and cross round the churchyard to the south porch, singing the Easter Hymn. They then re-entered the church. First came the processional cross, borne by a chorister; then the choir, two and two; then several banners, one of them worked for the occasion by the lovely Countess of Humdrum, after designs by Mr. Pope, were borne by many acolytes. They were followed by two other acolytes in red cassocks and surplices, swinging censers of incense. Then came the Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale, vested in a splendid cope of white satin with crimson velvet hood, carrying a cross of silver studded with jewels, mounted on a staff of ebony. This cross, a most costly work of art, has just been presented to the warden of St. Ninan's by an old maiden lady, Miss Martha Dootheboys, to be used on solemn occasions. After the Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale came the Rev. Arthur Floyd and the Rev. Peter Popett, who officiated as deacon and sub-deacon to the Rev. D. O. Howell, rector of St. Dunstons, London, who was celebrant. The celebrant was vested in alb, stole, maniple, and chasuble. The latter was of white moire antique, with a curiously worked orphrey of blue, green, and gold. The deacon and sub-deacon wore albs and tunics. The procession was closed by two acolytes in cassock and cotta. The service was very imposing, the singing all that could be desired, and incense, served by the acolytes, was properly used. At the chanting of the Gospel, the sub-deacon passed from his place and held his book for the deacon, who stood facing north, chanting the sacred words, the ruler of the choir moving forward, attended by the acolytes, and bearing the cross, to the spot from which the deacon chanted. A very large and fashionable congregation from all parts of the county attended, conspicuous among whom was the Countess of Humdrum, Lady Clarissa Raymond, Lady Ethelburga Dimsdale, a relative of the incumbent, Miss Flimsy, Sir Toby Flimsy, the young Sir Guy Raymond, the energy of whose devotional exercises was somewhat remarkable, and possibly, we are led to suppose, not quite in accordance with the prescribed forms. At the same time, we are bound to state that nothing could exceed the correctness even in the minutest points of Mr. Edwin Simper and Mr. Middlethwaite, who set a worthy example to all who attend Catholic worship. The sermon, preached by the Reverend the Incumbent, was in praise and support of high ritual, and was listened to with rapt attention by all the young ladies present, although it might possibly have been above the comprehension of the poorer orders, whose silent devotion, exhibited by their open mouths and fixed gaze, had been very remarkable and satisfactory, showing how admirably adapted such services are to the yeomen and agricultural labourers of our beloved county."

The above is exactly what appeared in the county paper. It scarcely, however, fully describes the open-mouthed astonishment of the cottagers and the tenantry, and other retainers of the Countess of Hum-

drum, Lady Clarissa Raymond, Sir Toby Flimsy, and others who had been induced to attend. They sat mutely gazing, and wondering what it all could mean, and what it could lead to. Had they known the sums which had been expended on the vestments and crosses, their astonishment would have been greater, and probably they would have indulged in some other feelings and thoughts with respect to their spiritual pastor of no very tender or complimentary character.

CHAPTER VI.

EVANGELINE'S FURTHER TRIALS. THE CONSPIRATORS PROCEED IN THEIR DESIGNS.

"WELL, my dear Evangeline, I hope that you will now confess that our services during the week have been a great success," said Lady Clarissa, when at length Easter and the ornate services in the church of St. Ninan's were over, the family dinner-party being seated round the dining-table, the cloth having been removed, and the servants gone.

"I have already expressed my opinion. I do not find them in any way satisfactory or conducive to devotion," answered Evangeline, in as gentle and humble a tone as she could assume.

Though her head was turned to her mother, she saw Mr. Floyd's eye fixed on her, and guessed that it was the commencement of an attack not only on herself (for that she did not fear) but on Mrs. Margaret Oswald, who had positively declined attending, and was suspected to have gone instead to the Independent Chapel in the town.

"I conclude, then, that it was your remarks induced your brother Guy to be guilty of the highly indecorous and reprehensible, not to say blasphemous, conduct which he exhibited," said Mr. Floyd.

"No one could more deeply regret than myself seeing Guy act as he did, and I assure you that I have never, to my recollection, spoken to him on the subject," answered Evangeline, gravely.

"Somebody must have put him up to it," exclaimed Mr. Floyd, turning a stern look at Mrs. Margaret.

"You wrong Evangeline and me if you think that Guy was influenced by any remarks of ours," said that lady, determined to meet the charge. "Of what is he accused?"

"Why, in the first place, I am credibly informed that while I was walking in procession, and passed close to him, he put his thumb to his nose and stretched out the fingers of both his hands behind my back, in a way common enough among little boys in the streets of London; reprehensible considering my position with regard to his mother, utterly flagitious and abominable towards a priest engaged in the sacred ceremonies of the Church."

"I have not a word to say that can exonerate him," answered Mrs. Margaret. "And surely you can scarcely suppose that Miss Raymond or I would have encouraged him in such conduct?"

"No; but your general conversation and Low Church conventicle notions have induced both Miss Raymond and her brother to treat me with contempt. Of that I have ample proof!" exclaimed Mr. Arthur Floyd. "Had it not been for you, Miss Raymond, at all events, would have been a pious and humble daughter of the Church."

"I should be most ungrateful if I said that I had never been influenced for good by Mrs. Margaret; but in this matter I assure you that I have been guided entirely by my own judgment," exclaimed Evangeline.

"Very likely, indeed, considering your advanced age and mature theological knowledge," said Mr. Floyd, with a sneer. "Lady Clarissa is well aware whom she will have to thank, when she is treated with disobedience and disrespect by her children."

Evangeline's high temper rose when she heard these insulting remarks made on her friend and governess, and she was about to make a hasty reply, when an imploring look from the latter checked her. She felt that her proper and wisest course was to remain silent. Though Mr. Floyd, therefore, continued talking on the subject, she said nothing till Lady Clarissa rose to leave the room.

Evangeline joined Mrs. Margaret in her private room after dinner, while Lady Clarissa was amusing herself with a French novel of the highly sensational class, the desire for pungent literature being one of the consequences of an indulgence in high ritualism.

"I am so ashamed, and so wounded, my dear, good, kind Mrs. Margaret, at the way Mr. Floyd spoke at you," exclaimed Evangeline, throwing her arms round the old lady's neck. "I can scarcely ask you not to notice it, and yet I do not know what to do."

"I am very clear what I ought to do. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' If I have been right in remaining on here for your sake for so many years, it is my duty to remain on still, in spite of all that may be said to me," answered Mrs. Margaret, mildly.

"Oh, thank you—thank you, dear friend; my mind is so relieved. I was afraid, after being so insulted, that you would leave the Tower, and I should be forlorn, indeed, without you," cried Evangeline, again kissing her old friend.

Mr. Floyd was not so easily foiled; he had made up his mind that, as he believed Mrs. Margaret was counteracting his lawful designs to unite his young step-daughter to his friend, she should be separated from her. It was a matter of indifference to him what had been the wishes of her father, Sir Guy. Had he not been a Low Churchman? Had he not consorted with Dissenters? He, the Rev. Arthur Floyd, could not be bound by the opinions and wishes of such a man. The next day he again attacked Mrs. Margaret, even more directly. Not a day passed that he did not say something disagreeable to her. Lady Clarissa also began to be personally rude to her. Any one knowing what had been the natural temper of the once young, handsome, and proud Margaret Oswald would have been surprised at all she bore for the sake of her charge. She had sympathy, however; for worthy Mrs. Rabbitts, among others, discovered how she was treated.

"Bear it, dear marm—bear it for our sweet young lady's sake," she said, having alluded to something Mr. Floyd had been overheard to say. "We all have our trials, and mine are coming on; for that Mrs. Dowlas, the London housekeeper, has had another attack of her tantarums, and so is to be here to-morrow, and will stay I don't know how long. There'll be no quiet for me so long as she does stay—that I know."

Mrs. Dowlas arrived, and was even more than usually disagreeable

to Mrs. Rabbitts. She soon discovered how affairs stood with respect to Mrs. Oswald, and the next time she was closeted with Lady Clarissa introduced the subject.

"If I was you, my lady, and wanted her to go, I'd tell her so, and pack her off forthwith. There's no use shilly-shallying. If your ladyship wanted to get rid of me or Mrs. Rabbitts, you'd say we must go, and I don't see why you shouldn't say the same to her, though she does sit in the drawing-room and give herself airs."

This advice was so much in accordance with Lady Clarissa's wishes, or rather with those of Mr. Floyd, that she determined to act on it forthwith. Mrs. Oswald received the announcement without astonishment, for she had feared that it would come to that ere long, though with great grief, not on her own account but for the sake of Evangeline. She had a sister very much younger than herself, married to a Presbyterian minister in Scotland, and she knew that she should be welcomed at the manse, besides which her income would add very much to the comfort of the inmates; indeed, had it not been for Evangeline's sake, the change would have been greatly to her satisfaction. She knew that she should be there duly appreciated. Mr. Floyd contrived to be particularly repellant at parting, his dislike being increased when he found that she was to reside in future with Presbyterians. Lady Clarissa followed his example. Sir Guy told her that he thought that she was shamefully treated, and that he knew who he would send to the right about if he had the power. Evangeline felt the parting bitterly, and until she heard of her safe arrival at the manse would not appear in the drawing-room. Poor girl! greater trials were in store for her. Day after day she had to submit to her mother's harshness or coldness, and to Mr. Floyd's bitter sarcasm or downright rudeness. Guy afforded her no support or comfort, for though he loved her better than anything else, it was no satisfaction to her to hear him abuse their reverend step-father, and declare that he would pay him off before long. The Shepherds, and other friends who would have sympathised with her, were treated so rudely when they called that they were not likely to come again; it is easy, indeed, to conceive how the life of a young girl can be made miserable by people who set about doing so systematically. Mr. Floyd was not naturally cruel or tyrannical—indeed, he considered himself, and was considered, a very amiable person; in fact, who, with so soft a voice and gentle a manner, could be otherwise than amiable? What would he not go through for the sake of Christian unity? With him the end sanctified the means. It was a doctrine he had learned at Oxford, with a good many other doctrines not approved of generally by the inhabitants of Great Britain.

CHAPTER VII.

LADY CLARISSA FINDS THAT AN OLD WIFE IS NOT ALWAYS THE MISTRESS OF A YOUNG HUSBAND. A LECTURE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. THE DESIGNS OF THE CONSPIRATORS BROUGHT TO NOUGHT.

LADY CLARISSA had at first thought that she could rule her young husband. She had now become his subservient tool. His object was simply to induce Evangeline to marry his friend Dimsdale, to whom

he was under certain obligations, which he proposed in that manner to liquidate. Mr. Dimsdale was, therefore, a very frequent visitor at the Tower. His manner offered a strong contrast to that of Mr. Floyd; he was so considerate, and kind, and gentle, that she began insensibly to overcome the prejudice which she had at first felt against him. Even on the subject of ritualism, or, as he called it, of ornate services, he seemed to yield to her judgment, and to regret that matters had gone so far.

"We must retrograde, I suspect, my dear Miss Raymond," he said, with a gentle sigh. "We must not, however, move too rapidly. However suited to educated and refined minds, capable of receiving the higher truths of religion, I confess that for the profane vulgar some parts of the services we propose introducing are too elaborate."

"Why, it has been asserted that one of the great objects of these elaborate services is to instruct the uneducated poor in the truths of religion; though I have been led to believe that the most uneducated can comprehend all the leading and therefore the higher truths of the Gospel simply by having the word of God read and explained to them," observed Evangeline.

"More of Mrs. Oswald's teaching," muttered Mr. Dimsdale to himself. "I have always said, and I maintain it, that the Bible is a dangerous book to put into the hands of women and poor people; it makes them so conceited, and pertinacious in maintaining their own opinions. We shall never establish our system thoroughly as long as it is so generally read as at present." Aloud he said: "Dear Miss Raymond, your arguments are irresistible; I must think over the matter, for I confess that in your presence I am never able to find a reply."

Very few women are not open to flattery, still, though he was not aware of it, Mr. Dimsdale's last remarks had considerably weakened his cause.

The inhabitants of Hamlington were divided into five parties. There were the ritualists or High Churchmen, the Broad Churchmen, the Evangelicals, and the Independents and other dissenters, and the Roman Catholics. The ritualists had at present most influence, not because they were the most numerous, best educated, most religious, or wealthy, but simply because a large number of the tradesmen of the other parties would take no part against them for fear of offending the great people at Harroldstone Tower, the Countess of Humdrum, Sir Peter Flimsy, and others. Captain Headley had, however, been as good as his word when he said that he would get his cousin, the barrister, John Osborn, to come down and enlighten the people as to what ritualism really is. Mr. Osborn was too practical a man not to take all necessary steps to secure a good meeting. Several of the leading tradesmen, ashamed of their former cowardice, promised him their support, as did Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Freeman, and several neighbouring clergymen, and so also did Colonel Thornton. "I know what my old friend Sir Guy would have done," he remarked, "and I shall go and support his opinions."

Mr. Broadfield and some of his friends begged that he would give up his idea; that, if the ritualists were let alone, they would go on

quietly, and that lecturing against them would only cause ill feeling, and that, after all, they were doing no great harm to anybody—only spending their money somewhat uselessly. The lecture was, however, duly announced under the title of “ULTRA-RITUALISM: WHAT IT MEANS.” Mr. Dimsdale and his friends did their utmost to prevent its taking place, and, finding that impossible, they tried to induce people not to go. A few stayed away in consequence of their representations, but the lecture was, notwithstanding, very numerously attended. Mr. Osborn explained that the service of the Church of England was one especially framed to foster spiritual worship; that, as human beings are composed of body and soul, so that they might worship together, certain forms were necessary, but those forms were for their use, not for God’s, and that what pleased Him was to have their united prayers ascending to his throne. Any forms beyond what were necessary for the purpose were an offence to Him. He showed how much the compilers of the Prayer-book, having studied the pages of history, feared, and had reason to fear, that forms and ceremonies would lead people to idolatry, and had been most careful in drawing up the prayers, rubrics, and homilies, to prevent this as much as possible, and that it was only by departing widely from the enlightened principles which guided them that this Romeward movement could have been carried on by persons calling themselves clergymen of the Church of England. He showed that the Church of England has no altar, but a simple wooden table, which can be moved into the body of the church, and that she has no sacrificing priest; that the word priest, as used in the Prayer-book, does not signify *ιερεὺς*, a sacrificing priest, but *πρεσβύτερος*, an elder. This was changed into the Latin presbyter; from it, by contraction, we got the word prester, from that prest, which, for the sake of euphony, we change to priest. The priest, then, in an English church is the elder of two clergymen—the deacon being the younger. He considered that the present movement was an attempt to upset the Protestant faith in England, and that as these people have special printers, publishers, booksellers, newspapers, brotherhoods, sisterhoods, and agencies of every possible description, zealously at work to carry out their designs, it behoved Protestants of all denominations to be united, and to be actively employing their best efforts to oppose them.

Had a bombshell fallen into the midst of St. Ninan’s, it could scarcely have caused more annoyance than did this lecture, which was fully reported in all the local papers. Mr. Dimsdale’s indignation and rage, as was that of Mr. Floyd’s, when it was known that Miss Raymond had attended the lecture, as had also Mrs. Rabbitts, M’Callum the gardener, and several domestics of Harroldstone Tower.

“All my influence at the Tower will be destroyed!” exclaimed Mr. Floyd. “How can we counteract that pestiferous fellow?”

“More than I can say at present,” answered Mr. Dimsdale. “I must consult our Head Centre. Dear me, I thought that I was making great progress with Evangeline! Do you think that I might venture to propose to her? If I marry her, there is something secured, and I have hopes that in time I should gain over her brother. At present he is profoundly ignorant of religion, and if he were to fall ill,

or any accident were to happen to him, he might be alarmed, and then we should the more easily obtain an influence over him."

"That is more than I have ever been able to do. He is a young reprobate, and, in my opinion, no good can be got out of him," answered the young baronet's affectionate step-father. "As to Evangeline, I am afraid that, were you to propose at this present moment, she would refuse you; but wait patiently. Do you exert all those gentle and winning manners for which you are so noted, and her mother and I will continue to treat her with as much harshness and severity as possible. We will get rid of all in the establishment showing any interest in her, and make her existence so disagreeable that she will be glad to marry you to escape from the Tower."

"I am much beholden to you, my dear friend, and though I would gladly avoid exposing my future wife to such a discipline, yet, as it is for her ultimate benefit, I ought not to hesitate," answered Mr. Dimsdale.

This conversation took place in a thick shrubbery, where a bench had tempted the two friends to rest awhile. They moved on, and were not aware that a pair of eyes had been peeping over the shrubs just behind them.

Evangeline felt oppressed and out of spirits, she could not tell why. The system to which she was subject was affecting her, though she was not aware of it. She was seated in her dear Mrs. Margaret's room, to which she now retired when she wished to be alone, when the door opened, and in rushed young Sir Guy and threw himself into a chair by her side. His countenance was flushed; he stuttered as he spoke. She had never seen him so angry.

"Evangeline, I'll break the heads of those two arrant scoundrels, and then go and enlist in a cavalry regiment!" he exclaimed.

And he then told her, in a few broken sentences, that he had overheard every word of a plot to induce her to marry Mr. Dimsdale.

"The oily villains! I don't know which I hate the most of the two!" he exclaimed, doubling his fists and grinding his teeth.

"We should hate no one, my dear Guy," said Evangeline, who had become very pale at her brother's recital. "It was providential that you overheard the plot of these two men—forewarned, forearmed. Poor mamma! I shall now know how to treat Mr. Dimsdale; and though I may be subject to some annoyance, no greater harm can come of it."

It was long, however, before she could pacify her brother, and induce him to promise her to do nothing rashly.

Mr. Dimsdale presented himself at dinner, and, by her freezing manner, must have had an idea that something was wrong. Sir Guy had gone out when he heard that Mr. Dimsdale was coming, leaving word that he should not return to dinner.

That evening, soon after the ladies had left the dining-room, Evangeline saw from the window of her boudoir several people coming towards the house, and bearing something between them. She looked again. It was the body of a man. A trembling seized her. She hurried down-stairs. Her worst fears were realised. Her brother—and, in spite of his faults, she loved him dearly—was a corpse. He had

gone down to the river, intending, as was supposed, to take a row, to give himself time to cool his anger before meeting his step-father. He must have overbalanced himself when standing up in the boat, and, falling over, had got his legs entangled in the weeds. The empty boat, his hat, and an oar floating lower down the stream, had attracted notice, and induced those who found them to search for the young baronet. His body had been found just below the surface of the clear water. Lady Clarissa had been for some time out of health. She, also, looking out of a window, and seeing that something was wrong, hurried down-stairs and met the corpse of her over-indulged and doted-on only son. She uttered a loud scream, and fell senseless to the ground. She never rallied, and died on the day her son was buried. On the morning of that day Captain Headley, who had just paid off his ship, arrived to act as one of the mourners. Evangeline wanted one with strong mind, right principle, and good judgment, to give her advice and support.

"Dear Richard, you must stay and help me. These two men—I scarcely know how to act towards them. They fearfully increase my difficulties."

Mr. Dimsdale, under the plea of affording religious counsel to Lady Clarissa, or rather to Evangeline, for her mother could not comprehend a word said to her, had been a daily visitor to the Tower.

"Leave them to me, and I will dispose of them," said Captain Headley. "I will tell them that your poor brother overheard their conversation in the shrubbery, and that it was the indirect cause of his death. This will be sufficient ground for my forbidding Dimsdale the house. Decency will compel us to treat Mr. Floyd in a different way, but I will take effective steps to get rid of him."

"Oh, tell him that he has my sincere forgiveness, but that as it would be doubly painful for me to see him, I trust that he will not insist on it," exclaimed Evangeline. "Mamma settled five thousand pounds on him, and I should like to settle the same amount, which will enable him, I hope, to live with comfort."

"As to that, my dear cousin, as you are not of age, you cannot act unless through your guardians. Mr. Floyd shall know your kind intentions, but perhaps, before the time arrives, you will have cause to alter them."

Long before the settlement could be made, the Rev. Arthur Floyd showed the tendency of his system, and became a priest of the Church of Rome. As might have been supposed, Mrs. Margaret Oswald was induced once more to return south to assist her young friend in her arduous duties as mistress of Harroldstone Tower, and it was she who managed to let Captain Headley know that he would add very much to the happiness of its mistress if he offered to become its master. The Countess of Humdrum left the neighbourhood; Sir Toby Flimsy died; and many other frequenters of St. Ninan's and subscribers having fallen off, Mr. Dimsdale thought it prudent to accept a cure in London, and Captain Headley got a sound Protestant incumbent appointed to the church.

SIGHS, SMILES, AND SKETCHES.

IMAGINARY events and delineations of character, whether separately considered or mingled in composition, do not constitute poetry. It is true that poetry is the offspring of the imaginative faculty considered in its essence, but it must be combined with images generated by association. These images are often peculiar, and at times owe their attraction to indistinctness of outline, or to the shadowy rather than the substantial. Simplicity conjoined with metrical harmony is also a great charm in poetical idealism, and the more simple it is in itself, if true to nature, the more fascinating to the discriminating spirit. There shall be no other adopted than the simplest language and the more common images, and yet the combination shall be highly effective. We remember sitting one evening with the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" when some lines were produced, among which was the following stanza in a note from the writer, a clergyman of considerable taste. We quote from memory a long-past event, but accurately enough to show the discriminating taste of the author of some of our more classical and harmonious verse :

Morn, evening came, the ocean smiled,
The waves broke gently on the shore,
As if they ne'er had man beguiled,
And never would beguile him more.

Again and again did the poet repeat those lines, praising their beautiful simplicity and full efficiency both in regard to the sense and choice of language.

It is such an efficiency connected with idealism that leads us beyond this "visible diurnal sphere," constituting much of the merit and enjoyment of our purer poetry. The invention cannot here claim but a part of the merit. The novelist invents and draws his characters from imagination, but he only embodies existing life, the more faithfully the better, especially when he approaches in his combinations real but peculiar and nice traits of character and passion ; but all must be confined to idealisms that are pictures of every-day existence. The poet is not thus confined. He may give new creations, with shapes, names, and habitations "to airy nothings," for he alone, to quote Bacon, "accommodates the shows of things to the desires of the mind."

The simplicity so truthful and attractive, that charms without meretriciousness, and leads away the feeling without pretension, was never less common than at present. Volume upon volume of verse, and often of prose mistaken for verse, appears, but without moving the passions, elevating the desires, or exhibiting one touch of that ethereal fire from the altar of the Muses which so warms us in the poetry of the past. Has Plutus been tampering with the muses of our island as well as with the honesty of principle of which it once boasted ? Subjects enough remain to tempt higher flights. Even the commonest may be made highly poetical. It is an ill mode of treatment and sterility of fancy that we everywhere discern. The Daisy turned up with the Plough, of Burns, is as attractive in the sight of true taste as ever ; but then the lines are

etherealised by genius, and rest upon their own simple effectiveness of treatment, without that unmeaning common-place which is now so prevalent, and pleases more than sense.

But we must go no further, or we shall fall under the accusation of hypercriticism by those who may attribute to the individual what is designed to be understood as general in the poetical character of the time.

We have thus "far-wandered" from the perusal of a volume of poetry, entitled "*Sighs, Smiles, and Sketches*," which came into our hands the other day, written by J. G. Maxwell, M.A., and, though printed in London, having no town bookseller's name, and only that of Wood, Barnstaple. In a volume mingling the grave and gay, the first lines we read were denominated "*The Widow's Woodbine*." Simple enough in title, we asked ourselves, "What can be made of such a theme?"

We need not repeat what has been said a thousand times, that on trivial, unpretending subjects the true genius of poetry still knows how to vindicate itself, and to clothe the most insignificant subjects in garments "dipped in heaven." "*A widow's woodbine!*"—what can even a poet make of that? Yet more feeling, truthful verse we never read—truthful in regard to poetic beauty, yet so simple. In this lies their charm. Full of feeling, too; in this respect such lines we have rarely read. Are we right or wrong in thus considering them? Let the reader in these days of distempered verse judge for himself. Let him say whether simplicity, tenderness, and a happy diction are not found here, and whether he will not confess that, not designing irreverence in the phrase, the poet can create what is attractive and beautiful "out of nothing."

The simplicity and feeling in the lines alluded to must, we think, be confessed by every reader of genuine taste.

The woodbine o'er my cottage door
That trails along the trellised wall,
What loving faces, now no more,
What happy days its flowers recal!
E'en as I pressed my husband's side,
Ere yet our honeyed month had fled,
And sought my cottage home, a bride,
Its blossoms dropped upon my head.
My first-born scented its perfume,
And stretched his dimpled arms and smiled;
I little thought its summer bloom
Would deck the grave-clothes of my child!
Sway'd by the wind at night, its rap
Will sound against my lattice pane,
And mind me of the signal tap
Of one who'll ne'er come home again.
When moonlight silvers every leaf,
And glittering sparks of dew appear,
I fancy that it shares my grief,
And count each crystal drop a tear!
In early spring, its flowers among,
I hear a sweet familiar strain;
The thrush awakes me with his song,
And pleasure mingles with my pain.

A widow now, forlorn and lone,
 I soon shall join those gone before;
 The thrush shall sing when I am gone,
 The woodbine still droop o'er the door

The *simplex munditiis* of the old Roman poet may be seen reflected here in the garb worn by the legitimate muse, so true and so wholly foreign to the gauds and verbiage of the prevalent fashionable attire. How much that is delightful to the mind may be wrought out of the most unpretending subjects!

After all, we must look to nature in the country for those poetic themes which are most precious to the human heart. Despite the crowd and medley of humanity in large cities, we can feel and enjoy the muse unalloyed only by "clear spring, and shady grove, and sunny hill." She will be most loved and enjoyed when, in her loveliest array, she calls

—the vales, and bids them hither cast
 Their bells and flowrets of a thousand hues!

continuing, as in her days of early maiden loveliness and innocence, to haunt where whispers are heard from

—wanton winds and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparcely looks;

and where all the ground is "purpled with vernal showers," not forgetting

The rathe primrose that forsaken dies.

With much of true poetry in the volume before us, omissions might have been advantageously made from not harmonising with the more elevated and serious portion. "Gorgeous tragedy, with sceptred pall," must march alone. Sweet and feeling strains clash with the empty and jovial laugh of the offspring of Thalia. Thus, when our noblest tragedies in days of yore held "meet audience" in the theatre, their moral effect was injured by afterpieces of levity.

The verse in this volume appeals to the feelings with a simplicity too rare to be fully appreciated in these days of affectation in everything. The following lines are part of some verses to a friend upon the death of his sister—how true to nature and faithful to fact and feeling!

'Tis sad to lose the loving face
 That cast its sunshine o'er our dwelling,
 To look upon one vacant place,
 To miss one voice, its welcome telling!
 But when, unlooked-for, fate lays low
 Some kindred heart, some friend long cherished,
 We scarce can realise the blow,
 Nor deem that one so loved has perished!

The "watcher" is a fanciful but gloomy theme, effective from its indistinctness. We think the piece entitled "The Only Hope" should have concluded at the third stanza. It would have been more effective. The following on the death of a child is in the good old strain of treating similar subjects. It is almost epigrammatic in the ever-hallowed taste of the land of the Muses, and of old Meleager's verse:

Nay, grieve not for the gentle spirit fled,
O'er Milly's grave let tears of joy be shed :
A flood of love that shone in truth's bright ray,
Welled from her soul, and burst its bonds of clay.
From earth to heaven her spirit wing'd its course,
And joined the boundless ocean of its source ;
Or, as the freshening dew and summer rain
Drop but to seek their native skies again,
So the sweet child, too pure for mortal love,
Just brightened earth, then sought her home above.

In the same strain are the lines entitled "In Memoriam," equally touching and beautiful. In the "light division" of the volume we might quote "The Lady Grace," verses humorous and effective ; but "Tears and Smiles," as well as the characteristics of local dialect, are anti-pathetic, too much so for our congruous predisposition ; not that they are without effect, but that, perhaps, we are somewhat too serious in humour at the moment, and must refer to the "Sketches" in place of dwelling upon the specimens of Devonian classical conferences. Our observations of the former, too, might be more worthily extended if it depended upon the merit of the quotations.

Of the "Sketches," full of nature and feeling, "The Old Church at Home" might be quoted as another excellent example of the taste and feeling which come home to every man's business and bosom. It is, in fact, a descriptive scene for such an artist as Wilkie to study for a picture. It is a painting in itself, full of truth, sensibility, and fidelity to nature. It possesses that exactitude in description, without too great a minuteness, which tells so well in similar delineations. The "old church" closes with that natural summary, so obvious and yet so true, read in an address to the edifice :

Old church, the water from thy fount bedew'd my infant brow ;
From thee I led a blushing bride, the wife that cheers me now ;
And when kind Heaven shall call me hence, and bid my wanderings cease,
Beside thy primrose mound I hope to rest my head in peace !

"The Heron" verses, so entitled, are equally true to nature. We have watched the heron, too, in days of yore, and heard his "wild cry," and seen "his long wings flap" as he soared aloft to the heaven. "The winds" in dialogue, and that of the waves, are both truly poetical :

We thunder against the dark cliff's side,
And the nautilus floats on our gentle tide ;
Like passions that play in the human breast,
To-day we revel, to-morrow we rest.

There is, then, in this volume the true inspiration, the pure love of the natural and distaste of the sophisticated, and of the mutabilities of the common-place world, its self-delusions and pursuit of motive shadows. The love that meets not disappointment is ever that of the true and simple, as well as of the virtuous and enduring—however unaspiring the wish. Give me the place by the kitchen fire :

When my pipe draws well, and the logs burn free,
Leave your carpeted halls for "my lord," and the "'squire,"
Stone floors and a blazing hearth for me !

So sings our author in a piece called "The Kitchen Fire;" and though a country gentleman on his estate, he is one of the very few of the character who exhibit a taste and feeling in these times similar to that displayed in this volume, from which we are sorry we cannot quote more extensively. We think that the intermixture of the light with the serious is seldom effective, because it neutralises wholesome impressions. Some change might be advantageously made in this respect should another edition follow the present. It is seldom we meet in these days with so much sensibility, purity of thought, and happy fidelity of description combined; and if there are oversights in the lighter pieces, they are not so numerous as to interfere with the more sober, the beauty and simplicity and feeling in which we have not often seen rivalled amid too many poetical affectations of the passing hour. We must end this brief notice of the serious poetry with the closing stanza of the volume, making the desire our own:

Give me a nook in the hearts of the brave,
Little care I where they make my grave—
In the old abbey, or under a tree,
So my songs be sung by the pure and free!

Finally, of the humorous pieces we recommend the "Crinolinead," and its execrable appendages and monstrosities, to the fair sex who go Maying in them. The fair wearers, if alarmed by an attack from a bull, as some of our poet's fair friends were, will be in a most perilous situation in their attempt to escape through bushes and brambles, the bull in full cry after them. We must give the "Moral" of this tale out of regard for the fair sex; the whole is too long to extract:

It really is a dreadful pity
That you dear girls with forms so pretty
Should spoil the symmetry we prize
With crinoline of such a size.
In the Hottentot's untutor'd mind,
The line of beauty lies behind,
And she most charms the simple nigger
Whose form is than her neighbour's bigger.
In England we make no pretensions
To rate your worth by your dimensions,
Indeed I never could discover
That hoop and horsehair gained a lover,
Or that true passion's tender tale
Was e'er invoked by farthingale.
Then prithee quit your iron fences,
And monstrous hoops—such false pretences
Afford to traitors no resistance,
But keep true lovers at a distance.
I fain from fire and jeers would save ye,
So keep the form that nature gave ye—
At least, you'd better home be staying,
Than go in crinoline a Maying!

Solomon, king of the Jews, could not have given his seven hundred wives more tasteful advice, if the fair Hebrews ever enjoyed May-days.

CYRUS REDDING.

IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," "STRATHMORE,"* &c.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

RIEN QUE TOI.

CHAPTER XIV.

"UNTO THIS LAST."

THE Greek let the slender blade of steel slide back into its case.

"That is well," he said, simply, while the radiance of his conquest played all over his arched lips and his fair brow; then, without other words, he took his way across the stretch of sands, and many yards onward swept back a deep screen of ivy and acanthus that closed the mouth of a fissure in the rocks, and veiled it so darkly that no sign of the break in the great mass of stone was seen. He signed to her to enter: she obeyed him; having once made her election, it was not in her afterwards to pause, to waver, to retract; having submitted herself to his power for another's sake, she ceased to protest against that power's use. The screen of matted foliage fell behind her, shutting out the day; before her stretched the gloom of a long narrow arching passage-way, hollowed through the thickness of the cliff, half sea-wrought and half pierced by men. She had come thither once in bygone years when the great pleader, Fiesoli, had hidden there, proscribed for too fearless a defence of a political prisoner; she passed straight onward now through the thick darkness, her hand on her hound's mane to still his longing rage, her tyrant following in her steps, flushed with the wine of success, yet silenced by a vague and restless disquietude.

The length of the cavern wound like a tangled skein through the depth of stone, no light breaking through it, and the air was chill, and close, and dank, like the air of a tomb; it was cramped and tortuous, and the hard jagged surface of the rock bruised her as she went. Once he stretched out his hand to guide her; she shook it off as though it stung her, and passed on alone, more rapidly, and full as calmly as though she swept down some sun-lighted terrace amongst the roses of a golden summer-time.

"She will never *fear*!" he thought; and to the heart of the man that unconquerable courage of a woman brought a sullen impatient wondering veneration. He was a coward—a coward at the mere gleam of steel, at the mere common, vulgar terrors of physical peril; but in her he had never known one pulse of fear. There was a pang of wistful, painful envy in his thoughts for that one greatness which nature gave to her and had denied to him.

At the far end of the vault a fitful ruddy light was gleaming; it came

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from the flame, now leaping, now sinking, of a fire made of brushwood and the boughs of the maritime pine. Where the fire burned the passage opened out into a wider vault, divided into two or three arched chambers—natural caverns widened and heightened by art, and roughly made, by benches, and skins, and stands of arms, and beds of osiers covered with soldiers' rugs, into a camp-semblance of habitation. A rude place, yet not comfortless, and with a wild beauty of its own, as the flame flashed on the many colours of the riven stone, and the stalactites that hung above broke in the glow into a diamond brilliance—a place that had been once the subterranean way of a great castle, which had long crumbled down to dust upon the cliffs above; then the nest of roving pirates; lastly, the refuge of proscribed revolutionists—of men who suffered for liberty of speech, and were content to perish under the deathly chillness of their country's deepest night, so that through them the dawn might break for others later on. The sea-den was still as a grave, and well-nigh as lonely; only by the pine-logs sat a boy of sixteen or so, with his fair curls turning to a red gold in their dancing flames, and his beautiful young *Rafaëlle* face drooped pale and weary over them.

It was the lad Berto, left sentinel whilst his comrades spent the day-break seeking a vessel down the shore. He was but a child; but he had long put away childish things; years before he had seen two of his brethren fall side by side in an *émeute* of Milan; and ere then had been borne, in infancy, in a mountain flight in his mother's arms, and had kept as his first memory of life the echo of his own vain cries when her heart grew still under his eager caress, and there flowed from her breast a deep stream like the purple flood that wells forth when the grapes are pressed—for the Papal troops had shot down like a chamois the woman who dared love, and follow, and bear sons to a republican rebel.

He started, and rose with a sentinel's challenge; then, as he saw who came, bowed low; the weary sternness of his fair face never changed in boyish sport, or youthful laughter, or under the light of a girl's shy eyes. Wrong had been stamped heavily on him too early; and if in his future life the purity and greatness of high aims should be marred in him by an unchangeable unrelenting chillness, like the chillness of St. Just, the evil would lie with the tyranny which had made the warmth of his rosy mouth die out on the ice of his mother's bosom.

Idalia moved forward to within the circle of the watch-fire, lighted as the sole means they had to illumine the gloom; there was a deadly calmness in the mechanical actions that sent a thrill through the child Berto as he watched her where she sank down on the log covered with a shaggy ox-hide that he had vacated. She seemed unconscious of his presence; and he knew that more than mere physical peril, which he had many a time seen her meet so carelessly, was upon her now.

Phaulcon touched him. "I will look to the fire, Berto; go and sleep. You need it."

"Her Excellency permits?" asked the boy.

He spoke hesitatingly, reverentially. Beside the flower-hung waters of Verona he had known this woman, now a homeless fugitive, ride through the heat of conflict, and dismount and gather the spent balls under a raking enfilade, and heap them in her skirts, and mount him on her

charger to bear them to the revolutionary brigades, whilst she stayed on at her dangerous gleanings.

She looked at him pityingly, but there was that in the look which Berto had never seen but once—when a woman of the Northern Isles had toiled wearily, begging her way, into Rome to look once more on her son's face, and had reached in time to see the last earth thrown upon his coffin, whilst in the fair spring morning the French drums rolled a cruel music through the violet odours of the burial-place, and over the majesty and the shame of the great prostituted city.

"Yes, go," she said, briefly; "you need rest. I will take your watch."

She drew his rifle to her, and leaned her hands upon its mouth.

The boy went obedient; in one of the inner hollows that served as bed-chambers his couch of grass was spread; he had not lain down for three nights, and sleep sealed his eyes as soon as their lids were closed. Across the flame of the pine-logs the Greek watched her, irresolute, embarrassed by his own success. It was dark as midnight in the heart of the pierced sea-wall; the play of the rising and falling flames fell irregularly on the gloom; she sat motionless, as she had sat upon the shore, her clasped hands resting on the slanted rifle, the tawny splendour of the fire cast on the splendour of her face.

She thought no more of him; she thought alone of the man who would return to find her lost once more—the man she must forsake or must betray—whose body she must give to slaughter, or whose soul she must slay by abandonment. She looked down into the fantastic flicker of the resinous boughs as she had looked down into the ripple of the waters; and, as he watched her, the same shame which had moved him for his sins to her, when he had heard of her as within the power of Giulio Villafior, stirred in her companion; it ever slumbered in him; at times it woke and stung him, yet it never stayed him from his sacrifice of her to the needs of his own craft, the lusts of his own avarice. To serve himself, he had warped and misled the idealic ambitions, the fearless genius, the poet's faith, the hero's visions, that he had found in her in her earliest youth; to serve himself, he had taught the keenness of her intellect intrigue, fanned her worship of freedom into recklessness, snared her to evil through the noblest passions that beat in her, taught her to hold her beauty as a mask, a weapon, a lure, a purchase-coin; to serve himself, he had roused her bravery into defiance, her pride into unmerciful scorn, her wit into sceptic cruelty; and, when these were done, went further, and soiled the fairness of her life with the dusky imperishable stain of lip-rumoured dishonour, and let the stain rest so that the world saw it as a reality; whilst she, knowing it false as foul, became too proud, too careless, and too callous to appeal against a world so credulous of evil, so incredulous of good, but took up, in the haughty courage of an outraged dignity the outlawry which injustice contumeliously cast to her, and lived and fought, enjoyed and suffered, in grand contempt of all opinion, accepting as her sentence the *yo contra todos, y todos contra yo*, until such isolation and such contest became to her things of preference and triumph. He knew that he had done this guilt against her—partly in the cruelty of egotism that profited through her injury, partly in the blindness of partisanship that thought all means justified to secure its end, chiefly, beyond all, in a rankling jealousy of those posses-

sions and that inheritance which had made her so rich in power and in gold, whilst he was penniless and an adventurer—jealousy that the lavishness of her gift, the generosity of her thought, never tempered, but inflamed. He knew that he had done this, and that of his own act he had turned the tenderness of her heart towards him into abhorrence, had changed the love and the faith she had once borne him into the hatred of a proud woman for her oppressor, of a fearless temper for a coward, of a slandered honour for its traitor and its traducer. He knew that long before, in those bygone years, when he had crowned her young head with the wild laurel-leaves of Livada, and wooed her with subtle words to the Delphian laurels of a perilous strife and a perilous fame, the Greek child had fastened her deep eyes on him as though he were a god, and believed in him as though the voice of Delphos spoke in his; and he knew that of his own act he had made the woman on whom he looked now, in the dusky ruby heat of the uncertain flame, scorn him with all the force of her imperious intellect, shrink from him with all the abhorrence of a brave nature for a craven's sins, and alone withhold her lips from curses on him as the ruin of her life, because memories that he had outraged had still their sanctity for her—because to the oaths he had broken she yet remained faithful.

It had been wanton destruction he had wrought; it was irrevocable loss he had sustained. Some sense of all he had forfeited and killed when he had become her worst traitor, and had made the eyes that once sought his in love cast on him their righteous scorn, smote him heavily and restlessly now, as they sat, with the burning of the watch-fire between them, alone in the cavernous gloom. In the whiteness and the immutability of her face there was a grandeur that awed him; despite the weariness and alteration of fatigue, of fasting, of endurance, it was the stern, noble, disdainful beauty of the Vassalis race that he hated—Greek in its type, Eastern in its calm. He thought of the great palace of the Vassalis stronghold, far eastward, crowning its mighty throne of cedar-covered hills with the treasures of ages in its innumerable chambers, and its sun-lightened plains rich in vine and olive and date, and watered by a thousand winding streams deep and cool under lentiscus shadows; all that her great race had owned, and over which she had rule.

"If that had been mine—not hers—I would never have harmed her," he thought. "Wealth is the devil of the world."

The intense silence, the night-like darkness on which the white smoke floated mistily with an aromatic scent, were horribly oppressive to him; he had the nervous susceptibilities of a vivacious and womanish nature. He addressed her; she did not reply. He set food and wine beside her; she did not note them; she sat immovable. The intense strain on all physical and mental power brought its reaction; a dull stupor, like that of opiates, steeped her limbs, her sight, her brain, in its lifeless apathy.

He looked at her till he grew sick with the heat of the flames, with the blackness of the shadows, with the spice of the pine-perfume, with dead memories that would come to him do what he would. He rose impetuously: he had been on foot or in saddle many days and nights, eating scantily, sleeping still less; all his frame was aching, and his eyeballs were scorched with want of rest.

"You will not leave here?" he asked her, half imperiously, half hesitatingly, since, though he commanded, he yet feared her.

"No."

"You give me your word?"

"Yes."

"Then I will go seek for Veni. He should be here ere now."

"Go."

The monosyllables were cold, impassive, unwavering; to her he could be, now and hereafter, but an assassin, whose crime had been frustrated by hazard, yet could be none the less vile because in its issue foiled. She obeyed him lest a worse thing should come unto the man he had already wronged, but she submitted herself to him in nought else.

He knew that, her promise given, twenty avenues of escape might open to her, and she would still profit by none; he had known her keep her word and redeem her bond at risk and cost that might well have extenuated her abandonment of both. He turned quickly from the watch-fire, and went down into the shadow of the farther recesses, whence a steep cramped stairway, cut upwards through the rock, led, like the shaft of a mine, into the lowest chambers of the building high above on the crest of the cliff—the bell-tower of the fallen castle, bare and crumbling to ruin, deserted, except when, as now, some fugitive who knew its secret sought its subterranean shelter. The stair was perpendicular and difficult of ascent; he thrust himself slowly up it and into the dull twilight, that by contrast looked clear as noon, of the basement square of the campanile. He had no fear that she would fail in her promise, but he had fear—a certain superstitious fear—of that grave, colourless, magnificent face bent above the pine-glow; he could not stay longer under the sense that her eyes were on him, under the scourge of her unuttered scorn, under the mute reproach that her mere life was to him. He would not loose her to freedom, but he feared her. He breathed more freely when he left the darkness of the cavern for the upper earth; he was fevered and fatigued, and timorous of the danger round them as any long-chased stag; he cast himself down to rest awhile on the thick soft lichens covering the tower stones, close beside the mouth of the shaft, up which every faintest sound from the hollow den below came up to him as distinct upon the rarefied air as up the passage of an aural tube.

Alone, by the blazing tumbled heap of pine-wood, her attitude never changed; the light played on the metal of the rifle, in the red-brown of the hound's eyes, on the scarlet and the gold of her soiled and torn masque dress; beyond, on every side, stretched the dense Rembrandt shade of the vault; her eyes, wakeful with a terrible wakefulness that seemed as though it would never again relax and sink to sleep, never stirred from the one spot in the red embers, which they looked at without knowing what they saw.

"It is but just," she thought, with that stern, unsparing, self-judgment which was strong in her as her disdain was strong for the judgments of the world. "I never paused for any destruction; it is but just that I must destroy the only life I prize."

And, as she thought, her eyes filled with a great agony. Justice on herself it might be, but how unjust upon the guiltless!—upon this man

who spent his heart, his honour, his very existence on her, only by her to be betrayed or be forsaken.

Through all the varied dangers of her past, her courage, her genius, her instinct, her prowess, had borne her out, even when at loss and with sacrifice, unscathed and unconquered ; here at last no one of these availed her, but she was bound, powerless and paralysed, under the net of circumstance. Before this she had never been vanquished ; now, she was chained down, beyond escape, beneath the weight of an intolerable oppression.

The pine-embers glowing crimson on the grey ash-dust seemed to stand out like letters of flame—writing of fire that glowed around upon the blackness of the shadows, and seemed as though it repeated in a thousand shapes the words that had fettered all her life. Words uttered so long ago under the great dim oak glades of Greece, while the stars burned down through the solemn woods, and the moan of classic waters stole through the stillness of the night. Words that she had thought bound her by holy withes to noble thoughts, to sacred aims, to patriot souls, to the ransom of the nations, to the armies of the truth. Words pledged with a child's faith, with a poet's enthusiasm, with a visionary's hope, with the all-belief of youth, and with the glow of ambitions too high for earth, too proud for heaven. Words dictated by lips that she had trusted then as though an angel's bidding spoke by them. Words that whilst she thought they but allied her to those who suffered the martyrdom of liberators, who fought for the freedom of speech, and creed, and act, and who were banded together for the deliverance of enchained peoples, fettered her, she knew too late, into the power of one man, into the obedience of evil.

She had taken her oath to Conrad Phaulcon and to his cause, whilst, in the splendour of her dreams and the ignorance of her gracious youth, she had held the one a stainless patriot, the other a glorified martyrdom; she had been trepanned through the truest beauty of her nature, blinded through the purest desires of her heart. The patriot was a knave, but the more perilous because also a coward; the cause was a lie, but the more perilous because it stole, and draped itself in, the toga of Gracchus, in the garb of an eternal truth.

Slowly she had awakened to the sure agony through which all youth passes—the agony of disillusion. Slowly she had awakened to the knowledge that in giving herself to the service of liberty she had delivered herself into an unalterable thralldom; that the guide whom she had followed, as she deemed, to the fruition of idealised ambitions and the attainment of a stainless fame, was but a false prophet with a tarnished glory only in his gift, was but an outlawed and necessitous Camorrist, who saw in her beauty, and her talent, and her wide wealth from the vast Eastern fief, so many means whereby to enrich himself and to ensnare all others. And when she had learned it, and felt its bitter falsehood eat into her very soul, he, lest she should break from him, had cast subtly about her that poisonous film of imputed dishonour which once breathed never passes ; he had done it ruthlessly, or, rather, let others do it and never said them nay, which served as well. She had been sacrificed, true; but that had been of little account to him, since through it the gold, and the harvests, and the luxury of the Roumelian possessions were shared by him. His name alone, spoken with hers, had cast shadow enough to

darken it. Then, when that last evil had been done against her, she had grown hardened to this world, which so easily believed against her; she had grown callous to this outlawry, which was pronounced against her through the errors of another. She was wronged—she did not stoop to appeal or to protest; the bravery of her nature steeled into defiance, the independence of her life accepted willingly an isolation which yet was a sovereignty. She had a wide vengeance in her power, and she took it—with too little mercy.

Those memories thronged on her as they had thronged on her foe in the loneliness of the sea-vault, whilst that vow of implicit obedience to his will, of unvarying association with his schemes, of eternal silence on his tie to her, and of eternal devotion to the interests of his order, which had many a time aroused in her such passionate and contemptuous rebellion even whilst she repaid his betrayal by fidelity, now seemed to stand out before her in the fantastic lines of the hot embers.

That oath had coiled about her many a time, had stifled, and bruised, and worn, and stung her beneath all the pleasures of her abundant life, had made her the compelled accomplice of harm she strove to avert, had poisoned those enterprises and those perils which were to her the sweetest savour of her years, had bound her down into an abhorred fealty to a dastard, and had driven her to loathe the sight of those fair hills and stately palaces whose heritage had rendered her the envy of her tyrant. Now it wound round another life than hers. She would have accepted as retributive justice all that could have befallen herself, but here she could not suffer alone.

“How can I save him? How can I save him?” she thought unceasingly; save him not alone from bodily peril and the fruit of his own noble rashness, but from the curse of the love he bore her.

All she could do for him was to save his mortal life; all she could be faithful to him in was to withhold from betraying him. Her nature was strong, and she could have wrung her own heart, burned out her own desires, put away from herself all peace for ever without faltering, could she thereby have purchased oblivion and rest for him; but these things were unpurchasable; his suffering through her was irremediable, and to endure this knowledge she had no strength.

Time passed; she sat still there, her hands clasped round the rifle, her head drooped on its mouth, the flames now dying low to darkness, and now upleaping towards the black roof of the quarried rock. Motionless there, with the tawny lustre of the fire on her, she looked like a statue of bronze, the outline of that attitude of frozen vitality, of mute despair, thrown out distinct in the hot ruddy light against the darkness of the cavern around. A deadening insensibility stole on her; she thought, and thought, and thought, till thought grew an unmeaning chaos; the lengthened want of sleep brought on her the numbness of death by snow-drift; she heard nothing, saw nothing, knew nothing, till a hand touched her, and a voice was on her ear.

“Oh, God! what horror you gave me! I traced the footsteps on the sands down to the mouth of this den, or else——”

The words died on Erceldoune's lips, arrested there by the look he saw upon her face as it was raised and turned to him. In a breathless, pitiless silence they looked upon each other, her head turned back over her

shoulder in an intensity of terror that looked the terror of an infinite guilt, her whole frame shuddering from him, her haughty beauty changed into a shamed and shrinking thing of fear. He, who had prayed that the seas might cover him if once her eyes fell beneath his own, read worse than his death-sentence in that look. His arms, that had been stretched out to her, sank; out of his gaze, that had sought hers in such eager wonder, all the light died; over his face passed the stern, cold, dark agony of doubt.

"You fear me—you!"

The words were few, but they bore to her ear a reproach beyond all others—a reproach too noble in its rebuke to quote the thousand claims upon her trust and honour that his acts had gained. They called her to herself—to the one memory left her—that he must be saved. Her head fell—she had not strength to look on him—and she put him backward from her with a piteous gesture.

"I fear for you. Go—go—go! This place is death."

"Your place is mine. Why are you here?"

She answered nothing; she cowered there in the play of the fire's glow, whilst ever and again her glance sought the gloom of the cavern's recesses as a hunted stag's seeks the haunts of the forest whence his hunters may spring. She had said that she would keep truth both to her tyrant and to her saviour; she had said that she would never again touch with hers the hand of the man whom her caress would betray; she had no intent but to be faithful to both bonds. But she had not looked for the ordeal of the actual presence, of the visible torture, of him whom she had consented to forsake; she had no courage to face these; she had taken no thought of how to bid him know their divorce was absolute and eternal. She was usurped by the one knowledge of the jeopardy his life was in whilst near him was the criminal who before had sought it—the criminal she had sworn to screen.

His eyes softened with an infinite yearning as he saw her misery; it was not in him to harbour doubt whilst pity could be needed; his nature was long-suffering and blindly generous; he only remembered that the woman for whom he would have died a thousand deaths was there in her anguish before him—anguish that was for his sake, and was beyond his aid. He forgot all else, with that noble oblivion of a mind that takes no thought for itself. He stooped and strove to lift her up to his embrace.

"Why have you left me? What is it on you? If danger, I share it; if evil, I pardon it."

She drew herself back before his arms could raise her, and let her head sink lower and lower until her forehead touched his feet;—that dauntless brow that had never bent to monarchs or to prelates, nor drooped beneath threat or before peril.

"As you have loved me, loathe me. Go!"

Leaning over her, he heard the faintly whispered words; he started with a shiver that ran through all his limbs; the memory of the guilt imputed to her rolled back on him, like a great sudden wave of recollection, that broke down beneath it every other thought. "It is a traitress of whom we speak," it had been said to him; it looked the remorse of a traitress that abased her at his feet.

He stood above her, not raising her, not touching her, the unspeakable love and compassion in him straining to contest the doubt that froze his blood, the doubt that still seemed to his loyalty of soul so vile a crime against her. He was silent many moments, while the heavy throbs of his heart beat audibly on the stillness. Cast there before him in the hot half-light, all her beauty of form tempted him with remorseless temptation. So that she were his, what matter what else she should be, guilty or guiltless, dishonoured or honoured, with death or with peace in her kiss, with cruelty or with mercy on her lips? All his soul went out to her in a great cry:

"Oh, God! you are mine—you are mine! What do I ask else—or care?"

It was the baser strength of his passion that cried out in those burning words; their fire thrilled her, their echo awoke in her; yet with them the force, which had never before then failed her, revived. Here lay his danger—this danger, born of her own loveliness, that would abase him, and allure him, and destroy him; this danger, which filled her with one instinct alone, the instinct to tear him at all cost from this snake's nest which held his foe, to compel him at all hazards from herself, through whom his destruction came. She rose and locked her hands upon his arm, and pressed him forward out towards the mouth of the cavern.

"Go—go! This place is death for you."

"What!—and you are here?"

The words were stern, with the sternness of doubt and of demand, as he drew himself back from her hold, and looked down into her face with a look that had never been in his eyes before when they had gazed on hers. The longing of his heart and the agony of suspicion strove within him against each other.

A smile passed over her face—the smile that is the resignation, the self-irony, of an absolute despair.

"He doubts at last!" she thought. "He can be saved through that."

And she had strength in her to hope from her soul that such doubt might wrong her deeply enough to spare this man some portion of his pang—might make her in his sight loathsome enough to be thrust out from every memory, cursed yet unregretted.

That smile stung him as scorpions sting; he crushed her in his arms ere she could escape him, in the ferocity of an intense torture.

"You smile at my misery? Are you, then, the thing that they say—the beautiful, pitiless, glorious, infamous temptress, seducing men to your will that they may perish in your work, binding them by their passions that they may die at your bidding? Ah! my love, my love! only look in my eyes as an hour ago, and I will curse myself that I ever asked you such shame; only let your lips touch mine with their sweetness, and the whole world shall call you traitress, but I shall know you truth?"

The impetuous, wild words poured out unchecked, incoherent; he scarcely knew what he uttered; he only knew that the kiss of this woman would outweigh with him the witness of all mankind. They burned deep down into her heart; they brought the subtlety of temptation to her, insidious, sweet, and rank as honey-hidden poison. Her honour broken

with one, her past withheld from the other; a bond ruptured, a silence kept; this only done, and the sweetness of liberty and the liberty of love were hers.

But she thrust it from her; here she had no pity for herself, and here she had pity—exhaustless and filled with an unsparing self-reproach—for this man, who out of the very nobility of his soul, the very guilelessness of his trust, fell thus beneath her feet, and hung his life upon her. She had been merciless to others, devoting them to her need, breaking them through their own weakness, with the un pitying contempt and rigour of intellectual disdain and of sensuous allurements; here she was merciless unto herself; here she bent, and broke, and cast away all her own life without pause or compassion. That which she had done to others she did also to herself.

She unloosed herself from his hold, and looked at him with the cold, unnatural tranquillity which had had its terror even for the Greek.

“Who has called me a traitress?”

His eager eyes burned down with imploring appeal into her own; the ardent fealty that would have disbelieved the voice of Heaven against her glowed through the heavy shadows of pain and dread upon his face.

“A traitor himself—a liar who shall eat his lie in the dust. God forgive me that I uttered the word to you; but you speak to me strangely, you drive me beside myself;—doubt has not touched me against you; I would not soil you with so much as suspicion. Oh! my loved one, your honour was safe with me;—do not think that one shaft of his told, that one moment of belief gave him triumph. He spoke infamy against you, it is true, and I swore to him to bring that infamy to your hearing, but never because it glanced by me as truth, never save only for this—to prove him and brand him in falsehood. You know me; as I love, so I trust, so I honour.”

She stayed him with a gesture; she could bear no more. The swift, eloquent, generous words seemed thrust like daggers through her heart. The noble, fearless light of faith upon his face made her blind as with the lustre of the noonday sun. This was the man she must forsake for ever whilst their lives should last—this was the love that she must change into eternal scorn of her as of a wanton, murderous, living lie. Her martyrdom grew greater than her strength.

“Who was he?” she asked.

“Victor Vane; your guest, your friend.”

“And he said?”

At the name her old superb irony flashed over her face, her old superb wrath gleamed in her glance, her lofty height rose erect as a palm, her eyes met his in all the fulness of their regard. He needed no other denial of the calumnies attainting her.

“He said?”

“What your look has answered enough.”

“No. What does he bring to my charge?”

“Vileness that my lips will never repeat. Half-truths wrung into whole lies, as only such men can wring them. Chiefly—he bade me ask you two things——”

“They were?”

“Who it is that sought my life in the mountains, and what tie a Greek—Conrad Phaulcon—bears to you?”

A change passed over her face, like that change which steals all the living warmth and hue from features that the greyness of death is approaching. He saw it, and his voice came in broken rapid breaths, imperious and imploring.

"Are they one—this Greek and my murderer?"

She answered him nothing; he saw a hot, deep flush rise upward over her face and bosom—the flush of a bitter degradation.

A moan like a wounded animal's broke from him; he could not bear to live and see shame touch her. He stood above her, while the flicker of the fire glowed duskily upon the dilated wondering misery of his eyes.

"Are they one? Answer me!"

She did not answer, nor did her look meet his.

"That man I showed you sleeping is this Greek!"

She held silence still.

"What! You screen him in his crime? What tie has he to you, then?"

Her teeth clenched tight as a vice to keep herself from utterance of the words that rushed to her tongue.

He stared blindly at her; he felt suffocating, drunk, mad; he stood beside this woman, whose every tress of hair he loved, whose mere touch could send the vivid joy like lightning through his veins, and he arraigned her as her judge for having union and collusion with his attempted slaughter!

"What is he to you? Where is he now?" he panted. "You called him your worst foe. Do women shelter their foes' guilt thus? You would not let me take my justice on his life. What is his life to you?"

She looked at him with the rigid calm returned upon her face, impenetrable as a mask of stone.

"I said that there were things that you could never know. This is of them. I have withheld your justice from you; I have known your assassin, and kept the knowledge untold to you. I have erred against you—greatly. Think of me what you will, what you must."

The reply was spoken with a cruel mechanical precision; she moved from him and stooped above the pine-logs, seeking their heat. She felt as she had done when once, in a Livonian winter, the night-snows had overtaken and enshrouded her, and the life had begun to turn to ice in her veins.

Something in the very action bespoke a suffering so mute and so intense that it struck to his heart, still so closed to evil and so open to faith, so slow to give condemnation, so quick to render trust and pity. He threw himself beside her, drawing her hands against his breast, searching her eyes with the longing love, the bewildered incredulity, of his own.

"Think of you! What can I think? You are my mistress, my sovereign, my wife; you take my love and yield me yours; you have smiled in my eyes, and lain in my arms, and spoken of a lifetime passed together; and now—now—it is my murderer who is sacred to you and beloved by you—not I!"

As though the fire of the words stung her into sudden life, she turned swiftly, all the light, and the fever, and the anguish of passion breaking one moment through the frozen tranquillity of her face.

"Not you? Ah! would it were not, my love, my love, my love!"

In the yearning of the accent a tenderness unutterable broke out and

burst all bonds; as he heard, the darkness passed from his face—a glow like the morning shone there.

“You love me thus! You cannot have betrayed me——”

She stayed him; she knew that this glory of reawakening joy must be quenched in an eternal night.

“Wait. I love you. I cannot lie to you *there*. But that ends, now and always. I say, you have been sinned against heavily; I must sin also against you—sin without shame by forsaking you, sin with shame by life with you. I choose the least. We are divorced for ever. We must be as are the dead to one another. Forgive me, if you can; curse me, if you cannot. Whatever you do, leave me, as though death were in my touch.”

All the ardour, and the yearning, and the warmth had passed from her voice; it was sad as despair, and inflexible.

He listened, watching her with a grave wondering pain and pity; he had his own thought of the meaning of her words, and the patience and the belief in him were infinite.

“Though death came by you, do you think that I would leave you?”

The great salt tears sprang into her aching eyes; in her agony she could have set the muzzle of the rifle to her forehead, and died there at his feet. She had a more merciless ordeal—to live and make herself loathsome in his sight.

“No; you would not,” she answered him. “But—if dishonour came by me?”

His frame shook with a sudden shudder, but still she could not turn away the enduring tenderness that would not take even her own witness against her.

“You use cruel words,” he said, while he stood above her with the dignity of a judge, with a great nobility in the pity of his gaze. “Hear me awhile. I have learnt more of your past to-day; I think that I can imagine what I do not know of it. I think that you have been involved in evil, but through errors that had root in virtues. I think that many have betrayed you and attainted you through the very bravery and generosity of your nature. I think that you have been bound with criminals because you first held them to be patriots, and because your bond was sacred to you even when sworn to worthless men. Do I think aright?”

She heard in silence; her soul went out in honour and adoration of this man, who, out of the truth and the virtue of his own heart, judged and divined her life thus rightly, despite all weight of circumstance, all darkness of calumny. But she knew that to leave him to think this was to bind her to him for evermore. She knew that he must think else than this ere he would be forced from allegiance to her.

“You think nobly, because you think by the light of your own heart,” she said, in her teeth. “But it is not this that you were warned to think to-day! Your counsellor was nearer right. Believe him.”

“Were you what he said, you would not tell me that. I judge you thus by the light of your own nature. You speak to me of divorce—of dishonour. You know the coward who attempted my life, and will not render him up to my justice. These are bitter things; yet I can see day through them. It may be that you have fallen amongst much guilt, and yet are unstained amidst corruption. It may be that you shield a

crime, because to expose it would be treachery in you. It may be that you elect to forsake me because you cannot reveal to me that full truth of your past which should be one of my marriage rights. This is how I judge you. If I judge rightly—I said to you that you could not stretch my tenderness further than I would yield it. I say so now; trust only my love, it shall never fail you."

"Oh, God, cease, or you will kill me!"

She swayed forward and sank down at his feet, her brow and bosom bruised on the cold jagged floor of the cavern; she had exceeding strength, but she had not strength enough to hear those tender words and give them no response; to behold this limitless forgiveness stretched to her, and leave him to think her too callous, too abased, to return to it even gratitude and repentance; to know that, as he judged her, he struck to the very core of fact, and rendered her but sheer and rightful justice, yet that the acceptance of even this justice at his hands was denied her through an alien crime.

He stood above her, the great dew gathering on his forehead; the evidences against her that her accuser had uncoiled one by one in so close a sequence thronged on his memory; her attitude, her misery, her abasement, had so much of guilt in them, yet had so far too much of suffering to be the cruel, wanton, voluntary guilt of such a woman as her calumniator had declared her to be—to be guilt, sensual, tyrannous, and self-chosen.

He stooped to her, and his voice was so low that it was hardly heard above the beatings of his heart:

"I cannot tell; is it—not justice that you need, but pardon?"

She answered him nothing where she had sunk in that bowed, broken abandonment. The nobler his pardon, the darker was the wrong against him. She could have kissed his feet, and cried out to him for forgiveness, as though her own hand had done that murderous iniquity against him. She could better have borne his curse than she could bear his tenderness.

He touched her; his hand shook like a leaf.

"Is it so? I can bear to know you are human by error; you shall be but dearer to me for the truth with which you redeem it."

She looked at him with a swift sudden movement that raised the full beauty of her face upward in the tawny flame-light; it was colourless, and lined with the marks of the damp stones, and had all its proud glory soiled and dimmed, yet it had the grandeur of an intense sacrifice, of an intense passion, in it.

"Ah, you are just and pitiful as a god! Give no pity, give no justice here. Only leave me—leave me, and never look upon my face again!"

"For what cause?"

"For the cause—that of my people—your murderer came."

He looked at her with a terrible incredulity, that was slowly hardening into the stern chill desolation of doubt that he had put from him so long with so leal an allegiance.

"Of your people! You called the Greek to me your deadliest foe?"

She was silent once more: the testimony of half the nations of the

earth would have failed to weigh with him against her ; but by her own blows the storm-proof fabric of his faith was swaying to its fall.

He laid his hands upon her shoulders, crushing under them the loose masses of her hair.

"First your foe, then your comrade—hated and sheltered—condemned by you, and screened by you. What is he to you, this man for whom you forswear yourself thus?"

She answered nothing; the red shadow of the fire gleamed upon her face, but it was not so dark and so hot as the flush of shame that scorched there. His hands held her like iron. The force of jealousy rose in him; the ferocity of bitter suspicion worked in him; against all witness he had disbelieved every accusation brought to stain her, but he could not disbelieve the meaning of that silence, of that humiliation, of that conscience-stricken abasement.

The patience, so long strained, broke at last.

"They say this brute was once dear to you? Is it true, since you cover his crime so fondly?"

She did not reply; her head was bent so that he could not look upon her countenance, but he could see the heaving of her breast with its rapid, laden breathing.

His hands grasped her with unconscious violence; he knew neither what he did or said; he knew only that she could not meet his eyes, that she could not answer his challenge.

"Is it true?—that you once loved him?"

She bowed her head. A faint, chill, deadly smile crossed her lips one moment; she smiled as men, lying broken on the wheel, have laughed.

A cry loud and hoarse rang from him down the stillness of the vault; he staggered where he stood, and loosed her from his hold, and stretched his arms out mechanically, as though he had grown blind and sought support. The merciless light of certainty seemed to have stricken his sight as lightning strikes it; that hideous assurance of conviction had come on him, against which the mind is at once and for ever conscious no appeal is possible.

Had she denied it, by the trustful tenderness of his nature the evil told against her would have passed, leaving no stain, no shadow even, of mistrust of her; but before that affirmation of her gesture, before that condemnation of her silence, it lay no more with him to choose between belief and disbelief. His faith fell, as a tree must fall when its roots are severed.

"There is one man—one man only—that your mistress ever loved."

The words seemed whispered by a thousand voices that rushed down the empty air; he had been betrayed by her that this criminal might be sheltered from his vengeance!

He knew it; in that horrible hush of stillness that fell between them, his heart stood still, his very life seemed to cease; it was out of her own mouth that he condemned her. His throat rattled, his words burst, scarcely with any human sound in them, from his parching lips.

"What! you kneel there and tell me this thing—you who swore to me that no kiss but mine ever touched you? What? you fooled me with love-words that you might lead me off the scent of my vengeance; you turned a living lie to harbour a murderer? Such villainy is not in woman! You a traitress!—a wanton!—a slave of your senses!—a

priestess of vice! Oh, God! Say the whole world is false, but not you!"

She held silence still. Her head dropped lower and lower, as though each word of that appeal were a hurled stone that beat her down lower and lower in her abasement.

He forced her upward in his arms with the unwitting violence of suffering, and strained her once more to his embrace, and covered with kisses her lips, her brow, her bosom.

"Say it—say it! Say the world lies and you are true, or—or—I shall end your life and mine!"

Her eyes, heavy with the mists of a great misery, fathomless and hopeless like the eyes of the Fates in Greek sculptures, gazed up to his.

"Do you dream *I* would stay your hand? It were best so—so I should be yours yet."

"Mine! What then?—you love me though you are my traitress?"

The word rang in sullen echo down the stillness of the cavern; a hard bitter agony passed over her face.

"One may have guilt and yet have love," she muttered, faintly.

He shuddered as he heard her; in the answer a subtle tempting coiled around him; the perfection of her earthly beauty might be his, though it were but the love of the wanton wherewith she loved him; the taint on her soul could not steal the fragrance from her lips, the voluptuous light from her eyes, the mortal glory from her loveliness. The baser passions of his soul longed for her, though every evil that swells the sum of human crime had place in her—though through her should come to him sin, and desolation, and dishonour. Yet he was not their slave; the greatness of his nature rose above them, and trampled out their tempting. He put her from his arms lest his strength should fail him, thrust her back from him so that her breath should be no more against his cheek, her heart throb no more on his own.

"Love that is faithless and shameful? What is that to me? If you have wronged my vilest foe, the woman *I* loved is dead."

The sentence in its brevity had a despair deep as death.

Where she stood before him she bowed her head, as beneath words that had the weight of a righteous law. For this—that he rose higher than his passions' tempting, that he strangled the assailants of his senses, that infidelity to his enemy would have been as dark in his sight as infidelity to himself—she honoured him with a great reverence.

"Yes. She is dead," she answered him, with a strange, dreamy repetition. "Where has she ever lived save in your visions? She is dead—go. Do not wait by her grave."

There was a terrible meaning in the hushed, hopeless words; across their calmness a single cry broke—a cry that had in it all the desolation of a ruined life, of a breaking heart.

Then silence fell between them. She had no courage to look upon his face; she dared not read all that she knew was written there.

The drooping flames reached a dry bough of pine, and flared afresh with it, and rose up in a writhing column of light that flashed its ruddy glow into the darkest shadows of the cavern. As the flames darted into lustre they shed their hue on the fair head of the Greek stretched out in all its velvet beauty from the deep gloom of the farther vault. He drew

back swiftly, as the tell-tale glare searched for him, and fell upon his face.

Before he could reach the shelter of the inner den, the one he had wronged saw him, and, with the leap of a staghound, hurled himself upon him, and dragged him from the depths of the vault forward into the full light of the flames. The slight limbs of the Athenian had no force against the vengeance of the man who saw in him at once his murderer and her paramour; he was torn out from his lair and tossed upward, as a wrecker's hands may toss a beam of driftwood.

Erceldoune forced him downward into the circle of the burning pines, so that full in their light and full in her sight he should take his justice on the wretch who had once struck at his life, and now took far more than life from him. He only knew that this was the man who had sought to assassinate him; that this was the man for whom and to whom she betrayed him. Yet, beyond the memory of his vengeance, beyond the violence of his hatred, beyond the rage of jealousy in his soul, was a terrible pathos of wonder that looked out at her from the reproach of his eyes;—it was for a thing so vile as this she had betrayed him! it was for a life so infamous as this that she had given herself to guilt!

Reeling, swaying, striving, they wrestled breast to breast, strangers from the far ends of the earth, yet bound together by the kinships of wrong and of hate, while she, who had cast herself between them, strove to part them—strove to tear them asunder—strove with desperate strength to end their contest. Erceldoune thrust her back, and flung her heavily off him.

"You stayed my hand once—not again. Stand there, and see the felon you harbour die as curs die!"

His face was black and swollen with the lust for blood that she had seen there when he had fought with the Neapolitan Churchman. Wound in one another, they struggled together, seeking each other's lives, with the breath of the flames hot upon them. The Greek's lips were white with fear, but they laughed as he glanced aside at her.

"You love to see men at each others' throats? You love to see tigers play? So, so, *Miladi*!—then look here."

He slipped loose with a swift, supple movement, and freed his right arm. There was the glisten of steel in the light; the blade quivered aloft to strike down straight through heart or lung; before it could fall his wrist was caught in a grip that snapped the bone, and wrenching the knife from his hand, flung it far away into the depths of the cavern, while the sinewy arms of the man he had wronged gathered him fresh into their deadly embrace. The slender southern limbs had no chance, the serpentine suppleness had no avail, the fox-like skill had no power, against the mighty frame and the ruthless will of the avenger who at last had tracked him; a shrill scream broke from him as the steel was twisted from his grasp, the numbness of dread overcame him as he was choked in the arms of his victim, and down into his looked the unbearable fire of the eyes he had left for the carrion-birds to tear. A sickly horror, a fascination of terror, held him breathless and unresisting to the will of his foe; Erceldoune swung him upward, and held him, as though he were a dog, above his head, his own height towering in the glow of the flames.

"Oh, God!" he cried, in the blindness of his agony and of his hate. "Is there no death worse than what honest men die for this brute?"

She threw herself on him, she seized the loose folds of his linen dress, she held him so that he had no power to move unless he trod her down beneath his feet.

"Spare him!—for my sake, spare him!"

"For your sake! You dare plead by that plea to me?"

"Oh, Heaven, what matter what I plead by! Give me his life—give me his life."

"The life of a murderer to the prayer of a wanton? A fit gift! Stand back, or I shall kill you with your paramour."

"Wait!—you do not know what you do! I saved your life from him—let that buy his life from you!"

He stood motionless, as though the words paralysed him; all the tempest of his passions suddenly arrested; all the wild justice of revenge, that had made him strong as lions are strong, turned worthless as at last he grasped its power in his hands. The blow that struck him was memory—the memory of that death-hour when through her hands life had been given back to him.

By that hour he had sworn that she should ask what she would of him, and receive it. At last she claimed her debt; claimed by it the remission of her sins—claimed by it mercy to the companion of her guilt.

He stood motionless a moment, the leaden night-like shadows heavy as murder on his face and on his soul—then at her feet he dashed the Greek down, unharmed.

"What you ask by my honour—take by your shame."

And, without another look upon her face, he went down through the gloom, and out to the air, to the sea, to the day, ere his strength should fail him, and the stain of blood-guiltiness lie on his hands.

SOCRATES.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

Is this the end and summit of my hope,
Myself to take the life man never gave,
To wing the soul to that eternal world
Whence it shall ne'er return? To be no more?
By these grey hairs, which never were disgrac'd,
Who charges Socrates with vice or wrong,
And he will hold his peace? Has ever friend
Found black deceit in me, for treachery?
Have I not fought the people's wars with them,
Lived for their good, and built them up in truth
And holy knowledge, sinking self in all?
Yet must I die and that by mine own hand.
But this shall lead to glory; men will know
That I resolved to brave the last great fear,
And honour truth in me. Open, ye shades!

I long t'explore your dark and vast domain,
 To quench this everlasting thirst to know,
 And bare the secrets of the silent grave.
 I never knew a fear and cannot now ;
 This hand holds firm the draught of hemlock here
 As though 'twere sweetest cordial ; every drop
 Is fraught with greatness in the after time,
 When tyranny is judg'd by equal eyes,
 And we are seen uncover'd as we are.
 Then will the harvest fall to Socrates,
 And men will wonder how the world should act
 Their folly, thinking to kill light in me.
 Pile life on life, and make the earth a pyre,
 Burn up the greatest and the best of men,
 Yet Truth will conquer, and in humble souls
 Shine forth, to make them monarchs of the world.
 The proud Athenian is not sovereign now,
 Nor are victorious generals mightiest souls,
 Arms, splendours, wealth, are minions of the dust,
 Kings fall and their dominions pass away,
 Truth only indestructible remains.

Plato, I had not thought to leave thee thus,
 And thou, too, Xenophon ; pupils ye are
 Both dear to me ; yet give a listening ear,
 While I unravel how this deed is done.
 'Tis mine own act ; I lived before the age,
 Saw vice triumphant, and the priests enthron'd
 With almost regal pow'r, and worshipp'd not
 At their high bidding. Furious and distraught
 In that they could not grapple with the thews
 Of argument, and seeing all their fanes
 Deserted, their false glory overshadow'd,
 And hating virtue and a simple life,
 They will'd my death ; and now, as though mine age
 Were not sufficient safeguard 'gainst all folly,
 Charge me with multiplying on the gods.
 How base such charge is ye do know full well,
 For ye have been with me in all my moods :
 Yet can I see through Time's dim horoscope
 How priests will be the curse of this weak world
 Through all the ages—blind with bigotry,
 And mad to stop the passage of free thought.
 Me they could never conquer ; no, nor ye,
 Nor any who shall place the life sublime
 Higher than fear or the applause of men.

Soft, soft, that subtle poison now doth work,
 Already are the unseen pow'rs upon me !
 Plato ! thy hand, bear witness how I die,
 And all ye great ones o'er the dark confines
 On which I enter, now receive me ! Death !
 Is this then he who kills the strongest pulse ?
 I meet him with a smile ; cowards draw back,
 Not heroes. Who best knoweth how to live,
 Knows how to die. Earth, take my feeble life,
 Eternity, take thou my stronger soul.
 I fail, I die ; friends, foes, a long farewell !

TRANSCENDENTAL COOKERY.*

THERE is as much difference between "*Les Serviteurs de l'Estomac*," that is to say, the simple and necessary articles of nutrition, and "*Les Nouveautés de la Gastronomie Princièrre*," or "*Novelties in Princely Gastronomy*," as there is between servants of the stomach and slaves to their stomachs. The amiable author of the "*History of a Mouthful of Bread*" does not, however, take precisely this view of what are the "servants of the stomach;" he comprises as such all the organs of the human frame, the chief functions of which are, he argues—in as far as mere animal life is concerned—to furnish to the organs of nutrition what are necessary for the sustenance of life generally. "'In order to concoct a civet of hare, first catch a hare,' your mamma's cookery-book will tell you. That is the first condition imposed upon the cook, upon my lord the stomach, as well as upon the rest, and in order to catch a hare, it requires help. Many organs contribute their part towards effecting this preliminary act, without which no nutrition is possible; and these organs do not serve solely for walking—they are destined to place us, each in its own manner, in connexion, or in relation, if you like it better, with the substances which shall be so far honoured as to be permitted to take up their abode with us."

Nothing more disgusts your true artist in cookery as to treat of his science after such a fashion. Catching your hare, roasting, boiling, frying, or broiling it, no more constitute the sublime art of cookery with him than the daub over a wayside inn constitutes painting in the eyes of a Royal Academician. The greatest praise ever bestowed by a cook was upon the person of Talleyrand, of whom it was said, that had he not been a diplomatist, he might have aspired to the honours of the "*cordons bleus*."† Alexandre Dumas, senior, has made attempts in the same line, but we have only heard of his success at second hand.

Contemplative cooks have long ago endeavoured to realise the truth of the system of compensations between good and evil, and to illustrate the bounties of Providence as displayed in their art in the existence of men capable of consoling nations in grief, by burying in oblivion the loss of their liberties and the tyranny exercised over their reason. It was the cooks, they tell us, who consoled the Carthaginians (whom Plutarch describes as great eaters) for the loss of their freedom, Corinth for the destruction of her museum, and Rome for the oppression of her emperors.

Catherine de Medici crossed the Alps into semi-barbarous France accompanied by a troop of cooks, perfumers, astrologers, painters, and poets. It was at table, in the midst of the fumes of Burgundy and the

* *Les Serviteurs de l'Estomac, pour faire suite à l'Histoire d'une Bouchée de Pain.* Par Jean Macé. Paris: J. Hetzel.

Les Nouveautés de la Gastronomie Princièrre. Par Ferdinando Grandi. Paris: Andot.

† The origin of the title "*cordons bleus*" is not generally known. Messrs. de Souvré, d'Olonne, de Lavardin, de Montemart, and de Laval, used to keep open table in olden times. They were all "*cordons bleus*." Their dinners obtained so great a celebrity, that it became customary to say, when speaking of a good repast, it is a dinner of "*cordons bleus*," and of a cook, he is a cook of "*cordons bleus*," and then by abbreviation, "*cordons bleus*."

savoury odour of rich dishes, that the queen-mother meditated the means of quelling a dangerous faction, or the destruction of a man who disturbed her repose. It was during dinner she had an interview with the Duke of Alba, with whom she resolved upon the massacre of St. Bartholomew. She must have been dining upon "hure de sanglier à la Huguenot," or "suprêmes de colombes à la auto-da-fé." The long reign of this woman, during which France did not enjoy a moment's repose, was fertile in splendid repasts. History speaks of two, which surpassed in magnificence everything hitherto related in the annals of good cheer. One was given at the marriage of her daughter Marguerite to Jean d'Albret, who died two days after, not, however, of indigestion; the other was given in honour of the execution of Cavagnes. Modern artists repel with utmost indignation the accusation of cooks having been the ministers of the queen-mother's vengeance, but they admit that Henry de Valois was a prince of good appetite, a lover of wine and good cheer, qualities which his mother had carefully fostered and cultivated, that she alone might hold the reins of government; but they extol the memory of the same appreciative prince, who spent whole days at table, and they declare that the constellations of the kitchen never shone with greater splendour than in his reign—not even excepting that of Heliogabalus of glorious memory! It is to this epoch that is attributed the invention of the "fricandeau," a discovery which, we are assured, required a greater "force de tête" than that of the New World by Columbus. But what is this compared with the discoveries of Gonthier d'Andernach, who in less than ten years invented seven cullises, nine ragoûts, thirty-one sauces, and twenty-one soups? "What Bacon was to philosophy, Dante and Petrarch to poetry, Michael Angelo and Raphael to painting, Columbus and Gama to geography, and Copernicus and Galileo to astronomy," we are gravely assured Gonthier was in France to the art of cookery.

Gonthier, we are told, first raised the culinary edifice, as Descartes, a century after him, raised that of philosophy. Both introduced doubt—the one in the moral, the other in the physical world. Descartes, considering our conscience as the point from which every philosophical inquiry ought to begin, regenerated the understanding, and destroyed that unintelligible empiricism which was the bane of human reason. Gonthier, establishing the nervous glands as the sovereign judges at table, overturned the whole scaffolding of received traditions, the sad inheritance of past ages. Gonthier was the father of French cookery, as Descartes was of French philosophy; but who can assert that Descartes has discovered as many facts?

Although the great influence Henry de Valois had over cookery is admitted, Italian taste in these important matters was not altogether approved of, and modern artists declare that he brought in fashion aromatic sauces, tough maccaroni, cullises, and brown sauces calcined by a process like that of roasted coffee. These sauces gave the dishes a corrosive acidity, and, as Jourdan le Cointe remarks, far from nourishing, communicated to it a feverish sensation, which baffled all the skill of physicians in their attempts to cure. Fortunately, we are told, Providence placed near the young King Charles IX. a man who kept a watchful eye over the dearest interests of France. Few people know now-a-days that the noblest political and literary character of the sixteenth century, the rival of Cicero and Horace, as Scaliger calls him—

De l'Hôpital—saved the public weal. Bruyerinus affirms, however, in his work "*De Re Cibiaria*," that the renowned chancellor would never suffer on his table any dish of foreign origin. But this is scarcely a precedent to go upon. What if a Prince of Wales should prefer boiled leg of mutton and turnips to "*potage à la John Russell*," or roast beef to "*poulardes à la Dame aux Camélias*," or "*petites bouchées au Prince de Galles*." One thing is quite certain, and that is, that the whole army of "foreign scullions," as the Italian followers of the Medici are termed, with anything but a refined culinary diction, would be all up in arms.

Under Henry III., a taste for warm drinks was joined to that of spicy dishes. Under the Valois, indeed, not a single repast was made without a jug of hot water, and even wine was drunk lukewarm. This was only the revival of an ancient practice, for the guest of Athenæus is made to ask for hot water in order to comfort his stomach—aquam jube decoquere, visceribus ut auxiliemur. We might also quote those slaves whose office it was to bring both boiling and lukewarm water to the guests, and those new spouses who, according to Botius, "*de potû antiquorum*," administered warm water at the nuptial festivities—calidam nympha ministrat aquam.

The all-important art of making sauces was, strange to say, neglected by the great cooking nation till the time of Louis XIV. Under Louis XIII., meat was still either roasted, or rather baked or broiled: every baker had an oven, where the citizen, as well as le grand seigneur, sent his meat to be cooked; but with the advance of civilisation came the demand for sauces. It requires to be versed in the language of cookery to express the proper meaning conveyed by the word sauce. Sauces are to food what action is to oratory. Scientifically prepared, they restore the appetite, flatter the palate, are pleasing to the smell, and inebriate all the senses with delight. With transcendental cooks the prodigy of a perfectly well-made sauce is ranked among the proofs of the immateriality of the soul, for, it is argued, the wisdom and fertility of nature are not displayed with more splendour in the works of the creation than the genius of the cook in the composition of a sauce. It is in this respect that the English are most wanting: every one is acquainted with the satirical allusion that the English have only one sauce and a hundred religions. Melted butter, we are indeed told, plays in English cookery nearly the same part as the Lord Mayor's coach at civic ceremonies, calomel in the practice of medicine, and silver forks in fashionable novels. Melted butter is to English sauces what stock is to French soups—melted butter and eggs, melted butter and parsley, melted butter and capers, melted butter and anchovies—it is still always melted butter.

Unhappily, libertinism of morals, which had crept from the throne to the lowest ranks of society, not only put a stop to the "march of gastronomy," but actually caused it to retrograde for a time, as did likewise the revolution. Who can imagine a *sans-culotte* appreciating the refinement of a "*culotte de bœuf à la Napoléon I^{er}*," or a republican indulging in such aristocratic "*plats*" as "*oie à la Don Carlos*" or a "*pyramide à la rentrée des armées*."

The example of the regent, who admitted concubines to his "*petits soupers*," was followed by all his courtiers. It became fashionable to dine with actresses and ladies of easy virtue, but of difficult digestion. The manly food that had been served at the table in olden times had to give

way to sugar, syrups, and essences, which were mixed in every dish presented to these Sybarites, and the cook of the day groaned over his art prostituted, and his genius misapplied.

The epoch of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. was a brilliant one for the progress of gastronomy. Something of this is admittedly due to the English, who, with the taste for horses and equipages which they introduced into France, also took over new fashions, customs, and, above all, freedom of opinion. But when the people threw aside the royal purple, which suited them so ill, they returned to their onions like the Hebrews of old. The tribunes, it is true, were no sooner permitted to eat to keep themselves alive than they kept open house, strove to regain lost time, and seemed only to live for the sake of eating. Towards the end of this bloody drama, the mind, we are told, bewildered by the late dreadful scenes, was unable to feel those sweet and peaceable emotions in which it had formerly delighted; the palate required high-seasoned dishes, and "*saucés à la Provençale*" came in with the Directory. Fortunately, the eighth of Brumaire pulled down the five directors, together with their *saucepans*.

Under the Empire, the art of cooking, thanks to the labours of Beauvilliers, Balaine, Grisnod de la Reynière, and other artists and amateurs, made new and remarkable improvements. The "*Almanach des Gourmands*," which the late Duke of York called the most delightful book that ever issued from the press, made a complete revolution in the language and literature of gastronomy; and although the Restoration opened a new era for those who were hungry, a constitutional monarchy introduced representative forms which were favourable to epicurism, and especially so to the circulation of that great work of art, the "*Cuisinière Bourgeoise*," and the revival of imperialism brought back into vogue the aristocratic dishes of the "*haute école*," still must we date back to M. Grisnod de la Reynière's work the first impetus given to that glorious rise of transcendental cookery which has culminated under a Esterhazy and a Demidoff, in the publication of the "*Gastronomie Princièrè*."

Cooks have ever been remarkable for their eloquence—an eloquence which is as much their own as their dishes—in defence of their art. It is admitted, they say, that a change of food, as well as of climates, has an effect on the genius, inclinations, and dispositions of nations. What an intellectual improvement, they hence deduce, has taken place in the northern countries, since the addition of sugar, spices, and other productions of the south, to their former less savoury dishes! "The salts and spirituous juices of these substances," says l'Abbé Dubos, "give a tone to the constitution of the northern nations, or, as physicians call it, an ethereal oil, which the productions of their own country could not effect. These juices fill the blood of northern countries with animal spirits produced in Spain and other warmer climates."

Cookery, again, refines the coarser part of food, deprives the compound substances employed in it of the terrestrial juices therein contained; it improves, purifies, and in some measure spiritualises them. Dishes thus prepared amass in the blood an abundance of purer and finer spirits. Thence arise more agility and vigour of body, more vivacity and fire of imagination, greater extent and force of genius, and increased delicacy and refinement of taste. The improvements in modern cookery are, then, entitled to take rank amongst the physical causes which have recalled us

from the extremity of barbarity to the bosom of refinement, talents, wit, arts and sciences.

The pleasures of the table never were incompatible with the gifts of genius or the investigations of the understanding. On the contrary, they appear to be most favourable to their development. Who ever met with a man, eminent in no matter what calling, who did not like a good dinner, unless he were dyspeptic, phthisical, or hypochondriacal? The constitution essential to greatness is as intimately allied with good feeding, as good cookery is to intellectual pursuits. "I cannot conceive," says Dr. Johnson, "the folly of those who, when at table, think of everything but eating; for my part, when I am there, I think of nothing else; and whosoever does not trouble himself with this important affair at dinner or supper will do no good at any other time."

Yet somehow or other, skilful and well-directed cookery makes but slow progress in domestic life in this country. The immortal Ude attributed this to the opposition of the medical profession and the antagonism of the ladies. But, in regard to the first, all professional men are by no means opposed to good feeding. Dr. Day remarks, in his admirable treatise "On the Domestic Management of Diseases of Advanced Life," "That the food of old people should be easy of digestion; and I have found," he adds, "in many cases that they bear made dishes (if not too rich) better than plain boiled or roasted meat." The opposition of the fair sex is a more delicate point to treat of, and it is, perhaps, better left where Ude leaves it, "that their palates have been completely benumbed by the strict diet observed in the nursery and boarding-schools." "If poetry," says a writer on cookery, "be the offspring of Love, why should we not call cookery the sister of chemistry? for surely we may do so with equal reason and justice." Professional men, however, make a study of the chemistry of the kitchen, of animal chemistry, and of dietetics, such as "artists" little dream of, and we fear that, if we were to detail some of the conclusions arrived at by Liebig, they would not precisely tally with the ideas entertained by the "haute école," aspirants to which, too frequently, talk of chemistry without having any precise notion of what chemical action involves.

It will be necessary, in order to convey an idea of what M. Ferdinando Grandi conceives to be a "princely repast," to extract one or two of his "menus" for forty persons. *Dîner*: Le potage à la Demidoff. Le potage Sultane. *Hors-d'œuvres*: Les petits pâtés à l'Abd-el-Kader. Les croquettes au vis-à-vis. *Relevés*: Le turbot à l'Union universelle. L'esturgeon à l'Arioste. Le filet de bœuf à la Jules César. Le chevreuil à la biche-au-bois. *Entrées*: Les poulardes à la Prince Albert. Les ortolans à la Paul Demidoff. Les pains de foies gras à l'Erminia degli Ermini. La magnonnaise de poisson aux quatre ports de mer. *Rôts*: Les faisans garnis à la Guerrazzi. Les jambons Anglais au Congrès. *Entremêts*: Les petits pois à la Constantin. La timbale à la violette. Les gâteaux à la Demidoff. La timbale au 15 Septembre. La bombe à la Gule. Les soufflés à la Colomb.

Here is another "menu" for the same number of guests. *Dîner*: Le potage à la Guillaume Tell. Le potage à la Belle-vue. *Hors-d'œuvres*: Les petits pâtés à la Turbigo. La friture mêlée à la Mantovaine. *Relevés*: L'esturgeon aux flottes réunies. Les soles à la Demidoff. Le filet de bœuf au nouveau règne. Le lièvre au Gladiateur.

Entrées : Les suprêmes de volaille à la Lucullus. Les cailles à l'aigle romaine. Le pain de foies gras à la liberté. La magnonnaise de thon à la Vespucci. *Rôts* : L'oie à la Nelson. La hure de sanglier à la Machiavel. *Entremets* : Les artichauts au retour de la chasse. Les concombres farcis à la balle Césire. La timbale à la grandeur de la France. La crème à la San Domingo. La gelée à la bonne façon. Les soufflés à la Jeanne d'Arc.

It will be seen that, in these "menus," fish not only appears among the relevés, but also in the entrées, after, for example, beef and venison in the one case, and beef and hare in the other. In this instance both are "magnonnaises," as M. Grandi spells it; but, in other "menus," we have "filets de soles à la distinguée," "timbales d'huitres à la Raphaël," and "filets de turbot à la l'Ettore Fieramosca," in the same position, that is to say, after "rosbif à la Nouvelle Zélande" (a flavour of cannibalism), "la pièce de bœuf à la Napoléon III.," "le jambon à la reine Victoria," and "la longe de veau à la Nouvelle Amérique." What is more strange is, that we have a "bastion de soles à la Cronstadt" among the rôts, and immediately preceding the sweets. We have seen salt herrings consumed under similar circumstances, but this was at a dinner strictly "à la Russe." The notion of a "famille de truites réunis," not only fried, but comfortably served up in the same dish together, under similar circumstances, is very happy.

Having given some idea of what a princely "menu" is supposed to consist of, our readers may wish to know something about the dishes in particular. This is not an easy task, for the language of cookery is not readily rendered into English, and the author himself states that he has avoided minute explanations, for, writing for his brethren of the "haute cuisine," he is sure, he says, to be understood by them. As an example of a "potage," that à la Demidoff may take precedence, first, because Prince Anatole of Demidoff is the author's Mecænas, and secondly, because it stands first on the list of new inventions.

"Take fresh chickens and cut them into pieces. Put with them bits of ham, a few truffles and mushrooms, two anchovies, and season with cayenne pepper. When the chickens are half done, take them out and lay them aside. Add a 'bonne espagnole' to what your chickens were cooked in, and you will have your 'bouillon.' Then replace your chickens, and let them boil slowly at a corner of the fire in a stewpan. When the potage is ready, serve it up like turtle-soup. It must be accompanied with little glazed onions on a separate dish, round which may be disposed bouquets of a 'printanière de légumes.'"

"Potage à la John Russell" is begat out of mutton-chops, chickens, and pearl barley, and is served up with glazed turnips. "Potage à la Sultane," of game, chickens, and rice. "Potage Abd-el-Kader," of ducks and onions. "Potage à la ville de Berlin," of partridges. "Potage à la Druse," of hare and sausages. "Potage Irlandais," of turbot. "Potage à la Cialdini," of carrots, turnips, potatoes, onions, peas, and white haricots. "Potage matelote à la Florentine," of oysters, soles, eels, crayfish, and frogs' thighs. "Potage au 15 Septembre," of pheasants' eggs and cream. "Potage au héros de Palestro," of ham, onions, and endive. All these potages have their accompaniments on separate dishes. In the latter case the accompaniment must be braised chickens and capons. The "potage à la Villafranca" must be

accompanied by "suprêmes de volaille" and "filets de canards royaux." "Potage Victoria" is composed of forced meat, larks, chickens, mushrooms, and truffles, aromatic stock, with madeira and heads of celery for an accompaniment. "Potage au trouveur" contains hare, pea-fowl, hams, sausages, tomatoes, and malaga wine. "Potage au Mont Blanc" is so called because it is accompanied by a pyramid of rice. "Potage à la moderne" is concocted from beef, veal, and goose, and is accompanied by "foie gras" and yellow of eggs on bread. Admiralty soup comprises turbot, soles, oysters, crayfish, and anchovies. It is accompanied by "suprêmes d'esturgeon," decorated with anchors. Field-marshal's soup, of which the main constituents are poultry, game, endive, and sorrel, is accompanied by marshals' batons manufactured with "farce à quenelles." The main constituents of "potage Magenta et Solferino" are chicken, hare, and partridge, decorated with cocks' combs and cannon-balls of beetroot. The potages "à la Dumas" and "à la Thérèse" are vegetable soups, that of the romancer being served up with chickens, that of the singer with cauliflowers and other vegetables. Pheasants play a chief part in the "potage à la Rothschild" and "potage à la souveraine."

The hors-d'œuvres are, for the most part, of a still more refined and complicated character. The petits vol-au-vents, or pâtés à l'Abd-el-Kader, not so much so. The vol-au-vent is filled with scallops of fillets of wild boar and chopped capers, and served up with a white "chemise de béchamel." "Croquettes au vis-à-vis" are of two kinds; the one is composed of game and truffles, flavoured with madeira, the other of chicken and mushrooms, flavoured with champagne. Both are served up on the same silver dish, vis-à-vis to one another, with lemon and fried parsley. The "petits pâtés à la Turbigo" are filled with a mixture of tomatoes and yellow of eggs, but the "friture mêlée à la Mantovaine," or Mantovaise, is more varied. Croquettes of rice and mushrooms, and croquettes of eggs and truffles, are, in this "plat," served up with "farce de volaille." Fish and birds are sometimes brought together in hors-d'œuvres, as in the "friture comme il vous plaira," in which fried fish are served up with poultry, tongue, lobster, rice, and mushrooms.

In the matter of relevés, the receipts are still more astounding. Even a boiled turbot must, to suit princely tastes, be served up with tails of crayfish masked in a "sauce allemande," fine herbs, fillets of soles, quenelles de Bar à la Périgord, and oysters au gratin. "Esturgeon à l'Arioste" demands for its concoction two bottles of white wine, besides soles, eels, and whiting, and decorations of crayfish and truffles. "Saumon à la Regent-street" must be steeped eight hours in two bottles of champagne. It must be served up garnished with "suprêmes d'esturgeon," "bouquets d'huitres," and "queues d'écrevisses," also two lobsters, carrots, turnips, and truffles, the whole accompanied by potatoes, "en bonne purée, à la maître d'hôtel," and "en olives." Sturgeon "au Grand Steamer" is flavoured with two bottles of sauterne, and decorated with a steam-boat made with rice. "Soles à la Demidoff" are cooked in champagne, and served up with truffles, "petits bouquets de crêtes," "foie gras," "rognons de chapon," "jaunes d'œuf," "quenelles de volaille," and of champignons.

The accompaniments are "concombres farcis à la ravigote dans une casserole d'argent." The "famille des truites réunies" must consist of one large trout and eighteen smaller ones. Over the large one must be

written, Lake of Como, on the others, Vauluse, Maria Zell, Carlsbad, Geneva, Lucca, and Baden. "Faisans à la Demidoff" constitute a dish so complicated that the author has given an illustration to assist the comprehension. It comprises fillet of beef, quails, capons, truffles, and quenelles of game or poultry, and it is decorated with the initials and coronet of Prince Anatole Demidoff. If we were to say what we thought of the result, in as far as the design is concerned, we might be accused of want of taste, and justly so, never having partaken of pheasants after the Demidoff fashion. "Chevreuil à la biche au bois," "filet de bœuf au nouveau règne," "pièce de bœuf à la Napoléon III.," "selle de sanglier à la Gerard," "poulardes à la Dame aux Camélias," "longe de veau à la Nouvelle Amérique," "lièvre au Gladiateur," "ros-beef à la Nouvelle Zélande," "chevreuil au Chasseur Impérial," "filet de bœuf à la Jules César," and "jambon à la Reine Victoria," are among the other "grands relevés de boucherie" which the inventor has deemed worthy of illustration. The effect of a "biche au bois" is obtained by surrounding a fawn with dwarf trees "à la Japonaise;" the "new reign" is adorned with the arms of France and Italy, and ticketed N. and V. Beef "à la Napoléon III." is ticketed with colossal Ns in white of egg, inserted into the largest truffles procurable. Wild boar "à la Gerard" is made manifest by a huge lion's head—we say "made manifest" advisably, for the illustration looks more like a sarcophagus than a succulent dish. Veal "à la Nouvelle Amérique" is decorated with stars and stripes, and ticketed north and south. Hare "au Gladiateur" is surmounted by horses and jockeys cut out of vegetables, and ticketed Epsom, Paris, Ascott, (?) and Doncaster. Huge hunters' horns, the inevitable game-bags, and the indispensable casquettes, usher in "chevreuil au Chasseur Impérial." "Filet de bœuf à la Jules César" and "jambon à la Reine Victoria" are ticketed in the same appropriate manner. The latter dish is, we fear, calculated to raise a smile—a thing that ought not to be permitted in serious gastronomy.

"Entrées chaudes" consist mainly of dishes of game, as "suprêmes de volaille à la Lucullus," "cailles à l'aigle romaine," and "cotelettes de mouton à la Lord-Maire;" but fish also make their appearance in this course, in the shape of "saumon à la Don Juan," "pâté de soles à la Princesse de Galles," "homards à la Carignan," "tortue à la Demidoff," ditto "à la Saïd Pasha," and "pâté de tortue à la Paul Demidoff." What are called "pains," or loaves, are among the most ornamental dishes. "Pain de canetons à la Michel Angelo" is almost worthy of the name it bears for artistic conception; and "pain de foie gras à l'Erminia del Ermini" is even in still better taste. "Chaud-froid de cailles à la Charles Albert" and "chaud-froid de Ris d'Agneaux" are also very ornamental dishes. So likewise of the "timbales," as in those of oysters "à la Raphaël" and lobsters "à la Borgia." It is, however, in the dessert line—"entremets de douceur," as they are designated in princely gastronomy—that the genius of the artist displays itself in its utmost magnificence. An "arbre à la ville de Florence" is simply tasteful; a "pièce montée au labyrinthe," rather formal; a "tour à la gloire," and "pièces montées à la Demidoff" and "à la gloire des deux nations," glorious and bellicose; but a "bouquet de gibier" is really pretty, and a "pièce montée à la Lucullus" is evidently brought forward as the *ne plus ultra* of culinary art.

OUR TOWN.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT OUR TOWN, AND ITS INHABITANTS IN GENERAL AND IN PARTICULAR.

OUR town is a very important place. Once we returned two members to the imperial parliament, as we are rather fond of boasting we did; but, somehow or other, we got into Schedule C in the Reform Bill, and became disfranchised. To be sure, some people might have said something about the matter; all I can say is that it was a nice snug little borough. We hadn't many burgesses, but they were all most respectable men—nobody could deny that. What finer old English gentleman than Sir Peter Ackfield could be found at their head? Perhaps Sir Peter's purse was the better for each election, and possibly the burgesses might have benefited in one way or another—at least they always seemed to think returning a new member very good fun. However, those good old times are passed; we now look upon politics as vulgar, and consider ourselves, and wish to be considered, a refined and aristocratic community.

Shall I describe our town first, or its inhabitants? Our town, because it is our town, because we live in it, because we are proud of it, shall have the preference. Indeed, our town cannot be jealous of itself; whereas, if it were to be discovered that one of the inhabitants had surreptitiously, or otherwise, unduly obtained the pre-eminence, the rest would undoubtedly be exceedingly outrageously jealous—indeed, I would not venture to calculate the consequences which might accrue to myself or to others.

Our town has a straight street, tolerably long and tolerably broad, with houses of various heights, sizes, and grades. In some, lollipops, marbles, tallow dips, shoe-laces, and gingerbread are sold; in others, reside the lawyer, medical practitioner, the banker—for we have a bank, an agricultural bank—and Miss Snigs—for Miss Snigs is somebody in our town. We have many other notables among the aristocracy of our town; I merely mention these just now to show the contrast which must exist between such a house as lollipops could be sold in, and such as Miss Snigs would inhabit. The contrast will appear greater when more is known about Miss Snigs. The upper stories of the first-mentioned domiciles have the appearance of being anxious to ascertain what their bases are about. As they have had that inclination since I can recollect, it is possible that they will retain the same position for many years to come. The high-pitched roofs are covered with tiles green with the moss of ages, the rafters beneath bent into graceful curves and waves. In some, the upper story projects over the lower, and sash-windows are unknown. The materials of which they are built it is difficult to ascertain. The walls seem to be formed of tiles and lath and plaster, but here and there a little brick or stone crops out, and the framework is evidently of stout oaken timber, against which time has striven in vain. Gradually the houses rise in size and importance, though some, even of the largest, have the venerable appearance of those I have described.

Such is the Green Dragon Hotel, dignified and respectable, with its broad way into the back yard, the coffee-room on one side and the narrow winding stairs to the bed-chambers on the other. Here post-horses even still are kept, and flies and saddle-horses—hacks well able to follow the hounds, I suspect, at a respectful distance. We have shops, too, with glass fronts, three drapers at least, besides a dealer in Berlin wool who sells stationery and toys; two chemists, an iron-monger, a crockery-shop, among our upper-class tradesmen, whose houses are of respectable dimensions; but oh, how transcendently superior is the abode of Miss Snigs, covered with white stucco, with its green venetian blinds, its well-whitened door-steps, the massive knocker of its front door, its iron railings, and its back entrance.

The residence of Mr. Bubsby, our banker, surpasses that of Miss Snigs in imposing grandeur, for though it is of red brick, that red brick is very bright, and it possesses a portico, with pillars and iron railings—all our more aristocratic houses have iron railings, but then it has a court-yard on one side, with a coach-house and stables, which Miss Snigs does not possess. Mr. Bubsby himself is worthy of his house. He is a family man—a man of substance, of high respectability. He feels it, he knows it. You see it by the circular contour of his black satin waistcoat and breeches, by his frilled shirt-front and ample white necktie, such as none but a substantial man would venture to wear now-a-days. Mr. Bubsby is a stout man; his cheeks are well filled; his short hair is white; he has a fresh colour; he wears well, and shows by his cheery laugh and smile that he is well contented with the world. Could Mr. Bubsby have looked so comfortable, and smiled so cheerfully, had his bank been insolvent? Surely not. Therefore it was a satisfaction to all who banked with him, and who did not, to see Mr. Bubsby look so comfortable and smile so sweetly. In truth, we were proud of Mr. Bubsby's well-filled waistcoat and pleasant smile. It showed that we were flourishing—that is to say, that our town was flourishing—for if we had not prospered neither could he, at least so we flattered ourselves. Then, again, Mr. Bubsby was the great wine-merchant of our town; indeed, the only one, as well as the principal coal-merchant. He had had a rival, a poor, thin, pale-faced, black-visaged man, a broken-down speculator with a large family, who had ventured to set up in opposition; but Bubsby couldn't allow such interference, and never had his coals been cheaper or better, till the thin tall man became bankrupt and disappeared from our town.

Mr. Polypip, the solicitor of our town, resided next to Miss Snigs, in a long, low house, with a row of windows facing the street, and his office at one end. On the door was "Polypip and Co., Solicitors." I could never discover who the Co. was. I believe that he was a snuffy little fusty man in a brown coat with spectacles on his nose, and whose face was the colour of one of his own most dusty wormeaten parchments. It was whispered that he took all the dirty work; all troublesome clients were, at all events, turned over to him. Simon Ferret was his name. Polypip had reasons for not wishing to have it associated with his own, so Ferret remained the Co. in all business matters. Polypip himself was a man of honour. He would have

been very angry had any one ventured to doubt the fact. If anything went wrong, or any business transacted by the firm was pronounced discreditable, he did not scruple to remark that it was done against his advice or wishes by that little rascal, Ferret. Polypip was a teetotaller, a tall thin man with a high forehead, tolerably exact in his costume, always wore a white neckcloth doubly folded round his long neck, and looked as if he had been subjected to an extraordinary lateral pressure, which had lengthened out his head and raised his shoulders towards his ears. Polypip's garden adjoined that of Miss Snigs, and, although the intervening paling was high, he was able in certain places to look over it as he paced up and down in meditative mood on the adjacent gravel walk. Miss Snigs might, or might not, have been aware of these stolen tiptoe glances, but they began to have an effect, if not on the fair damsel herself, on the hitherto unoccupied imagination or heart, or the thoughts, at all events, of Mr. Polypip. Had Miss Snigs been Miss Snigs's niece, pretty Mary Bolland, who occasionally came to stay with her—one of a hard-working curate's seven daughters—it is questionable whether those tiptoe glances would have had the effect they produced, for Polypip had, as he boasted, his feelings under perfect control. So he might, any he could have entertained for so mature a maiden as Miss Snigs, without any overpowering exertion on his part. It might have been her clear four hundred a year, and her comfortable house and well laid-out garden, besides a paddock and two or three other fields, which had some influence in softening his stoical heart, but that he more than once strenuously denied such an accusation. One thing was certain, that he had resolved to win the fair Martha Snigs, if he could.

"Faint heart never won fair lady. I'll try," he said to himself. "Her personal attractions are not excessive—at least, a young man would not consider them so, I opine; but, then, the securities in which her property is invested are undoubted. If her sister, Mrs. Bolland, had left hers where old Snigs placed them, she wouldn't have lost the greater part of them."

As offering a great contrast to Mr. Polypip, I must mention our medical practitioner, Dr. Quinsey, a retired naval surgeon. He had a little round head, with a pair of sharp, good-natured eyes in it, and a very small amount of hair; the rest had been blown off, he used to aver, in a typhoon in the Indian Seas. His head was, indeed, similar in shape to one of the round shot, with the effects of which he had had practically to deal. His body was suited to his head—that is to say, it was round and short, as were his legs and arms, though, all put together, he appeared a very compact, active, little man. He was straightforward, honest, and good natured, and no respecter of persons. Had he been sent for by the poorest cottager in the parish requiring his immediate aid two miles off, and at the same time by Mr. Bubsby, or even by Miss Snigs, he would have gone directly to the poor man, and let them understand that they must wait. This system did not increase his worldly wealth, but the little doctor had a warm nook in the hearts of not a few of the humble poor who dwelt in and about our town for many miles round. Lieutenant Shakings, also of the navy, was a great friend of his. They had been shipmates more than

once, and knew how to value each other. Lieutenant Shakings did not live in our town, but a little way out of it, on the top of a hill whence he could enjoy a good view of the sea, for our town is near the sea, though we are proud to say it is far too aristocratic to be a sea-port. The lieutenant's domicile was unlike any other in the town or the neighbourhood, or, indeed, anywhere else. He built it himself—that is to say, he was the architect and designer—and he was very proud of his production. He had some assistants. The most important of them was an old follower, a regular sea-dog, Tom Kelson by name. He was the lieutenant's factotum, his only servant or attendant. He could no more have got on without Tom than he could without the hook at the end of his arm, with which he had grappled many a foe, and hung on by while clearing the wreck of a fallen mast or lashing an enemy's bowsprit to the rigging of his own ship. His other assistants were a mason, a broken-down cabinet-maker, and a ship's carpenter, whom he found straying along the road in search of work. The production was of a nondescript order—had a nautical look from the foundation to the roof; the windows were wonderfully like port-holes; a verandah, of which he was highly proud, had the appearance of the stern gallery of a line-of-battle ship. Wood had far more largely entered into the composition of his mansion than stone or brick, for which he had no affection. But he most prided himself on an arch formed of the two largest bones in a whale's mouth over his entrance gate, and the figure-heads of two ships in which he had served, and which formed ornaments in the Gog and Magog style on either side of his extreme front porch. Beneath this front porch were benches, on which the wearied passer-by could rest while he went in search of whatever food his larder could supply. Occasionally he might be seen there himself enjoying his pipe on the watch for a friend, but generally he indulged in the pleasures of conviviality in the gallery or the room above, which greatly resembled the gun-room of a frigate.

But the lieutenant himself is more worthy of description than his house, and yet, to look at him, you only saw a broad-shouldered shortish man with long arms, a large head with long hair, which, though thinner than once it was, had scarcely a tinge of grey. Kindness and good nature beamed from every line of his broad honest countenance, which was seamed, and scared, and indented in a way which showed the hard battles it had had for many a long year with the elements, and I don't know what shape the nose might have been when he was an infant, it was now so curiously knocked about, and twisted, and flattened; his mouth, however, had escaped injury, and a good large honest mouth it was, filled with big, white, pearly teeth, which looked capable of munching up a sea-horse or a walrus.

I have given a fuller description of Lieutenant Shakings than I had intended, but the truth is, he was a favourite of mine, and so he was of everybody who could appreciate honesty, and bravery, and true worth. But at this rate I shall never be able to get through the description of one half of the inhabitants of our town, or of certain events, and sayings, and doings of them, which it is my purpose to record. I said that our town has one straight street—it has likewise

other short streets, or rather roads, branching off at right angles to them. A little way down one of these branches was a villa residence, neither very large, nor altogether a picture of neatness, for the landlord was a hard man, penurious and avaricious, and the tenant, Mrs. Towzell, a widow lady with a large family, and limited, very limited means; and when a fence gave way, or a bank slipped down, she was unable, and her landlord would not, repair it. Thus, the appearance of Rose Villa was not altogether such as our town was proud of; yet inside it was as clean and tidy as the widow and her one servant could keep it, and her young people would allow it to be kept. They were high-spirited, somewhat riotous children, and the widow had never gained entire control over them, though they loved and obeyed her, and were really anxious to do what might please her. When I used to see the whole eight or nine out with her scrambling away across the country, she following meekly as best she could, she put me in mind of a hen with a brood of ducklings, which, in spite of her warning chuckles and entreaties, will go into the water. People knew well enough that Mrs. Towzell was a highly respectable lady; but many found cogent reasons for not calling on her, or inviting her to their entertainments. She was not likely to ask any of them in return. Lieutenant Shakings, however, found an opportunity of introducing himself to the widow, and many a little comfort or luxury he also by some means added to her scanty board. Now a dish of fish which he had caught—now a basket of game—some vegetables from his own garden, or couple of fowls and a dozen of eggs of his own rearing. Then people would send him more hampers of wine and sweetmeats, and even plum-cakes, than he could possibly consume, so he was forced, he said, to send them over to Widow Towzell for her young ones. He bestowed on her even more substantial benefits. He took a great fancy to Jack Towzell, the widow's eldest boy; and Jack took a great fancy to him. People said that Jack was a big, idle, good-for-nothing fellow, and that he was going to the dogs. They might have been right. Jack was a big fellow, and idle because he had nothing to do; but whether he was good-for-nothing was to be proved. He delighted in listening to the lieutenant's adventures, till nothing would satisfy him but to go to sea. He never let his poor mother rest till she had promised not to hinder him. The lieutenant told her that he would arrange matters if the lad's mind was set on going, and that she need not trouble herself. So he did in a truly liberal manner—ordered the boy's outfit—got him as a midshipman on board a man-of-war, and arranged to pay for him the required allowance.

"You must do us credit, Jack," he whispered, as he shook hands with the boy on the deck of the frigate to which he had got him appointed, and on board which he had accompanied him as she lay in Plymouth Sound ready for sailing. "Serve God, obey your captain, and stick to your colours."

Jack followed out the rule his friend had given him, and gained favour with officers and men. A gallant action on the coast of Africa, just as he was old enough to pass, obtained him his promotion, and Jack came home a young lieutenant, to rejoice the hearts of

his mother, and brother, and sisters, to thank his old friend, and to disprove the prognostications of those who had asserted that he was good for nothing.

CHAPTER II.

AN ACCOUNT OF A GRAND TEA-PARTY IN OUR TOWN.

MISS SNIGS had her niece, Mary Bolland, staying with her, and, on the occasion of her visit, gave a tea-party. It created quite a sensation in our town. Who was to be invited—who left out? Everybody couldn't go, that was certain. Mr. Polypip was on the tenter-hooks of expectation. Should he be asked, and if he was asked, how could he best make progress in the good graces of Miss Snigs? Gentlemen were valuable commodities in our town, from their scarcity—that is to say, young gentlemen; but could Mr. Polypip consider himself a young gentleman? He discovered that Lieutenants Shakings and Towzell were both asked. His heart swelled with jealousy. Could he submit to be overlooked? Was he inferior in rank and social position to them? At length an invitation came; it was short and formal, but it afforded him immense satisfaction; he pirouetted round on one leg, with the other stuck out at right angles, in his delight.

"I'll profit by the opportunity, and then I'll strike while the iron's hot, and Martha Snigs shall be mine." And he clasped his hands in an ecstasy, such as he did not often indulge in.

Miss Snigs's tea-party came off. All the rank and fashion of our town were there. Mr. Bubsby shone conspicuous, equalled only by Mrs. and the Miss Bubsbys. The family of Bubsby took up a good deal of space in any room, especially in Miss Snigs's parlour, grand as it was compared to most others in our town. Dr. and Mrs. Quinsey were there, as also the vicar, Mr. Goodman, and his lady, and the curate, Mr. Jones; but he hadn't a wife, so he came alone, and endeavoured to make himself agreeable to the Miss Bubsbys.

The Independent minister, Mr. Rory, was also present; for Miss Snigs was of the liberal school, and, whatever her other failings, held the rational notion, that those who may reasonably hope to meet hereafter need not be excluded from each other's society below on account of slight differences in their religious opinions. It was rumoured that Sir Peter and Lady Ackfield were coming. Miss Snigs, however, expressed herself humbly fearful that she could scarcely anticipate so great an honour. All the guests were assembled, Mr. Polypip with a tie, the ends of which tickled Miss Bubsby's broad brow, and Miss Snigs's chin at the same time was bending gracefully over the back of a chair to admire a pencil drawing, produced by the latter lady, of an Arcadian shepherdess milking a cow, the said Mr. Polypip casting sheep's glances every now and then at Miss Snigs's pretty niece, Mary Bolland, who was listening to an adventure narrated in an animated style by Jack Towzell, when a carriage stopped at the door. The knocker sounded sonorously. Miss Snigs started—her heart beat quickly.

The butler—not Miss Snigs's own private butler, for she had none,

but the butler-general of our town; what tea-party was complete without him?—announced Sir Peter and Lady Ackfield, and—what a contrast to Mr. and Mrs. Bubsby—a quiet little old gentleman, and a lady in black silk, with snow-white hair, entered the room. They tried to make themselves at home, and to avoid the attention which was lavished on them by all present.

"We are glad to come and see you, Miss Snigs, and our other friends—very glad," said Sir Peter. "But you must not make too much of us, or we shall grow vain. Ah, Mr. Polypip! glad to see you. Anything stirring in the legal world? I wasn't on the bench last week."

Polypip simpered, and was much pleased at having so much notice taken of him. It was a good sign; it must raise him in the estimation of Miss Snigs. The good old baronet, however, paid the same attention to every one present; at the same time, it was evident that in some of the guests he took more especial interest. Mary Bolland particularly received marks of his approval. Lady Ackfield always spoke to her as "my dear." Mary would indeed have been considered pretty anywhere. She was so fair and rosy, with such blue eyes, and with such fine light hair, with a tinge of auburn, and she had such a nice round plump figure, with such a sweet expression of countenance. Jack Towzell was evidently captivated. Over head and ears in love, he took no pains to conceal his admiration. I have no doubt that Jack had some wonderfully romantic notions in his head; what lots of prize-money he would make one of these days; there must be a war before long; what might not turn up? he might capture a Spanish galleon, or something of that sort. Shakings had done so, and, though others got the lion's share, it had made his fortune. Besides, hadn't he his half-pay? All these thoughts, and many others, passed through the young lieutenant's mind as he looked up into Mary Bolland's blue eyes. She thought that she had never seen anybody she had liked so much, and hoped that he would call on her aunt the next morning. He had every intention of so doing. Yet there is an old saying, "that the course of true love never runs smoothly." But more of that by-and-by.

Miss Snigs's party was a decided success. I cannot mention one-half of the great people who were there. Lieutenant Shakings himself was present. Miss Snigs observed that she considered it a high honour that so distinguished an officer as the captain should come to her entertainment. (The lieutenant had been given brevet rank in our town.) He replied, that he considered himself honoured by being invited, especially by so charming a maiden lady as Miss Snigs. Whereon Miss Snigs looked softly towards the captain, and said that she was sure he wouldn't deceive a too—too sensitive heart.

"Never did such a thing in the whole course of my life, and hope that I shan't begin now, marm," answered the lieutenant, bluntly, not aware that the speech had any reference to herself.

Miss Snigs was satisfied. The captain would be in earnest, whatever he said or did.

It is not necessary to describe how the tea was handed about, and the cakes and the bread-and-butter, and how the card-tables were made up, and how Mr. Jones and Mr. Rory cast glances of dis-

approval at the players, or how carefully the vicar turned away his head from them, lest, as Miss Tinpenny observed, "he might have had to make some remark on the subject from the pulpit next Sunday, which wouldn't have been gentile or altogether polite to Miss Snigs." I must mention, however, how sweetly Mary Bolland sang, and nicely she played, till Sir Peter got up and whispered in her ear:

"You must come and play to me and Lady Ackfield, my dear, some day soon. We mustn't put it off long. You'll promise?"

Mary readily promised.

The Miss Bubsbys also sang and played—I will not say how. They didn't get tired of listening to themselves. Sir Peter didn't ask them to come and sing to him. The rest of the company looked over prints and photographs till everybody knew every one of them by heart. At length Sir Peter and Lady Ackfield went away, and Mr. Bubsby, who had had great difficulty for some time in keeping his eyes open, considered that it would be the fashionable thing to order his carriage soon afterwards. Others lingered. The two naval officers and Mr. Polypip were the last to leave the house. Mr. Polypip was the very last. He went back into the drawing-room door, put his head in, cast one ogling glance around, placed his hand on his heart, sighed deeply, and then popped his head out again. Whether this dumb show had any effect on the heart of the fair mistress of the mansion may be doubted; that it had not on the heart, but on the countenance, of her niece, is certain; for, as soon as Polypip's physiognomy had disappeared, she burst out into a merry fit of laughter.

CHAPTER III.

A LAWYER IN LOVE. HOW HE SHOWED IT, AND WHAT WAS THE RESULT.

MISS SNIGS was walking in meditative mood in her garden while Mary Bolland was inside playing, the sweet notes of her voice streaming along through the open window. Miss Snigs was not attached to her own name; she was aware that it was not euphonious, but her disposition was not in reality very sensitive. Her hand had been sought more than once; but she suspected that her fortune was the attraction. Her suitors had, one after the other, been rejected, and she remained Miss Snigs. Her garden took a turn at the lower end, and there were thick shrubberies and trees affording a grateful shade. Jack Towzell and Mary Bolland had discovered that they could there walk up and down without being seen from the house, or by any one, except, perhaps, by a sly little Cupid with a bow and arrow perched up in a tree.

Miss Snigs had reached this secluded retreat, when suddenly an apparition appeared before her—at least she started as if she had seen one.

"Where do you come from?" she exclaimed; "and how dare——"

"Over the garden-wall," answered the apparition, interrupting her. "Oh, listen, adorable Martha Snigs, to what your devoted, admiring, despairing, heart-broken, constant, faithful suitor, lover, friend, Timothy Polypip, has to say."

Polypip knelt on one knee, stretched out one of his long thin arms as if to clutch her, and placed the other inside his waistcoat.

"Get up, Mr. Polypip, get up, sir," she exclaimed, indignantly, in return. "I insist on your going back by the way you came. I cannot listen to your professions and vows. Go away, I say, go away; I don't like you."

But Polypip persisted on keeping on one knee, gradually working himself on towards her, and ogling his eyes terribly.

"Oh, Martha Snigs, Martha Snigs, won't you have me?" he at length exclaimed, pathetically.

"No, I won't, I won't, Mr. Polypip," she answered, resolutely. "Every man's house is his castle, Mr. Polypip, and I consider a lone lady's garden her castle, Mr. Polypip, and that your intrusion in mine is against the laws and institutions of our free country, which you profess to revere and support, Mr. Polypip. There, sir, you have had my answer—you'll get no other."

Polypip had become desperate. He fancied that he could carry the citadel of Miss Snigs's heart by a *coup de main*. He sprang with agility to his feet, and stretching out his arms, exclaimed, as he rushed towards the lady:

"Not thus am I to be foiled, adorable Martha. Be mine you must—you shall—you will! By all the——"

The lady's piercing shrieks interrupted him. What she fancied was going to happen it is difficult to say; but at that moment a sturdy voice exclaimed, "Come, none of that, you old fellow!" and the next instant Lieutenant Shakings scrambled over a paling and through a quickset hedge which divided the garden from a not much-frequented pathway, and running his iron hook through the collar of the lank attorney's coat, he pulled him to the ground by a sudden jerk, and began to drag him along the path.

"Which way shall I take him, marm?" he asked. They were the first words he had spoken to Miss Snigs.

She pointed to Mr. Polypip's garden-wall.

"Over there," she answered. "That's the way he came. Thank you."

Lieutenant Shakings nodded, and dragging along the astonished, confounded, and unresisting man of the law, and seizing him by the lower extremity of his garments, gave him so sudden a hoist, that he sent him helplessly flying over the paling back into his own domain.

Cries, oaths, and other expressions scarcely fit to be repeated, were heard proceeding from the mouth of the man of law, as he lay struggling and vainly endeavouring to rise from among a grove of somewhat ancient and sturdy gooseberry-bushes into which he had been precipitated.

"I'll be revenged! Action for assault and battery will stand! Oh, these thorns! It's worse than *scandalum magnatum*. How dare these gooseberry-bushes scratch me, their owner and master? What was I doing? What was I saying? Nothing. What every Englishman has a right to say—declaring my affection for a peerless lady. What business had he to interfere? I'm a better man than him any day. I'll be revenged—terribly revenged! Oh, these bushes! Shan't have an inch on my body without a scratch. Assault and battery! Revenge! revenge!"

These and similar cries continued to proceed from the other side of the paling till Miss Snigs had reached the garden steps of her mansion.

"You'll come in, won't you, captain, and let me thank you, and let my niece thank you, and my whole household thank you, for the inestimable service you have rendered me in ridding me of the presence of that insufferable wretch, Polypip, in a manner which will prevent him from repeating his intrusion?"

Miss Snigs, as she said this, cast a tender glance at the sturdy though battered form of the old lieutenant.

"Why, as to that, I shall have to scramble back through the hedge if I do not," he answered, bluntly. "But for the matter of tossing old Parchment over the paling, pray don't think about it. I'll heave him over again to-morrow, or any other day he comes, with the greatest pleasure."

Miss Snigs thought how delightful and satisfactory it would be if she could always have the brave officer by her side to heave intruders over the paling, and in all other ways to protect and defend her.

Lieutenant Shakings had, however, just then as much idea of making love to Miss Snigs as he had of proposing to the eldest daughter of the Emperor of China. However, he accompanied its fair mistress into the house and into the drawing-room, where, looking very much at his ease and engaged in earnest conversation with Miss Mary Bolland, he found his friend, Lieutenant Towzell. Miss Snigs started back; the young lieutenant jumped to his legs, for he was sitting down on the footstool at Mary Bolland's feet. It was a comfortable and pleasant seat, and the young lady seemed to have no objection to his being there.

"I had no idea that there were visitors," exclaimed Miss Snigs.

"I hope that you will not consider me a formal one. I came to see your niece, and have had a good deal to say to her," said the young lieutenant, casting a glance with a twinkle in his eye at Mr. Shakings. "But don't let us interrupt you, Miss Snigs. If my friend here has any matters to talk over, we'll take a turn in the garden in the mean time. Come along, Mary."

"Well, I do declare that beats anything I have ever met!" exclaimed Miss Snigs. "Why, it was only the other day you two became acquainted, and now you've taken to call her Mary! Pray, niece, do you call him Jack?"

"Yes, aunt, I have done so," answered Mary Bolland, demurely.

"I'll confess," said Jack, taking Miss Snigs's hand, "you've known me since I was a boy, and so you know that I am not an impostor, or a swindler, or anything disreputable. Well, it did not require for me to see your niece very often to be over head and ears in love with her. Now, we sailors have to do things pretty sharply; here to-day, gone to-morrow; if we don't strike when the iron's hot, the chances are it's cold again before we come back. Mr. Shakings will tell you that."

Miss Snigs looked at Mr. Shakings, and wished that he would strike while the iron was hot; but Mr. Shakings only nodded his head, and remarked:

"Oh yes, marm, it's a fact, no doubt about it. There's a great deal to be said in favour of the young man—of the young couple, indeed; they haven't let the grass grow under their feet, that's very certain."

And the lieutenant burst into a hearty fit of laughter. It was impossible even for Miss Snigs to be either sentimental or angry under such a peal of cachinnations.

"But do you mean to say, niece, that Mr. Towzell has been and proposed to you, and that you have positively accepted him?" she asked, at length.

"Yes, aunt. I really couldn't help it," answered Mary, looking at Jack.

"And pray, young people, on what are you going to support existence?" asked Miss Snigs, who, in spite of a spice of sentiment, was of a practical turn of mind.

"That's just what we were coming to when you interrupted us," answered Jack, promptly. "We should have settled it all in a very short time, and I think that the best thing we can do now is to go out in the garden and finish that part of the subject—eh, Mary? We'll come back and tell you as soon as we have arrived at a satisfactory conclusion."

"Well, I must say, Mr. Jack Towzell, I never have, in the whole course of my life, met with such cool assurance," exclaimed Miss Snigs. At the same time, she did not order him or her niece to stay.

"Faint heart never won fair lady, my dear Miss Snigs, is the opinion we hold to in the navy," observed Jack, tucking Mary Bolland's arm under his, and moving towards the door.

Possibly Miss Snigs thought or felt that the example of the young people might be contagious, and that Mr. Shakings might begin to discover her perfections. Unhappily for Miss Snigs's peace of mind, Mr. Shakings was very far from admiring her, though, for the sake of his young friends, he, not aware of what was passing in her mind, determined, to the best of his power, to keep her occupied for half an hour or so, till they could settle the knotty point they had under discussion.

Mr. Shakings had occasionally in his younger days been employed on diplomatic services. Blunt honesty now, as then, obtained the object of his mission. He had undertaken to make himself agreeable to Miss Snigs for half an hour, or for as much longer a time as he could. He talked of his battles and the countries he had visited, and the adventures he had gone through. Miss Snigs thought him a delightful person. Poor Miss Snigs! The brave lieutenant never for one moment thought that he was making love, or dreamed of a breach of promise. All the time he thought that he was simply making himself agreeable to an elderly spinster lady.

Meantime the young couple went into the garden. What they said, and what sage arrangements they made for their future maintenance, it is not necessary to recount. They both had heard of books which told people how they could live on a hundred a year and two hundred a year, and didn't his full pay amount to a hundred and twenty, independent of the prize-money he was sure to make? Indeed, it would be

a sin not to marry, they were so wonderfully well off. While they were discussing these important matters, the unfortunate Polypip had picked himself out of the gooseberry-bushes, and, having been well covered with cold cream by his housekeeper, had once more betaken himself to his garden. When pacing up and down with green-eyed jealousy at his heart, he overheard some of the tender expressions uttered by the enamoured lieutenant and responded to by the young lady. Blinded by passion, and thus under the belief that the lovers were his one-armed rival and Miss Snigs, he resolved to wreak his vengeance on the head of the gentleman.

Hastening to the dust-hole he filled a large bucket with the finest ashes he could dip up, mingled with broken egg-shells and other refuse, and, armed with this novel engine of warfare, he crept noiselessly back to the palings, near which he guessed the lovers would pass. Mild-tempered men, and even cautious men, when they do get angry, are sometimes guilty of the most outrageous performances. In one hand he grasped a thick garden stake, and, taking a hint from naval tactics, his purpose was to heave the contents of the bucket over the lovers, and then to attack the lieutenant under cover of the dust, just as a ship at close quarters fires a broadside into an enemy, and then the boarders rush on her decks amid the smoke and confusion which their guns have caused. There were, however, two or three points which Mr. Polypip did not take into consideration. There was a strongish breeze, which he did not feel under the paling, and there was a broad border between it and the walk; the paling, too, was high, and the bucket heavy. The young lieutenant and Mary had sat for some time in the more retired part of the garden, when they thought that they ought to show themselves, so they took a turn in the long walk near Mr. Polypip's paling. Still anger made him deaf, or he might have distinguished Mary's tones from those of her aunt. Then he crouched down like some huge serpent about to spring on its prey. The loving couple approached. He sprang up, and, by an extraordinary effort, leaped over the paling, at the same time endeavouring to cast the contents of the bucket over his supposed rival. As he did so, a strong gust of wind sent the ashes flying thickly back in his face, completely blinding and stifling him; but this did not subdue his anger, as might have been the case had the bucket been full of water—on the contrary, it only increased it, and, grasping the stake, he furiously assaulted the young lieutenant. Mary screamed loudly, believing that Mr. Polypip had gone mad; but Towzell, seizing the lawyer's weapon, wrenched it in a moment out of his hand, and began to apply it pretty lustily to his head and shoulders. Had Mr. Polypip retained any reason in that head, he would have speedily beat a retreat, but, instead of so wise a course, he threw himself bodily on the young and active sailor, still under the belief that he was attacking the old one. The consequence of this movement was, that he quickly measured his length on the gravel walk. Meantime, Mary's screams had alarmed the inmates of the house. Some hard thoughts crossed the mind of Miss Snigs. Could the young lieutenant have become too demonstrative in the expression of his affection and frightened her little niece? She wished that the

old one would become a little more so. Still she must go and see what was the matter. Lieutenant Shakings followed, more puzzled than she was, while the two maid-servants rushed out, one with the hot poker and the other with the kitchen bellows, believing that a wild beast had got into the garden, and Sophonisba, the housemaid, having some indistinct idea that the latter instrument might prove a formidable weapon. They all arrived in time to see Mr. Polypip laid prostrate on the walk.

"What could the fellow mean!" exclaimed the young lieutenant, as he surveyed his fallen assailant. "My sweet Mary, don't be alarmed. I'll take care that he doesn't do any harm."

Mr. Polypip was meditating a spring on his opponent, but, opening his eyes, he saw through the dust, which still almost filled them, young Towzell standing over him, and the man he thought that he had been attacking approaching from the house. Anticipating further disagreeable consequences to himself, he, watching his opportunity and springing to his feet, threw himself desperately over the paling. A loud crash of breaking glass showed that he had fallen bodily into a newly placed cucumber-frame, which was not far from the spot where he had previously concealed himself. This was considerably worse than the gooseberry-bushes, as the glass cut him, and the soil below was soft, moist, and odorous. By some means, in his struggles he got his head through the frame, and was seen impetuously rushing along, under the belief that he was pursued, with it hanging over his shoulder. Miss Snigs's gratitude to Lieutenant Towzell knew no bounds. He had evidently saved the captain, for whom the dreadful assault was no doubt intended. She asked the captain how she could best show it.

"Just think, my dear Captain Shakings, what would have been the consequence if that madman had attacked you. I am sure that I should have fainted. Oh dear! oh dear! how terrible it would have been! What can I do to thank the young man?"

"Why, my dear marm, I think the best thing you can do is to let him marry your niece. I've no doubt but that the young couple will make it out somehow or other. Young people always do. I'll lend them a helping hand, for I've got more than I want; and you, I dare say, can do something for your niece. Come, my dear Miss Snigs; don't say no."

"I couldn't say no to you, captain," answered Miss Snigs, sentimentally turning up her eyes, while her heart beat audibly; but the hard-hearted officer didn't take the hint. Poor Miss Snigs!

However, Miss Snigs was a wise woman. She thought that if she allowed the young lieutenant to pay his addresses to her niece, that the example might be contagious, and that, perhaps, the old one might begin to pay his addresses to her, so she said:

"I hope that your young friend will come here as often as he likes. If he really is in love with Mary, I should like to see as much as possible of him, to judge whether he is likely to prove a good husband to the dear girl; and you know, captain, that you will always be welcome whenever you please to accompany him. I shall feel rather lonely if I am deprived of the society of my niece, as I am sure to be

for several hours of the day. Young people, under such circumstances, are always so wrapped up in themselves, they never think of others."

"No fear, marm. I'll come and play a game of backgammon with you whenever I can, and keep up your spirits," answered the gallant officer. "And, I say, if that lank, long-legged lawyer comes philandering after you again, just let Jack and me know, and we'll duck him in a horsepond. That will cool his ardour, I suspect."

"Oh! thank you, captain—thank you! I am sure you are kind and generous, and possess all the qualities which would make a reasonable woman happy."

As the brave lieutenant walked home, he thought over the remarks made to him by the spinster.

"I wonder what the old girl is after?" he thought to himself. "She can't mean that she wants me to make up to her? Bless my heart! I wonder if that's the case? I didn't think it, certainly. But it looks precious like it. Well, I should have thought that she was better off as she is. However, women have their fancies. She's a kind-hearted old girl, and maybe she'd like to be Mrs. Shakings instead of Miss Snigs. Well, it's all the same to me. If it would help Towzell to marry that pretty little dear, Mary Bolland, I wouldn't mind chancing it. I'll just ask him what he thinks, and tell him to ask Mary what she thinks. I'd rather have married his mother if she'd have let me, just to help her keep house and look after the children; but she talked so much about her heart being buried with her dead husband, and that she wouldn't take advantage of my generous sympathy, that I saw that it was no go. It's a great thing to make one woman happy, and if I thought that Martha Snigs would be the happier for marrying me, I shouldn't like to balk her. I must think about it."

Lieutenant Shakings did think about it a good deal. He consulted Jack, who consulted Mary, who at first laughed heartily at the idea, but, after two or three days, said that she had reason to alter her mind; that the moment she broached the subject, her aunt did nothing but talk about the old lieutenant, and at last confessed, amid a perfect eruption of sighs, that her happiness would be gone for ever if Mr. Shakings should remain obdurate.

"Then there's no help for it, Jack, I suppose," remarked the old officer, shrugging his shoulders. "If I find that her heart is really set on it, I'll tell her that I'm her man—I do think that a single woman like her, poor thing! must sometimes feel very forlorn—and if I don't, why, she'll always have that piece of sanctimonious Parchment bothering her. Yes, Jack, I see it is really the right thing to do; and it will put a spoke in your wheel, and that's another good reason."

Thus honest Lieutenant Shakings argued himself into matrimony. So softened was the heart of Miss Snigs on receiving a *bonâ fide* offer from Lieutenant Shakings, that at his suggestion she settled irrevocably a hundred a year on her pretty niece, with a further sum when she herself should be called out of this sublunary world, contingent on her not having a family of her own.

"Of course, dear aunt, I shouldn't like to deprive my little cousins

in prospect of a larger portion of their inheritance than you have already so generously bestowed on me."

There was a laughing glitter in her eyes as she spoke which she could not suppress. Of course, with so magnificent an income secured to them, the young lieutenant and Mary agreed that it would be quite wrong not to marry forthwith. Miss Snigs at first threw objections in the way.

"I see, Mary, that I must get that good old fellow, Shakings, to come to the scratch himself," observed Jack. "If he asks her to splice at once, and proposes that we should all be married together, she'll consent—no fear of that."

Lieutenant Shakings was ready to do anything Jack wished, and the matter was soon satisfactorily arranged. On Jack's account no time was to be lost, as he could not tell when he might be called away to sea. When Polypip, who had betaken himself to the sea-side for change of air to recover from his bruises and scratches and his wounded feelings, returned, he endeavoured to establish an action for assault and battery; but it was so evident that he was the aggressor, that for once in a way a lawyer was foiled, and caught in his own snare. He soon after sold his business and retired to America, where his talents were more likely to be rewarded than they were in our town.

The marriages of Lieutenant Shakings, R.N., to Miss Martha Snigs, and of Lieutenant Towzell, R.N., to Miss Mary Bolland, were among the most exciting events which have occurred for many years in our town.

EGYPT: AND A JOURNEY TO PALESTINE, *VIA* MOUNT SINAI AND PETRA.*

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL R. H. MILES.

X.

THE Sabbath-day fell on what would have been our fourth day's march, and we cried a halt accordingly, and kept it as a day of rest, divine service being performed in the saloon tent. On our journey the last two days, Fahrenheit's thermometer showed 102 deg. exposed to the sun; but at six o'clock of a morning, during the last two days' march, and also whilst we were encamped at the foot of Mount Sinai, the thermometer (Fahrenheit's) denoted only 40 deg. For the first six mornings, after leaving Suez, it had registered 48 deg.

From the Wady-es-Shaick there is a short cut, with an occasional steep ascent, through a narrow, rocky, and stony gorge, to the Greek convent at the foot of Mount Sinai, impracticable for laden camels, but through which, if the riders will dismount and walk for nearly half of the distance, the dromedaries can pass. This route we took,

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as we reached the convent by so doing at half-past ten A.M.; whereas our laden camels, having proceeded *via* the Wady-es-Shaick, did not reach the encamping-ground until between two and three P.M.

The first thing I tried to do on reaching the crest of the last ascent, from whence a gentle declivity led to the site of the convent, along an open plain, or rather through a broad valley, with the imposing sight of Mount Sinai towering up towards the heavens a little to the right of this said valley, was to endeavour to fix upon the very site that had been chosen by Mr. Herbert for his grand and beautiful fresco in the robing-room of the House of Peers, which represented Moses with the two "tables of stone" (Exodus xxxiv. 29, 30) coming down from Mount Sinai and entering the camp of the Israelites, after having been forty days on the summit of the mountain, and which magnificent work of art I made a point of visiting and studying for half an hour only the day previous to my departure from London for the "Land of Egypt;" but I could not realise the exact or identical site, neither from that spot nor from our camp, although I have a pretty tolerable idea of the spot from the neighbourhood of which the view of Moses's return to the Jewish camp was taken.

We had no sooner reached and looked at our bare and naked encamping-ground, which was to be the site of our abode for the next three days, than we hurried away, still mounted on our dromedaries, to the convent, to visit its interior, as well as its Superior and the monks, and to procure a cup of hot coffee to give a relish to the cold provisions which our dragoman had brought on with him for our lunch; for, during our march, we had invariably halted for an hour about one o'clock to discuss our mid-day's meal of cold fowl and tongue, or ham and turkey, and a dessert of oranges (of which latter *one thousand* had been laid in for our use at Cairo, and which lasted us to Hebron) and figs, with dates, biscuits, and gingerbread nuts.

On reaching the convent gates, which were protected by sheets of iron, and after a loud knocking thereat, a voice from a square orifice in the stone wall, which did duty for a window, and which was elevated some five-and-twenty or maybe thirty feet from the ground, inquired our business, and on our dragoman's replying to the monk in Arabic (in which language his question was asked) that we wished to visit the interior of the convent, the monk inquired if we had a "pass" or "permit" from the Greek Patriarch at Cairo, and on being answered in the affirmative, the said "permit" was, as requested, affixed to a cord and hauled up into the convent, and taken to the "Superior" thereof for perusal, who, finding it was all *en règle* and "orthodox," gave orders for our admittance; and, after a short delay, one half of the large double outer gates leading into the large court-yard was opened to us, and as soon as it was closed again, and locked and bolted, we followed the monk into the interior of the convent by a dark and narrow passage, to which access was only had by the unlocking of a low iron-bound door, so low that we had to stoop low ourselves before we could enter, and shortly afterwards we had an interview with the Superior, who ordered coffee to be served up to us. After a short conversation, through our dragoman, in Arabic (for the Superior could not speak either French or English, or even Italian),

we visited the rooms on the floor on which we had been seated, and which floor was situated on the second story facing the church, being simply a wooden verandah, with a slight balcony of the same material, as a protection from falling into the narrow alley or passage paved with stones below. We next asked for permission to visit the interior of the church, and also the library, which was accorded to us; and, after a few more interchanges of conversation with the Superior, through the agency of the dragoman, the former rose to take leave of us, and at once retired to his own quarters.

We will now proceed to the church. Inside it resembled all Greek churches, and was rich in pictures of the Virgin, of Jesus Christ, and of saints. It was originally dedicated to the "Transfiguration;" but ever since the church has contained the relics of St. Catherine it goes by her name, as she is considered to be its patron saint. Inside the centre portion of this building I noticed, standing upright in its large oaken frame, an English eight-day clock, which seemed to be a strange piece of ecclesiastical furniture for the nave of a Greek church. On inspecting it more closely, I read on its dirty silvered-looking dial the following engraved inscription:

W. WASBROUGH.

BRISTOL.

We next visited the small chapel dedicated to the "Burning Bush," in which is a small altar, on which a massive silver lamp was kept continually burning. Before we were permitted to enter this *sanctum sanctorum*, however, we were desired by the attendant monks to remove our boots or shoes from off our feet (Exodus iii. 5), and leave them in the adjoining room or vestibule. As this chapel had neither mats nor carpets spread over the cold, damp-looking stones with which it was flagged, it was some little time before I could make up my mind to remove my boots, as I was afraid lest any injurious consequences might arise therefrom; but, making it a momentary affair, the whole thing was accomplished within a couple of minutes.

From what I could understand from the monks—but, of course, I may have been mistaken in the interpretation which I put on the information which they imparted to us—I gathered this chapel was the site of the identical spot where God appeared unto Moses (Exodus iii. 2). This hallowed and wonderful scene, however, occurred in Horeb, and not at the foot of Mount Sinai, unless Horeb and Mount Sinai are identical, which is not likely (Exodus xvii. 6).

Some *savans* and "literary" travellers hold to the idea that the Mount Serbal, which is left a short distance to the right hand on the road to Mount Sinai, is either Mount Horeb or else the real Mount Sinai.*

The safest guide, I humbly conceive, is to follow the tradition of the sons of Ishmael (the modern Bedouins of the Desert), who most certainly of all living peoples ought best to know *where* Mount Sinai

* Wherever Horeb may be placed by the researches of the modern school of Biblical criticism, we learn, at all events, that it was eleven marches', or days' journey, *viâ* Mount Seir (Petra) unto "Kadesh-Barnea (Deuteronomy i. 2).

stands, and with one voice these people assert that their "Jebel Mōōssa," or Mountain of Moses, answering to the Mount Sinai of the Bible, is that mountain which rises up out of the plain alongside (but to the eastward thereof) of the Mount St. Catherine, and immediately above the spot whereon the present Greek convent stands.

Before we quitted the church, we were shown the very richly ornamented and very costly silver-gilt shrine, resembling a sarcophagus, which was sent from St. Petersburg as a present to the Greek convent by the Emperor of all the Russias, and which was intended to hold the relics of the sainted Catherine, as well as to requite the monks for their truly invaluable and most incomparable present of the "Codus Sinaiticus" version of our Holy Scriptures, which they had presented to the head of their Church, through Dr. Tischendorff, on his third visit to their convent. In another part of the church we noticed a second silver sarcophagus-shaped coffin, but of smaller dimensions, which the monks informed us really contained the *bonâ fide* relics of their patron saint, and that owing to the impracticability of placing the new coffin (if I may apply the term), from its greater size, in the same snug and out-of-the-way recess in which the smaller one stood, the monks had determined to let each sarcophagus remain in the same position in which they stood at the period of our visit.

We now proceeded to the library, which was a very small room furnished with rows of wooden shelves around the walls, on which the various books stood. They were but few in number. The monks showed us the new edition of the "Codus Sinaiticus," in four large-sized quarto volumes, on paper resembling at all events, if it was not actually, vellum, which had been printed at St. Petersburg and handsomely bound, and which had been forwarded to the convent library at Mount Sinai as a present from the Emperor of all the Russias in exchange for the original thereof. Some of our party were anxious to procure a book from the library, by purchase, as a memento of their visit to the convent, but the monks would not listen to the proposition, and replied, such a thing was simply an impossibility. The convent library contained, also, several manuscripts.

After walking about the interior of the place, which contained a fine deep well of excellent water, but which otherwise contained nothing remarkable to arrest the traveller's further attention, we proceeded to our camp to dine.

The fraternity of religious anchorites, at the period of our visit (which was on Friday, the 3rd of March, 1865) to the convent of Mount Sinai, consisted of a superior and twenty-four monks, all of whom were Greeks, and no Russian priests amongst their number.

Saturday, March 4.—At twenty minutes past eight this morning, all of our party, saving myself, started from camp for the purpose of ascending Mount St. Catherine, a feat which was considered by all those who had ever accomplished it a most fatiguing one. Well aware of this fact, I relinquished the pleasure of enjoying an extended view from the summit thereof, and reserved my strength for the ascent of Mount Sinai, which, in the language of the prize-ring, was to "come off" on the morning following.

On the return of the youngest and the most active of the party to

camp, at half-past five P.M., they told me the ascent of Mount St. Catherine took them five hours to accomplish, of which the first hour and a quarter was performed on dromedaries to the foot of the mountain; that the whole and entire ascent was very steep and very fatiguing work, and had tried their strength greatly: they informed me they could see the Gulfs of Akabah and Suez, as well as the fork where the junction of the two gulfs joined their waters just beyond Cape Ras Mahommed. The "elders" of the party did not get back to camp until a full hour later, and looked terribly "punished" after their day's labour. A second camp had been pitched on the afternoon of our arrival, not very far distant from our own encampment, which we noticed on our return from our visit to the convent, the inmates of which consisted of four young Englishmen belonging to the "Society of Friends," whose personal acquaintance some of our party had made at Cairo, and who had left that city before we did, in order to visit and ascend to the top of Mount Serbal. These young and active travellers accompanied our party to the top of Mount St. Catherine.

I paid the monks a second visit this afternoon (4th of March), and devoted a couple of hours to the convent and its large garden. I resumed the same seat in the verandah that I had occupied the day previous, and was fortunate in meeting with one of the "brotherhood" who understood a little Italian, by which means we were enabled to keep up a conversation. I found he knew likewise a few words of French, which language helped me when my Italian was at fault. After discussing various matters, and after having partaken of a cup of coffee, which he had ordered to be prepared for us, I lit a cigar, and commenced sounding this "brother" as to whether it were not possible to procure, by purchase, any one small book from amongst the collection in the convent library; to which question the monk replied, it was quite impossible—that none of the books were ever sold or given away to any one.

"In *that* case, then," I observed to him, "how was it you allowed Dr. Tischendorff to take away out of the convent library the very valuable manuscript of the Holy Bible, called the 'Codus Sinaiticus,' which that gentleman showed me at Alexandria, the latter end of September, 1859, on his way from Mount Sinai to St. Petersburg with it? Surely, as you have already allowed one visitor to your convent to take away a very valuable book from amongst a heap of others, there can be no objection to your letting me have one of the least value in the collection, on paying for the same, as a *souvenir* of my visit to this convent."

But the monk replied, the thing was impossible, and that it was hopeless for me to have my request gratified.

I now questioned this monk on two other points.

"Tell me," I said, "did the Emperor of Russia ever send you, for the use of your convent, a small steamer? (*püro-scäf*, in Greek and in Russian); for Dr. Tischendorff informed me at Alexandria that, in exchange for the 'Codus Sinaiticus,' although you would take no money for the same, yet that you would wish the Emperor of all the Russias, as the head of your Church, to send you a small steam-boat to ply between Suez and Tor."

"No," he replied, "no steam-boat was ever sent to us; but we received the large handsome silver-gilt sarcophagus you saw yesterday inside the church, as an equivalent for the 'Codex Sinaiticus,' and as some compensation for the manuscript of which our convent has been defrauded."

"Defrauded!" I exclaimed, in astonishment. "How defrauded? I thought that the superior and the monks of the convent had, of their own free and good will, given that manuscript to Dr. Tischendorff as their offering (which the learned doctor told them would prove a most acceptable and welcome one) to the Emperor of all the Russias."

"Nothing of the sort," the monk replied. "The correct and true history of that manuscript is on this wise: we allowed Dr. Tischendorff to take away from out of the convent library that ancient manuscript to show to the Emperor of Russia, on the sole condition that it was to be faithfully returned to the convent library at the expiration of three years. We should not have permitted this manuscript to have been taken away even by Dr. Tischendorff, unless it had been under the written guarantee of the Russian ambassador at Constantinople that it should be faithfully returned within the above-named period." And this monk added, "If that valuable manuscript (bound up as a book) was not returned to their convent, that the Russian government would have to bear the disgrace, as well as the odium, of having broken their promise."

I again questioned him on the subject of the small steam-boat, when he assured me it was quite true that the superior and monks had asked Dr. Tischendorff to request the Emperor of Russia, in return for the use of the above manuscript, to make them a present of a small steam-boat for the use of the convent, and that they still lived in hopes of having their request fulfilled.

The monk said to me: "You must bear in mind that we cannot part with, even for money, any of the books or manuscripts in the convent library; for they are all *heirlooms* attached to, belonging to, and forming part of this convent." (Which information the Superior of the convent, shortly after this conversation, corroborated.)

We now rose up from our seats to welcome the superior, who, accompanied by two or three of the "brotherhood," came to see me, on hearing I was inside the convent. He did not take a seat, but, after inquiring after my health and where the remainder of my fellow-travellers were, he proposed a walk in the convent garden, to which I very willingly assented. On our way, I observed how cautious the "fraternity" were to keep the low iron-sheeted doors and gates of their convent always locked and bolted, in order that no Bedouin might enter within the precincts, and study the "ins and outs" thereof. The monks were erecting a range of buildings, resembling farm out-houses, inside the large court-yard which separated the convent from the garden; and they were surrounding this court-yard with new stone walls, the whole of which, when completed, will give a pleasing appearance to the spot; which *sadly* requires it, for the present aspect of the old convent is "sadness" personified.

The garden was a very extensive one; indeed, it ought rather to be

called an orchard, for the smaller kitchen-garden was nearer to the convent. Herein I observed several large olive-trees, besides plum, apricot, and almond trees, the latter being in full bloom. There were also some vines and a few other trees, whose names I did not note down at the time. There were likewise several remarkably fine cypress-trees, which are very prominent features in the landscape, for a very considerable distance before the convent is reached.

The monks informed me this had been a remarkably mild winter, for generally the summits of these two mountains were covered with snow at this present time. In mid-winter, the snow lay from two to three feet in depth inside the convent. After having walked through the orchard, the superior suggested we should go outside thereof, and seat ourselves near the stone bridge which spanned the torrent, all but dry at present, where carpets were soon spread, and a cold collation of bread, biscuits, and dried fruits was served, with coffee.

After partaking of this refreshment, which proved very acceptable to me, who had breakfasted in our camp before eight o'clock, I rose and bade the superior and the monks farewell, informing them I regretted I should be unable to return to the convent to pay them a third visit; and, wishing them all long life, I retraced my steps back to our tents.

I may mention, before I quit the convent, that on my arrival thereat this afternoon, and just before we proceeded to the orchard, I presented an "Atmospheric Clock," which I had brought with me from London, and which was regulated for twenty-three and a half hours, to the convent, and pointed out to the Superior, as well as to the monks, how it acted, and how it was to be adjusted and regulated. After some few lessons, which I repeated three or four times, it seemed to me the monk, who spoke Italian, had acquired the requisite information I had imparted to him, and comprehended how to regulate it and re-set it when the mercury in the tube had run down.

They were profuse in their thanks for my gift, none of the "brotherhood" having ever seen or even heard of such an invention before that day. I was informed they always kept "Arab time" inside the convent; and I explained to my pupil, and showed him how and by what means the "atmospheric clock" could be regulated and adjusted so as to denote either European, Turkish, or Arab time.

Sunday, February 5.—This was a fine cool day for our ascent of Mount Sinai, and after an early breakfast we all proceeded to the convent on foot, and obtaining thence two or three of the monks to act as guides for our party, who, from having been bespoken the day previous, were in readiness to accompany us, along with another of the "fraternity," who had especial charge of an Arab porter that was laden with coffee and sugar, and bread and eggs, and charcoal, besides coffee-pots and cups and saucers, &c. &c., we all started off together on our road up the mountain at nine o'clock. The pathway that led to Mount Sinai had been made by the hands of man, and thereby rendered comparatively easy of ascent as a path, although the road was sufficiently steep to try some of our lungs, as well as our knees and the calves of the legs. Before we reached the summit, which it took us three hours in all, commencing from our camp,

to accomplish, several of our party were glad to cry frequent halts to enable us to rest our limbs and to draw breath; for it was really most fatiguing and most tiring work. We were just twenty minutes, fast walking, from the camp to the convent, and two hours and forty minutes climbing up the mountain. About half way up we came upon a small, rough-looking stone building, which was fitted up internally as a chapel, wherein were lamps, as well as candles, kept burning, whilst the rudely-plastered stone walls were ornamented with paintings of saints hung around. A small altar stood within. The lamps and candles probably were burning this day on account of its being the Sabbath-day, as well as to show off this humble Christian shrine to the best possible advantage to the thirteen strangers who had arrived from far-distant countries to make a "pilgrimage" to the top of Mount Sinai. One of our attendant monks, after entering the chapel, forthwith lighted a silver censer, which he carried with him, and swayed the burning incense to and fro, and especially under each painting of a saint, the odoriferous smoke and fumes from which curled in waves around, and seemed to lessen, at all events for the moment, the toils of our ascent thus far up the mountain. When about two-thirds of the way up, we came upon some particles of ice in small thick sheets, which we broke into fragments and ate. On reaching the summit of this "world-renowned" mountain, we observed a couple of small stone buildings, the first of which, on the left hand, was a Greek chapel, over whose portal was inscribed the date—1864.* It contained a "screened-off" altar, whilst the walls were hung with small paintings of saints. The other building was erected over a cave or grotto, which had been handed down by tradition under the name of Moses's Cave. This building contained only one room, which, like a "dawk-bungalow" in India, was used by travellers for shelter from the weather, or to sleep in, should they have previously decided on spending the night on the summit of the mountain, whether on religious or on scientific grounds, or whether with the intention of ascending to the top of Mount St. Catherine from Mount Sinai after a night's rest; the two mountains lying close together, and separated only from each other by a very deep gorge or valley, or *Khud*, as we should say in the Himalayas.

It had been previously arranged before leaving our camp that divine service on this Sabbath-day (the first Sunday in Lent) should be held, according to the ritual of the Church of England, on the summit of Mount Sinai, which rare circumstance each individual of our party would, no doubt, hereafter consider and look back upon as having been an event in his life. Amongst our number we reckoned two ministers of the Church of England, two of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and one of the Church of England in America—five clergymen in all! The remainder consisted (as the members of the congregation) of two Englishmen, one Scotchman, and one American, besides the four young Englishmen belonging to the "Society of Friends," who had accompanied our party from the camp.

* As I find entered in my note-book; which might mark the year in which it was repaired or probably enlarged, for this building had been built long previously.

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THE TURKS IN EUROPE, AND THE CANDIAN INSURRECTION.

RUMOURS of a coalition, or, at all events, an understanding, between Prussia and Russia, in regard to the "Question of the East," have been current ever since the latter has become one of the dominant powers of Europe. The rumours have been contradicted and denied, and have surged to the surface again, in spite of protestation. That Prussia has—although by its geographical position and its commercial and financial interests, one of the least involved of the European powers in the affairs of the East—always taken the deepest interest in the future of that vast, ill-governed, and variously peopled territory, is well known to those who have watched the progress of events for some time past. When Ibrahim Pasha occupied Syria, and threatened the dominions of the Sultan in Asia Minor, Prussia alone sent officers of distinction to the great pashaliks of Angora, Koniyyah, and Malatiah, to aid the Turks by their counsel and instructions; Barons Moltke, Vincke, and others were present at the disastrous combat of Nizib; and both Prussia and Austria abetted the English when the Holy Land was finally rescued from the hands of the Egyptians. Austria and Prussia held aloof in the Crimean war, because the English were then in alliance with France, and the interests at stake were no longer the same. France was fighting for the ascendancy of the Latin over the Greek Church at the Holy Places; Austria was also Roman Catholic, but it did not see that religious interests precisely called for the supremacy of France; and Prussia was Protestant, but has never been able to see that it was the interest of the Reformed Churches to wage war for Muhammadanism simply out of opposition to the Greek Church, and still less that, rather than allow the supremacy of that Church, it was a wise policy to take up the cudgels for the benefit of the Latin Church. The recent appointment of a Prussian prince as ruler over Rumania, or United Moldavia and Wallachia, has brought this historical interest, taken by Prussia in the affairs of the Orient, still more prominently forward, and no longer permits of a doubt being entertained that, whether in coalition or without, Prussia will not remain a quiet spectator of the dismemberment of the Muhammadan power in Europe, or of any events that may threaten to lead to such a result; but that having provided itself with a lever as powerful as that possessed by Austria in Croatia, by Russia in Bessarabia, and by England in Greece, it will be prepared to move in one sense or another the moment an emergency shall arise.

That the sense in which this movement will be made will be adverse to what has been so long the traditional policy of England—that of up-

holding the empire of the Osmanlis in the face of all kinds and descriptions of short-comings, incapable administrations, corrupt practices, financial derangements, and wars of extermination against the Christian races—is at once evident on the surface of things. Prussia has no financial or commercial involvedness in Turkey to blind it as to the true position of affairs, and to lead it to ignore positive facts in the presence of supposed pecuniary or political interests. Nor can Prussia have any particular projects of aggrandisement in the East. It sees that a catastrophe, to which Great Britain has so long and so wilfully closed its eyes, must take place shortly, and it is prepared to prevent, as far as lies in its power, any one power obtaining the lion's share, and to secure some such arrangement as may be conducive to peace in the East, and, at the same time, preserve intact the equilibrium of power in the West. Whether it has any particular interest in the prospects of the Christians of the East, or of any particular branch of these persecuted races, we are not prepared to say; but Prussia, as itself the seat of a mixed Reformed and Romanist Church, would most probably sink all considerations of the prospects of any particular sect, in the more enlightened consideration of what would be most beneficial for the welfare of all. Whichever Christian party, by its industry, intelligence, and morality, shall be most worthy of support in its own locality, or over more extensive areas, would most assuredly be countenanced in its struggle for emancipation, its claims to its own historical domains, and its inalienable right to national existence and independence, by a power which would be unembarrassed by any other considerations in awarding what is right to the parties concerned, be they Servians or Bulgarians, Greeks or Armenians, Syro-Greeks or Latins, Maronites or Jacobites. As to the Romanians, their fate may be considered as settled in advance. They are now, for the first time after the lapse of ages, under the rule of a European prince, and they will never revert back entirely to the sway of the Mussulman, however long they may be in obtaining a real national independence.

We have seen, when noticing Monsieur G. le Clerc's work on Moldo-Wallachia, that he says: "In Greece, the French and English parties have never attained the importance or the popularity of the Russian party, which has made itself the apostle of the 'great idea,'—that is to say, the expulsion of the Osmanlis from Europe, and which has taken for auxiliary community of interests and creeds. Hence it is that the youth of Romania, like that of Greece, believes itself to be united by the most intimate bonds to the fate of Italy as to that of all oppressed nationalities; it believes itself already mistress of Constantinople, and declares itself to be ready to follow the banner of the first adventurer that will show it the way."

Such, indeed, is the dominant feeling among all the oppressed Christian nationalities of the East. The Servians are essentially Europeans, as are also the Bulgarians. Like the Greeks and Romanians, they have neither lost the feelings of race and nationality, nor the memory of their kings and rulers of old, and a really united Italy will be with them a signal for the emancipation of European Christianity from the shackles of Mussulman despotism and tyranny. The feeling described above as common to the youth of Greece and Romania is, to all intents and purposes, shared alike by the Christians of Bulgaria, Servia, and Bosnia, as

also by the Christian races of Western Asia, only in a minor degree, as they are further removed from the indoctrinating influences of European civilisation. But none are so utterly prostrated by Moslem rule as to be dead to a sense of nationality, or insensible to aspirations for religious and political independence.

• Austria bereft of its Italian provinces, and excluded from influence in Germany Proper, will be driven by the force of circumstance to strengthen itself by expansion in the East. Croatia is already in main part Austrian. Bosnia, with its two hundred thousand Greeks and a hundred and fifty thousand Catholics, has long been in a state of semi-independence of the Porte. Its people, vassals or bannat allies of Hungary during the middle ages, would, with the exception of the more fanatic and intolerant Mussulmans, probably prefer, if not independent, to constitute part of a European dominion than to remain subject to an Asiatic power encamped, rather than settled, in these fine realms. Herzegovina and Montenegro are essentially Dalmatian. Their interests lie in the Adriatic, and their incorporation with Turkey is an anachronism.

Servia has never ceased to struggle against Muhammadan supremacy. During the long contest betwixt the Austrians and Turks for Hungary, the Servians vigorously supported the former with a fine body of troops, to which the Austrians gave the name of Rascians. The treaty of Belgrade, concluded in 1739, yielded Servia to the Porte; but a considerable part of the population crossed the Danube and the Save, and settled in Slavonia and Temiswar. Those who remained behind were exposed to so many oppressions that they were driven to revolt, and under their native chief, Czerni Georges, were not only enabled to maintain the struggle with advantage, but also to garrison the fortified places with native troops. When the treaty of Bucharest was negotiated in 1812, the cabinet of St. Petersburg stipulated for the introduction of certain clauses on behalf of its Servian allies, and Turkey offered to place Servia on the same footing as the Danubian Principalities; but the Servians resisted these terms, and Russia, attacked by France, was compelled to leave them to their fate. A fierce struggle again commenced, in which the Turks were victorious; but the Servians obtained several important privileges: their national senate secured the power of regulating the administration of justice, and they preserved their own laws. The Turks are obliged to content themselves with garrisoning a few fortified places, as Belgrade, Semendria, and others; while the Servians, like the Bosniaks, descendants of the ancient Slavonians, and originally governed by native princes, retain the manners and language of their ancestors, are a majestic and high-spirited race of men, and, although they belong to the Eastern Church, are European to all intents and purposes, and are only incorporated with the Turkish Empire by one of those accidents of war which dim for a time the lustre of that nationality which is so much prized by all, but without extinguishing it. It is questionable whether so high-spirited a people would consent to a pacific incorporation with Austria, or whether some of the European powers would tolerate such a conquest or annexation. It is certain that the Servians themselves, unable to cast off the yoke of the Osmanlis, except with external aid, would be better off under the sway of a Christian prince than under that of fanatic Moslem pashas and a brutal soldiery. They would also be stronger

under a great and powerful monarchy than as a separate nationality. But small states cannot always be made to understand or appreciate this state of things.

In as far as Austria is concerned, the novel circumstances which have arisen in her position in Europe would very much affect the light in which an attempt to aggrandise herself in the East, and recoup the loss of her Italian territories, would be viewed by most European powers. With the exception of Spain, now the most laggard of all European powers, a great future may still lie in store for the Hapsburgs. With a Protestant minister like Beust at the head of foreign affairs, with constitutional measures no longer in abeyance, with that form of representative government which is essential to political salvation, with ministers responsible to the country for their acts, with a free press, and with the excessive privileges and domains of the Church clipped and curtailed, there is nothing to prevent Slavonian Austria holding up its head as one of the great powers. But to do this it must seek for homogeneity in the East—with Buda-Pest perchance for its capital, as in the days of Maria Theresa—and the territories watered by the Central Danube, the Drave, the Theiss, and the Save, for the seat of its future prosperity and power. Such a result would render the dreams of many an ultra-Panslavist so many realities; would give a political expression to what has long been a geographical fact; and the difficulties anticipated by some, in different dialects, persuasions, and habits and manners, would be gradually merged in one commonwealth, having the same aspirations to unity and progress.

Bulgaria, on the other hand, belongs geographically and hydrographically to the Lower Danube, although its inhabitants are of Slavonian origin. The ancients felt this when they designated their country as *Mœsia Inferior*. It is, however, no more Turkish than *Servia* or *Bosnia*. Its inhabitants, ruled over by a long series of native kings, were engaged in sanguinary contests with the Greeks of the Lower Empire, before they came in contact with, and were ultimately subdued by, the triumphant Moslems. Since that fatal epoch they have entirely laid aside the military character that once belonged to their ancestors. The great body of them are altogether pastoral, and live in small hamlets, forming clusters of houses which have neither the regularity, nor deserve the name, of towns. They never mingle with the Turks, who are easily distinguished by their red caps, sashes, pistols, and yatigans, and still more by a ferocity of aspect, a rude assumption of demeanour, and an undisguised expression of contempt, which are made but too manifest among Christians in out-of-the-way places. The Bulgarians present a striking contrast to their rude and brutal masters. They wear round caps of brown or black sheepskin, and jackets of cloth. They carry no weapons; the expression of their countenances is for the most part open, artless, and benevolent, and their demeanour is also generally kind and courteous. These simple and amenable peasants, naturally thrifty and industrious, would constitute with *Romania* the two most important portions of that future confederation on the Lower Danube, which would almost inevitably rise from out of the ashes of the Turkish Empire in Europe.

A French traveller descending the Lower Danube, and contemplating those long shores now silent and devastated, yet once so flourishing, asks, "Is a reparatory future reserved to them? Will the Turk ever

pass over the Bosphorus? The descendants of the Roman colonies, who people in the present day Wallachia and Moldavia, will they one day succeed in constituting a nationality by holding forth their hand to their Christian brethren in Bulgaria? [The writer also introduces Transylvania and Macedonia, but they do not come into the same category.] Such were the questions which crowded upon our minds in descending the Danube. We further asked ourselves, How is it that the fourth basin of the great river, so largely provided by nature with forests and minerals, and so richly endowed with lands whose fertility can only be compared with the banks of the Nile, remains three-fourths uncultivated and unproductive? How is it that the Gauls when they fell foul of Greece, how is it that the Crusaders, never founded there a durable empire? Most assuredly the hordes of Thibet never met on the shores of the ocean with any soil to equal that which their horses first trod under foot in these realms."

Assuredly, also, if the Dacian and Mæsan races have survived so many calamities, if they have not perished from off the face of the land under the oppressive tyranny of the Turk, the vitality of the races must be great indeed, and Heaven cannot but have some secret design in store for those populations whom the Western powers met with on the banks of the Danube, and whom they have adopted as the "daughter of Pharaoh did Moses." The latter simile goes, we fear, beyond the mark; the utter indifference with which Servian, Bosnian, Bulgarian, and Romanian interests are viewed in Western Europe is at times most disheartening. But a great step forwards has certainly been taken in the appointment of a Prussian prince as ruler over Romania; the very perplexities and humiliation of the Austrians will also urge them onwards in the same direction, and it will soon be as disgraceful to be ignorant of these down-trodden populations as it is to ignore the sufferings of our fellow-creatures in bondage. The signs of the coming emancipation of the Slavonian races from Turkish misrule and oppression are in our own times too manifest and significant to be passed over as the dreams of Panславists, or the vain aspirations of political or religious fanatics.

The claims of the Greeks to the possession of the southern provinces of what is now Turkey in Europe, including Byzantium of old, are founded upon historical antecedents, the superior intelligence and aptitude of the people, their numbers, and the necessity there is for the equilibrium of power that a native population should one day succeed to the Osmanlis, in preference to the stranger, be he Muscovite or German, Slavonian, Italian, Frank, or British.

The struggle between the Greeks of the Lower Empire and the Turks commenced long before the day when Muhammad II. reined his steed in presence of those beautiful mosaics which covered the dome of St. Sophia. But a few years ago the coat of whitewash which hides these profanities from devout Mussulmans was removed for reparations, and a colossal image of the Virgin—*Panhagia*, as the Greeks call her—was seen to dominate the sanctuary, while to its right was a gigantic figure of Constantine, and to the left another of John Paleologus. What memories were contained in this vision! The memory of a struggle which has continued ever since, and no wonder, when the subjugation of the Lower Empire divided the land into two portions, the "dar ul Islam,"

or "house or home of Islamism," and the "dar ul harb," or the house or home of war—the abode of the infidel! Hence the "Jihad," or state of permanent war, between the true believer, the inhabitant of the dar ul Islam, and the inhabitant of the dar ul harb, which can only be suspended by the Aman, or "pardon," or by treaties and tribute, but which can never be annihilated so long as there exists a single infidel on the face of the earth who is not converted to Islamism, or who has not consented to pay tribute! The Crusades were the reprisals of the Jihad, or religious war, and whenever the tribes arise at the voice of a marabūt in Algeria it is always at the same evil cry—the perpetuity of the Jihad. Some writers, going back as far as Gibbon and Montesquieu, have endeavoured to show that the position of the Greeks in a material point of view, subjected to a simple tribute, was an improvement upon their condition of servitude under their own corrupt government; but human nature is not mere matter; it possesses the higher gifts of intellect and soul, and it is impossible to see one's native country ruled by barbarians, oneself despised and down-trodden, the churches of our ancestors despoiled and fouled, and religion supplanted by fanaticism, and not to nurse discontent and imbibe the seeds of revolt.

It would be amusing, were such serious interests not involved, to see where Philislamism is the order of the day, as in England and France, how tranquilly the public prints write of the burning wrongs of the Greeks. Inditing leading articles on the war of extermination in Candia, the Greeks, they intimate, had little or nothing to complain of; the rule of the Turk was mild, and the tribute light; there were no signal acts of oppression; there was simply the dislike of a foreign yoke! But had these writers extended their travels beyond Constantinople and Smyrna, Cairo and Alexandria, Jerusalem and Beyrut, where the presence of European authorities, of a considerable European population, and continuous intercourse with people of all nations, have softened down asperities, and brought about at least a conventional show of respect, they would understand how the lip of scorn and the eye of hatred—never absent when enemies by race and religion are in presence—can arouse the spirit of revolt as much as overt acts of violence; and the latter are never entirely wanting. There are oppressions and humiliations which the Christian is everywhere subjected to, and more especially in remote parts of the empire, which it would be tedious to enter upon in detail. It is only to be regretted that, in almost all instances, your Philislamist knows nothing of the interior of the country or of the details of life; but almost all modern travellers now depict matters more or less as they really are, according to the amount of their experience and their means of observation.

The question of races is admitted by Ubicini, a writer who favours the Turks as opposed to the Russians, to be in a state of actual crisis, and to involve the question of the empire: that of its maintenance or of its disintegration in a given time. This eminent writer also, whilst extolling the attempts made to conciliate the Christian races by the Sublime Porte in our own times, admits that they are practically nullified by the pride and religious prejudices of the Mussulmans themselves, and by the pride of race, the memory of past oppressions and humiliations, the desire for revenge, and the undying hatred of the conquered Christian. And is it

to be wondered at? Why, there is not a Briton, brought up in the spirit and enjoyment of personal independence as he is, that would not, were he suddenly placed in the position of a rayah, come to blows before twelve hours had passed over his head. And yet we have no sympathy to spare for the oppressed of Epirus and Thessaly, or for the valorous Cretan! The sentimental ameliorations projected or purported by the Osmanli, we are tranquilly told, and as if in bitter mockery, best promote the lessons of experience and the counsels of a wise policy. One day the wisdom of the policy of Philislamism will be judged of in all its fulness!

In our own times, in the presence of six millions of orthodox Greeks (Rûm Milleti), two and a half millions of orthodox Armenians (Armeni Milleti), 75,000 Catholic Armenians (Armeni Katoliki Milleti), 800,000 Latins (Rûm Katoliki Milleti), and 150,000 Jews (Yhudi Milleti), it has been pertinently asked, as M. Blanqui did at the Institute, is there really a Turkey? The reverse presented itself a first time in 1640, again in the reign of Murad IV., and lastly on the occasion of the revolt in the Morea in 1770, when it was seriously proposed by the Divan to exterminate the rayahs in a mass.

The revolt of 1770 had its origin in the desire of Catherine to obtain possession of the Crimea. A favourable diversion would, it was felt, arise from embarrassments in Turkey, and Orloff was sent to foment them. The Montenegrins and Maniots were the first to be gained over, but the Russians never disembarked more than eight hundred men to their aid. Nearly fifty thousand Greeks were put to the sword, and their houses burnt; and although Admiral Elphinstone destroyed the Turkish fleet at Tchesmé (July 7, 1770), the war did not cease till 1774, by which time three-fourths of the Greek warriors were exterminated. The treaty of Kutchuk Kainarji, which resulted from this war of independence, opened the navigation of the Black Sea, and accredited European consuls at the scalas, or ports, of the empire. This was the beginning of that Greek trade which attached the people so closely to Russia. The consulships were given mostly to Greeks, and when not so, still the numerous persons connected with the consulate were Greeks, and these persons enjoyed the same privileges as the consuls themselves—that is to say, the immunities provided by their *bérats*. Nay, these immunities were ever purchasable for sums varying from three to four thousand piastres. The Ægean and the Black Seas became then, for the first time, covered with the feluccas of Greek traders, while the Greek islands became populated centres of an active commerce; and so matters went on, until, as we have before depicted it—thanks to a system first inaugurated at Ambelakia, in Thessaly, of commercial associations granting equal rights to the capitalists and to the working classes, or navigators—the commerce of the Levant has virtually passed into the hands of the Greeks, and there is not a great commercial port or city which has not its wealthy Greek houses. Odessa itself is three-fourths Greek; and the trade of Constantinople, Smyrna, and Salonica, is almost monopolised by the same nation. With this progress of external commerce arose manufactures within, and the wool factories of Thessaly and Epirus, the oil of Candia, the grapes of Corinth (currants), and the silks of the Peloponesus, became sources of positive wealth.

Intelligence and civilisation invariably advance side by side with com-

merce and industry. Generally the march of knowledge is slow and gradual, but with so apt a people as the Greeks, schools, colleges, and libraries sprang up almost miraculously in every direction. In the metropolis, at Smyrna, at Chios, at Cydonia, at Janina, even in the smaller towns, the Greek youths sought for knowledge under learned professors, instruction penetrated the villages, and information hitherto confined to the Phanar, or secluded in the cloisters of Mount Athos, spread rapidly over the land. Finlay and Gordon, in their several histories of the Greek Revolution, have both alike pointed out how the spirit of patriotism, long forgotten, arose out of this spread of intelligence, and the past glories of ancient Greece became not only a familiar theme with the literary man in his study, but resounded in the ears of the Klephte in the mountains, of the mariner in his barque, and of the merchant behind his counter. The progress of knowledge among the Christians of the East is at all points indeed utterly inconsistent with the political and financial attempts to bolster up the empire of the barbarian Mussulmans.

The treaty of Kainarji, Finlay remarks, made a great change in the condition of the Greeks. It afforded Russia a pretext for interfering in their favour whenever they were treated with gross injustice, and the interference of Russia soon led to like interference on the part of the other European powers; so that, before the end of the eighteenth century, the Christians in many parts of the Sultan's dominions were beginning to acquire a recognised species of foreign protection. The pashas in large commercial cities often found it less dangerous to enrich themselves at the expense of the Turks than to venture on open exactions from the Greeks. A provincial Mussulman could rarely find an advocate at the Porte; an oppressed Greek could either bribe a dragoman or interest a consul to awaken the meddling spirit that rarely sleeps in the breast of a diplomatist, and thereby secure the protection of some ambassador at Constantinople. But as it was evident that the whole fabric of society among the Mussulman population of the Othoman Empire presented an insurmountable barrier to the introduction of just laws and an equitable dispensation of justice, so experience at last proved that no foreign protection could secure the lives and properties of the subject Christians from the tyranny of a government which paid no respect even to the lives of its Turkish and Mussulman subjects. The Sultan's government, like the government of the Roman emperors, was a monarch's household transformed into an imperial administration, and both destroyed the resources of their subjects, and depopulated the regions they governed, without making any distinction between the conquerors and the conquered. Hence it was that a conviction that the Othoman Empire was hastening to dissolution became prevalent both among the Christian and Mussulman inhabitants of European Turkey at the commencement of the present century.

In the year 1820, no Christian government, except that of Russia, considered itself entitled to interfere with the manner in which the Sultan treated his subjects of the Greek Church. Any interference on the part of Great Britain, under the pretext that the king exercised a protectorate over the Ionian Islands, would have been treated as an unjustifiable assumption. The Sultan would have considered himself as much entitled

to suggest measures for governing the Muhammadans in India as the King of England to advise any changes in the treatment of the Christians in Turkey. All questions relating to the East were then beyond the domain of public opinion, and very little was known in England concerning the condition of the modern Greeks.

The testimony of travellers was curiously enough, at that epoch, as discordant as that of historians, and precisely the same state of conflicting opinions in regard to the real condition of the Greeks existed previous to their emancipation as now exists with regard to the actual condition of the Slavonian and other races. Some represented the Greeks as suffering intolerable oppression, as living in hourly fear of their lives, or of the confiscation of their property; others declared that no people in Europe were so lightly taxed, and subject to so few personal burdens. They were said to enjoy a degree of religious liberty which the Catholics of Ireland might envy; and that they had a more direct authority over their municipal affairs than was possessed by the citizens in French communes. The Greek Church was known to possess considerable wealth and great political influence over all Turkey. Greeks were known to exercise sovereign power in Wallachia and Moldavia, and to profit by the corruption that existed in every branch of the Osmanli administration at Constantinople. The primates of Greece collected the greater part of the Sultan's revenues in Europe; and the Greek municipalities were, in many districts, allowed to exercise an almost unlimited authority. It was evident, in fact, that the condition of the Greeks presented many anomalies. At Constantinople, the Greek was a crouching slave; at Bucharest and Jassy, a despotic tyrant; at Chios, a happy subject; and at Psara and in the villages of Mount Pelion, a free citizen.

The Greek Revolution came at last. It delivered a Christian nation from subjection to Muhammadanism, founded a new state in Europe, and extended the advantages of civil liberty to regions where despotism had for ages been indigenuous. The importance of the Greek race to the progress of European civilisation is not indeed to be measured by its numerical strength, but by its social and religious influence in the East. Yet, even geographically, the Greeks occupy a wide extent of sea-coast, and the countries in which they dwell are so thinly peopled that they have ample room to multiply and form a populous nation. Their influence extends, however, far beyond the territories occupied by their race, for Greek priests and Greek teachers have transfused their language and their ideas into the greater part of the Christian population of European Turkey. They have thus constituted themselves the representatives of Eastern Christianity, and placed themselves in prominent opposition to their conquerors, the Osmanli or Othoman Turks, who invaded south-eastern Europe as apostles of the religion of Muhammad, just as in olden times the Moors and Saracens did south-western Europe. But the Greeks, during their subjection to the yoke of a foreign nation and a hostile religion, no more forgot that the land which they inhabited was the land of their fathers, than the rayah Greeks and the Slavonians, Romanians and Syrians, do to the present day, and in their instance their antagonism to their alien and infidel masters, in the hour of their most abject servitude, presaged that their opposition must end in their destruction or deliverance.

It is easy to understand how the provinces and islands, the population of which is chiefly of Greek origin, have chafed under the yoke of the Turks ever since the mother country has regained its independence. Nothing but a sense of the utter fruitlessness of revolt has kept down the strongest impulse for freedom that perhaps ever yearned in human breasts. The very bandits, like their brethren in Italy, give a political colour to their crimes, by asserting that patriotism guides their acts. Unfortunately, the Klephtes, like the Calabrians, are not always particular in selecting their victims. The one sometimes mistakes a merchant for a Turk, as the other does a tourist for a liberal. The greatest struggle of the successive rulers of Greece has indeed been to keep the party of action in control. Wise men know full well that the time has not yet come for the Greek provinces that are still tributary to the Porte to attempt to win their independence; all the aid that Greece herself could give would only lead to greater losses and sacrifices, and to the most signal disgrace and discomfiture. Yet there is a strong party in a country unfortunately too prone to change, too excitable for restraint, and too ardent to weigh consequences, who would any day hurry their government into a fatal struggle. Great Britain, in handing over the Ionian Islands to King George, would appear to have almost lent its countenance to aspirations of this nature. Greece has already a respectable navy, and with the Seven Isles is certainly greatly strengthened, and better prepared some day to recover those provinces and islands which still remain Turkish. The Greeks themselves are brave enough for anything, and the valorous Cretans have shown that they may be exterminated but not subdued. But of what avail revolt and war against overpowering numbers? Only last year, Monsieur le Normant wrote in his work, "*La Grèce et les Iles Ioniennes*:" "With its dilapidated finances and disorganised army, Greece will not for a long time yet be in a position to give any cause for anxiety to Turkey in a military point of view. It has not the means to undertake a campaign to emancipate Epirus, Thessaly, Macedonia, or Crete, or even to foment and sustain a serious insurrection in those provinces against the authority of the Porte."

And yet the insurrection in Candia has been serious enough in every sense of the word, and has been carried on with a determination and spirit of self-sacrifice worthy of better results! Candia, ancient Creta, is one of the largest islands in the Mediterranean Sea, and is situated at the entrance of the Greek Archipelago. Its length from east to west, from Cape Salmone to Cape Crio, is about a hundred and sixty miles; its breadth is very unequal. In some places, towards the middle, it is about thirty-five miles broad, in others about twenty, narrowing to only six. Its coast, especially towards the north, is indented by deep gulfs, of which those of Kisamos, Canea or Khania, Suda, Armyro, and Mirabel or Spinalonga, are the deepest, and the three principal towns of the island—Canea or Khania, Retimo, and Candia—are on that side. The common European name, it is to be observed, is unknown to the Cretans as applied to their island; it was first given to it by the Venetians from the Saracenic Khandax (Megalo-Kastron), now Candia town.

The interior of Crete is very mountainous, woody, and intersected by fertile valleys. The whole island may, indeed, be considered as a pro-

longation of that mountain chain which breasts the waters at Cape Malea, with the island of Cythera interposed. The geological formation resembles that of the Hellenic peninsula, and from the traces of the action of the sea upon the cliffs, especially at the west end, it seems that the island has been pushed up by powerful subterranean forces, which were in operation at very remote times. A continuous mass of highland runs through its whole length, about the middle of which Mount Ida, composed of a congeries of hills terminating in three lofty peaks, rises to the height of 7674 feet; to the west, this culminating point of the island is connected with the chain called by Strabo "Leuca Ore," or "White Mountains," whose snow-clad summits and bold and beautiful outlines extend over a range of three hundred stadia. The prolongation to the east forms the ridge of Dicte, and tradition speaks of those ancient workers in iron and bronze—the Idæan Dactyls.

Mount Ida, connected in ancient story with metallurgy, was, as its name implied, covered with wood, which was extensively used in forging and smelting. The forests could boast, according to Theophrastus, of the fruit-bearing poplar and the ever green platane, trees which are no longer met with: as also the cypress, cedar, and palm. According to Pliny, everything grew better in Crete than elsewhere. The ancients make frequent mention of the Cretan wines, among which the "passum" was the most highly prized (Mart., xiii. 106; Juv., xiv. 270). Its honey played a conspicuous part in the myths concerning Zeus. The island was free from all wild beasts and noxious animals, a blessing which it owed to Hercules; but the Cretan dogs could vie with the hounds of Sparta, and the Cretan "Agrimi," or wild goats, are the supposed origin of all our domestic varieties.

The island has but one lake (Limne Koresia), but the drainage is carried off by several rivers, mostly summer torrents, and which are dried up during the hot season; but the number and copiousness of the springs give the country a very different aspect to the parched tracts of continental Greece. Although the island is nearly filled with mountains, there are several extensive valleys or plains; that of Messaria, which is near the centre of the island, near the site of the ancient Gortys, is the most productive. The country about Retimo and the plain near Candia are also very fertile, producing wheat in abundance, good wine, lemons and oranges, and all sorts of fruit. The sugar-cane and palm-tree also thrive here. Tournefort found here the ladanum (*Cistus ladanifera*) in abundance, and it is supposed to be the same as the "dictamnion," so celebrated among the physicians, naturalists, and poets of antiquity (Theophrast., H. P., ix. 16; Pliny, xxv. 8; Virg., Aen., xii. 412; comp. Tasso Jerusalem, lib. xi. 72).

The cycle of myths connected with Minos and his family threw a splendour over Crete, to which its estrangement from the rest of Greece during the historic period presents a great contrast. The "lying Cretans" dared to show not only the birthplace, but also the tomb of the "father of gods and men," and the Dorian invaders made Crete the head-quarters of the worship of Apollo. It is curious, in connexion with the well-known story of the Minotaurus, Theseus, and Ariadne, to mention that there is a very remarkable and extensive cave apparently, partly natural, partly excavated, which presents a very intricate maze,

with several square chambers supported by piers. It is called by the natives the Labyrinth, and although tradition relates that Minos employed Dædalus, an Athenian artist, on his return from Egypt, to build a labyrinth in imitation of that of Mœris in Egypt, he may very well have excavated it from the rock, as is the case with some of the Egyptian temples. Minos, according to tradition, was also the first who had a navy, and by its help he cleared the Grecian seas of pirates, expelled the Carians from the Cyclades, and settled his sons in them. The fame of the Cretan mariners dates, indeed, from anti-historic times.

Since the Grecian islands formed, from the earliest times, stepping-stones by which the migratory population of Europe, Asia, and Africa have crossed over to either continent, it has been assumed that Egypt, Phœnicia, and Phrygia founded cities in Crete, and contributed new arts and knowledge to the island. No proof of Egyptian colonisation can be adduced; and, from the national character, it is probable that settlers of pure Egyptian blood never crossed the Ægean. Traces of Phœnician settlements may, however, undoubtedly be pointed out, and there is also an evident analogy between the ancient forms of worship of Crete and Phrygia, and the legendary Curetes and the Idæan Dactyls are connected on the one hand with the worship of Zeus, and on the other with the arts of Phrygia.

The Dorians first appear in Crete during the heroic period, at an epoch when the Homeric poems mention different languages and different races of men as inhabiting the island—Eteocreates, Cydonians, thrice-divided Dorians, Achæans, and Pelasgians, all co-existing on the island, which is described to be populous, and to contain ninety cities (*Od.*, xix. 174). These Dorian mountaineers converted into mariners—the Norman sea-kings of Greece—must, therefore, have come to Crete at a period, according to the received legendary chronology, long before the return of the Heraclidæ. They appear in the same poems as hardy and daring corsairs; and this characteristic is supposed by those who regard the myths of Minos as purely legendary, to have given rise to that naval supremacy which was assigned by Herodotus, Thucydides, and Aristotle to the traditionary Minos and his Cretan subjects.

The island, which collectively stood aloof both in the Persian and Peloponnesian wars, consisted of a number of independent towns, who coined their own money, had a senate and public assembly, were at constant feud with each other, but when assailed by foreign enemies laid aside their private quarrels in defence of their common country, to which they gave the affectionate appellation of mother-land (*metris*)—a word peculiar to the Cretans. Afterwards centres of states were formed by Cnossus, Gortyna, and Cydonia, and after the decay of the latter, Lyctus. The first two had a "hegemony," and were generally hostile to each other. The generous friendship of the heroic ages, which was singularly regulated by the law, is said, however, to have degenerated in these early times into a frightful licence, and the Cretan stood condemned by theological opponents, as early as about B.C. 600, if St. Paul alludes to Epimenides in his epistle to Titus (i. 12; comp. Polyb., iv. 47, 53; vi. 46), as an habitual liar, an evil beast, and an indolent glutton.

Internal disorders became at one time so violent that the Cretans were under the necessity of summoning Philip IV. of Macedon as a

mediator; but they were not only at war among themselves, but also with the Cilicians, and with the kings of Syria and of Egypt. The ever warlike Cretans were celebrated in these early times for their archery, and were often employed as mercenary troops by other nations. They materially assisted, for example, Demetrius II. to recover the throne of Syria over the usurper Alexander Balas.

Crete was only conquered by the Romans B.C. 67, under the Proconsul Quintus Metellus Creticus, after a prolonged and obstinate defence. As a province under the Romans, the Cretans preserved their bad fame, and "*Cretizare cum Cretensibus*" became a common proverb, equivalent to "to deceive the deceiver." Under Constantine, Crete became the seat of a consul, and it remained subject to the Byzantine emperors till A.D. 823, when it was conquered by the Saracens, who built the town of Khandak (Candia), which has ever since been considered the capital of the island, and has given to it, as before observed, its European name. Crete, in its flourishing days, could boast of its hundred cities—a Cretan hyperbole probably, but adopted by Stephanus, Ptolemy, Strabo, and Virgil:

Centum urbes habitant magnas uberrima regna.

Æn. iii. 106.

Nicephorus Phocas retook the island in 961, and after the capture of Constantinople by the Franks, Baldwin I. gave the island to Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, who sold it to the Venetians in 1204. The Venetians kept possession of Candia more than four centuries; it was one of their chief possessions in the East, and the first of the three subject kingdoms—Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea—whose flags waved over the square of St. Mark.

In 1645 the Turks landed fifty thousand men, besieged and took Canea; in the following year they took Retimo; and in 1648 laid siege to Candia, the capital of the island. This siege, one of the longest in modern history, lasted twenty years. The Venetians strained every nerve for the defence of the place. The order of Malta, the Pope, the Duke of Savoy, Louis XIV., all sent auxiliaries to the relief of Candia. Francesco Morosino conducted the defence. The Vizier Achmet Kupriuglu, "Son of the Bridge," was sent with large reinforcements in 1667, and at length, in 1669, the Venetians having exhausted all their resources, surrendered Candia to the Turks by a convention, in which they retained for the time being the forts of Suda, Spinalonga, and Carabusa, on the coast of the island. In the last three years of the siege, twenty-nine thousand Christians and seventy thousand Turks were killed. The Turks made sixty-nine assaults, and the Venetians made eighty sorties; the number of mines exploded on both sides was thirteen hundred and sixty-four.

The Turks divided the island, which they called Kirid, into three pashaliks, or governments—Canea, Retimo, and Candia; and, on the occasion of the war with Greece, the Sultan made over the island to Muhammad Ali, and it has since been jointly occupied by Turks and Egyptians. Candia, the capital, is still a strong place, but much decayed compared with what it was under the Venetians, and its harbour is nearly filled up. Canea is hence, now, the most frequented harbour in

the island. Retimo has also a small port. On the south coast are the small towns of Hierapetra and Sphakia. The latter is in the district of the Sphakiotes, a race of mountaineers occasionally robbers and pirates, who are said to have never been totally conquered by the Turks.

The persistence with which the Cretans have held by many of their old manners and customs, and, to a certain extent, preserved some features of their character, is very remarkable, and can only be explained by their islanded exclusiveness and mountaineer habits. The tumblers and the old cyclic chorus, noticed by Homer three thousand years ago (Ill., xviii. 590, 604), are still to be detected in the games and dances of modern Crete. The dress of the peasant continues to resemble that of his ancestors; he still wears the boots as described by Galen, and the short cloak mentioned by Eulopolis and Aristophanes. Although so long subject to the Venetians, who placed an archbishop of the Latin or Western Church over them, they also never abandoned the tenets of the Eastern Church.

Such are the remarkable people who rose in insurrection against their masters—aliens in blood, language, and religion—during the present autumn months. As far as can be gathered from the most conflicting reports and telegrams that it has ever been our lot to sift, it would appear that the Egyptian troops advanced into the interior upon the first breaking out of the insurrection, to chastise the rebels according to the system usually pursued by Turks and Egyptians alike. The Egyptians appear to have advanced as far as to the neighbourhood of Vrisa Vrysses, or Theriso, the chief mountain town of the Cretans at the foot of Mount Ida, and on a spur of the rocky country that intervenes between that range and the Malaxa hills. There are said to have been only four battalions of Egyptians; and although the direct attacks of the Cretans were, it is said, uniformly repulsed, they having no bayonets or knowledge of bayonet tactics, still it would appear that the Egyptians were fairly beleaguered in the mountains, and had even to throw up earth-works for their protection. The Egyptian general, Shayin Pasha, moved up two additional battalions to relieve the beleaguered troops, but without success, the Egyptians having finally been obliged to capitulate, leaving arms, ammunition, and baggage in the hands of the Cretan victors. It appears that some confusion has since arisen, from this first movement having been confounded, not so much by the reporters as by those who received the reports, with subsequent movements of greater import, and has given rise to much misunderstanding.

The earliest symptoms of revolt are, however, said to have shown themselves at Selinos, and on the 6th of September the Mussulmans made a sortie from the city of Candia, pillaging all the villages on the plain, and massacring every Christian they met, without regard to age or sex. This was a fearful way in which to treat the spirit of revolt, which was thus further aggravated, and extended to every Christian Cretan throughout the land, and it cannot be surprising that the Cretans became fierce in their retaliation. It is only wonderful, not that they should have taken the Egyptians at a disadvantage, but that they did not, when successfully beleaguered, put every one of the inimical and exterminating force to death. The sacking, pillaging, and devastation of the Christian villages around Candia, upon which occasion the churches

were also pillaged, everything destructible in them destroyed, and their interiors fouled as a signal act of contempt, was followed, three days after, by an attack upon a group of Christians who had got together for self-defence near St. Myron, and who were driven into the mountains with loss.

At Retimo the Turks were driven back within the walls, and here, as elsewhere, wherever the insurrection showed its head, Turks and Egyptians alike retorted by the pillage and massacre of unoffending townspeople. The British vice-consuls at Candia and Retimo both suffered largely from these unjustifiable proceedings, and the latter had the whole of his country estate ravaged and devastated.

Fighting took place at the same time at Kisamos and Selinos, and at Malaya, close to Canea, the Cretans assaulted a stronghold occupied by about 100 Albanian irregulars, and some gunners with two mountain-guns, on the night of September 15-16. The next day the arrival of reinforcements from the city checked the advance of the Cretans, and ultimately obliged them to retrace their steps to the hills. Canea became, on the arrival of Mustapha Pasha with his Turkish reinforcements, the centre of military operations against the mountain country. Behind the city is a beautiful plain of three or four miles' width, beyond which rises a line of hills, of which Mount Malaya (ancient Berecynthos) is the highest point. The stronghold before alluded to constitutes thus a sort of outwork of the mountains. The country from Malaya back to the main range of the White Mountains, ten to fifteen miles, is a succession of bold ridges with narrow valleys, more or less fertile, between; and Malaya being, as we have seen, protected by a fort which the Cretans assaulted in vain, the latter established their foremost line of defence on the farther side of the first of these valleys—a rocky ridge, strengthened by the piling up of stones here and there. Mustapha Pasha advanced against these hill-defences on or about the 24th of September, with a force of some eleven thousand men, and the reports of great guns and musketry lasted for several days—the air at night being filled with the smoke of burning villages. The Turks are said to have lost 120 killed and about 800 wounded in carrying one defile. A further concentration of troops, strengthened by additional reinforcements, took place after this first reconnaissance, but second advance into the interior, at Canea. The district and town of Selinos was entirely abandoned, the whole of the Mussulman population called within the walls, and garrisons were retained only in the towns of Retimo, Candia, and Kisamos.

Mustapha Pasha, thus reinforced, moved early in October from Canea at the head of twenty-one battalions (some 18,000 men), with twelve pieces of artillery, to attack the Cretan insurgents. The object of the expedition was the reduction of Theriso, Vrissa, or Vrysses, as before observed, the chief mountain stronghold of the Cretans, and situated in the hills between Mount Malaxa and the Asprovouna, or "White Mountains," or rather on one of the spurs of the White Mountains themselves. There are only four passes throughout the whole length of the island, through the lower range of hills to the upland hilly district that extends between it and the lofty central range of Mount Ida. Two of these are situated, one opposite Canea, where a small river cuts its way down to the sea, the other about ten miles westward, where the Platanus comes through. On

a height overlooking the Platanus, and near its sources, is Lakus, or Lako, and near by, Meskla, both strong places. Turning eastward from Meskla, and following the chain of valleys, a precipitous range is encountered, which runs north and south, and crosses from the Asprovouna, or White Mountains, to the Malaxa ridge. At its western foot runs the stream which makes its exit near Canea, and through the gorge of which runs the most direct road between Canea and Theriso.

The route adopted by the pasha was that of the Platanus, not by the river, but over the hills to the westward of it. He started on the 9th of October, and the next day the campaign opened at Lakus and Meskla.

These places appear to have fallen before the Turkish artillery after two or three days' resistance, and, as a sequence, the Cretans abandoned Theriso as untenable, and withdrew to Surba, a position less easily turned. The mountain strongholds of the Cretans were thus left to the tender mercies of the Turks, who are likewise said to have assaulted Surba, and to have afterwards withdrawn from thence, after destroying the villages, to Keramia, following the Malaxa ridge to Kalyvia, at the entrance of the Bay of Suda. This is the system of repression uniformly adopted by the Turks against mountain tribes in insurrection, whether in Taurus or in Kurdistan; their fastnesses being untenable, they are always destroyed, whilst the homes of the insurgents are burnt by way of reprisals, and as a lesson for the future.

It may be true that the indomitable Cretan sharpshooters harassed the Turks the whole line of their withdrawal, and that at one place—Stylos—they may have had to sustain a vigorous onslaught of the Christians; and it would appear that under the able command of the Greek, Coroneos, they are still holding out in localities, but with their villages burnt down, their stock and produce ravaged, all the coast towns in the hands of the Turks, the sea-board held by their ships of war, the ports of Sphakia bombarded, and all the Sphakiote shipping destroyed, nothing but starvation or submission would appear to remain for the insurgents, and the greater portion have already adopted the latter alternative.

The insurrection in Candia, like all other insurrections of Christians against Mussulman oppression, has been accompanied by the usual atrocities. Even many who submitted and obtained firmans of protection from the pasha were brutally murdered on coming down from the mountains. This was particularly the case with a family at Zulu-Karia, who were all put to death by the Bashi-Bozuks. It was, in fact, a war of extermination, and all this merely because the people of Crete dared to petition the Sultan, that to protect their chosen representatives they took up arms, and refusing to permit their deputies to be arrested, they were driven into rebellion—no concessions having ever been made by the Porte, or any terms offered, except instant and unconditional submission, with the loss of all their natural rights and privileges. "If the Christian world," writes a correspondent from Canea—and "our own correspondents" are by no means so infatuated with the sublimity of the Porte as in the days of Lord Palmerston, whatever the consuls may continue to be—"wishes to know when the government will suppress this movement, I think I may safely respond that it will be when, from privations or battle, not enough of the Cretan Christians are left to show fight. If Europe can afford so large a sacrifice at the shrine of Mecca, I do not pretend to judge."

And so it will continue to be—incessantly recurring scenes of pillage, devastation, and extermination presented to Europe calmly looking on—so long as one party foment discord and revolt (not that in this particular instance Russia or Greece appear to have had originally anything whatsoever to do with the movement), whilst another party abets the Muhammadans in their sanguinary and merciless reprisals. Such melancholy episodes of extermination—they cannot be even honoured by the appellation of war—will, indeed, ever recur until one or other of the said parties gain the ascendancy. It is in this point of view that the adhesion of Prussia, since it has become one of the dominating powers in Europe to the anti-Philislamite party, or to that which is opposed to Muhammadan supremacy and tyranny in Europe, becomes of the highest importance in furthering that solution of the “Question of the East,” which, if not precisely in accordance with British and French interests, is, at all events, most in accordance with the interests of true religion and of a general humanity.

THE SEASON OF YOUTH.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

YOUTH, golden youth!
When Time flies with angel wings,
And gush brightest fancy's springs;
Bounding hour of body's health,
Strength and freshness passing wealth;
When, like the heart, the step is lightness,
And the eye is dewy brightness—
The eye, the gay soul's fairy dwelling,
 Ever sparkling,
 Never darkling,
Still of hope and pleasure telling.
When the brow no care discloses,
And the cheeks are softest roses,
Where the dimple plays for ever,
But sad tears will wander never.
When the lip, so wreathed and merry,
In its redness mocks the cherry,
And the hair, so glossy, bright,
Shineth like a crown of light,
Or in rolled-up mass appears,
No grey line to tell of years.
Oh, delightful, maiden youth!
 Time to return no more,
 With its rich golden store,
Happy, blessed youth!

Beautiful season of glad dreams!
When the far-beckoning future seems

Not dark and lowering, but with sky
 Softly cerulean, with a bow
 In every cloud, and still on high
 A sun with summer glow :
 When in the opening path of life
 Appears no thorn of woe or strife,
 But roses strew the way,
 The vista green and gay,
 With music of hope's birds for ever ringing,
 And fancy's fairies singing,
 While pleasures on each side, with radiant eyes,
 Promise a Paradise.

Youth, enchanting youth !
 All-to-gold transmuting youth !
 No thoughts of coming leaden years,
 Of trials, hard experience, tears,
 Entering the palace of the brain,
 The airy, happy brain,
 To throw a shadow there,
 Or whisper of despair.
 Youth, spring-time of the soul, all joy, all light
 The Eden of existence, blest and bright !
 Though riper age can joy pursue,
 Hath soberer charms as witching too ;
 Youth, it is given to all awhile,
 Its fervid thoughts, its sunny smile :
 Youth, buoyant-hearted youth !
 Time to return no more,
 With its rich, golden store,
 O happy, blessed youth !

Maiden, with the beamy face,
 Laughing eyes, and form of grace,
 On whose lip no sigh is heard,
 Blithesome as an April bird,
 Moving in the glittering dance,
 Like a white cloud, to and fro,
 With good temper in each glance,
 With thy young cheeks all a-glow :
 I do blame thee not, fair creature,
 When I view each lovely feature,
 When I see the joys that rise,
 Sparkling in thy violet eyes,
 I but think of that bright day,
 When my soul, like thine, was gay ;
 I but blessings breathe upon thee ;
 May Time's hand rest lightly on thee
 May no grief thy dear heart blight,
 May'st thou draw from love delight !
 Take thy guileless pleasure now
 While youth's roses deck thy brow ;
 Grace, and beauty that endears,
 Oft will crown maturer years,
 Yet, back-gazing, still I cry,
 As the joy-wing'd moments fly—
 Envied season, hopeful youth !
 Time to return no more,
 With its rich, golden store,
 O happy, blessed youth !

S N O W E D U P.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART VIII.

THE SPIRIT'S PROPHECY.

I.

AN UNPLEASANT CONVERSATION.

MISFORTUNES, it is said, never come alone, and the family at Clair Hall were to experience the truth of this adage.

Linda and Minna were deeply affected at, as they thought, the death of their sister, who, neither of them doubted, had been upset in Buckra Jem's boat, and drowned in the bay. They felt convinced that, as she had purchased an outfit for Harry St. Clair, and had assisted him in his plan of escaping from his home, she had taken the opportunity of going on board the Spanish vessel in the evening to see Colonel Mentilla once more, under the pretext of recommending Harry to his care; and had thus met with her death, as the boat had probably been upset when returning to the shore.

But conjectures were of no use, and Mr. St. Clair was so fully convinced that Adela was with Don Alonzo Alvaez, that he would not hear of her sisters putting on mourning for her, and would not allow her to be spoken of as one who no longer belonged to this world. The family, including Mrs. Rivers, all awaited with great anxiety letters from Colonel Mentilla and Don Alonzo, for if Adela had eloped with Don Alonzo, or been kidnapped by him, they felt sure that Colonel Mentilla would lose no time in communicating the truth to them, however painful it might be. And Linda, at least, was convinced that if her poor sister still lived, and had actually gone in the Spanish ship, Colonel Mentilla would accord her his protection as a brother, and take the kindest care of her.

But some time must necessarily elapse before they could hear from their late guests, for there was no direct communication between their island and any part of the Spanish Main, as it was still called, and letters had to come round *via* St. Thomas, where, only occasionally, some little vessel arrived from La Guayra, Cumuna, or one of the other ports along the upper sea-board.

During this time circumstances occurred which partly withdrew their thoughts from the all-engrossing subject of Adela's disappearance. An unfortunate turn had taken place in Hector Graham's affairs. Doubts of his uncle Mr. Craft's integrity began to be whispered through the mercantile part of the community in the island; it began to be suspected that he had dealings with a somewhat notorious house in New York. The partners in this commercial house were noted for their shrewdness and cleverness; their victims hinted at dishonesty; but they were successful, and success, like charity, covers many sins, so they held on their way—cheating, or doing something very like it, whenever they found an

opportunity, but with admirable cunning, and showing so bold a front, that none ventured to accuse them openly.

It was certainly not in Mr. Craft's favour that he had any connexion with this house; he excused himself, however, by saying that he had always found them attentive and obliging, and he did not believe the ill-natured reports about them.

Hector was very indignant that a syllable should be said against Mr. Craft, and espoused his cause warmly; Mr. St. Clair also took his part, and *his* opinion had great weight; but even Mr. St. Clair could not help wondering what Mr. Craft was doing with Hector's property, and why he did not hand it over to the young man, and give him some account of his stewardship.

At length he said, one day, to his young friend:

"Hector, I hope you won't be offended at what I am going to say, but as your father and I were intimate friends before you were born, and I have always taken much interest in you, I naturally feel anxious about your welfare; and you will allow that there may be still another reason why I should be anxious to see you master of your own property, and making yourself comfortable as a West India planter, if you intend to settle in the island, that is to say, which I have been given to understand you propose doing. Even if you are tired of this place, and think of leaving it, you ought to know the state of your affairs, and upon what you have to depend."

"I do not think of leaving the island, sir; my wish is to remain here, at least for a few years, and I should be very glad if my father's house were put into habitable repair, and I were able to make it my home."

"Then why is not your wish carried out? The house which your father and mother found a comfortable and pleasant residence might surely suit you!"

"Most certainly; but I am told that more money would be required to put it into good order than the proceeds of the estate can at present afford."

"Humph!" uttered Mr. St. Clair, in a sort of grunt. "The house should never have been allowed to get so terribly out of repair—you know the common saying: 'A stitch in time saves nine.' There was no need to let that good house go to ruin: a few trifling repairs from time to time would have kept it in order, and would have scarcely added anything to the expenses of the estate. If your father had left me your guardian, and in charge of the property, as he at one time intended to do, things would have been very different. I don't want to praise myself, or to disparage Mr. Craft, but, I must say, I don't think he has acted judiciously in all respects."

"Perhaps not," replied Hector; "but no doubt he acted for the best; therefore I must not blame him."

"Suspicion is not generally the fault of youth," observed Mr. St. Clair, "and you are especially free from it; still there must be limits to the utmost confidence. Having no right to do so, I have never in any way interfered with Mr. Craft's management of your estate, or your affairs; he has never spoken to me about them, and I could not thrust my advice upon him. But, Hector, I have heard reports from time to time that made an unpleasant impression on me, to say the least; and I

have been hoping that you yourself would speak to me of your affairs, so as to give me a legitimate right to inquire into them."

"I assure you, dear Mr. St. Clair, it was not any want of confidence in your kindness, or your knowledge of West India affairs," said Hector, "that prevented my applying to you; it was entirely out of a feeling of delicacy towards my uncle. He seemed so harassed with business, and so annoyed when I brought forward my own affairs, assuring me at the same time that all was right, and that everything should be done to my entire satisfaction soon, that I really had not the heart to worry him about statements and accounts."

"Statements and accounts are exactly what *ought* to be ready to be rendered almost at any moment," said Mr. St. Clair. "But we will not speak of these. It is some time since I have been on your estate, but the other day, as I happened to be riding past it, a heavy shower of rain came on, and I turned my horse into the alley of lime-trees, or rather lime-fences, which leads to the dwelling-house on your property. As I rode up to it, I found that there was not even a negro there to take charge of the house. The beautiful grape arbour, which formed in your father's time a verdant porch leading to the dwelling-house, was all in disorder, several of the laths broken, and only a few stunted bunches of half-withered grapes hanging where there used to be such a profusion of splendid fruit. I dismounted, and tying my horse to one of the still-existing poles, I made my way into the house; but what a sight met my eyes!—what sad decay! Some of the rooms were quite unroofed, others in such bad condition that the rain poured through them. I could hardly find a dry spot wherein to shelter myself. Now this is a bad state of things, and, I must say—excuse me, Hector—tells very much against your uncle. The manager and overseer he has put on the estate, too, must be extremely careless and remiss in their duty. I observed that the cane pieces were by no means properly weeded, and the removing of weeds from among the canes is absolutely necessary."

"Certainly. But remember, my dear sir, how very fast weeds spring up in our warm climate, and Mr. Craft has been obliged to borrow the services of some of the negroes on my estate to help to do some very important work on his own plantation. But that will soon be finished now, he says, and then he will send some of his own negroes to help my people."

Mr. St. Clair uttered another guttural sound of disapprobation, and then remarked, dryly:

"Well, if you are willing that *your* property should be sacrificed to the improvement of *his*, there is nothing more to be said. If you choose to let yourself be ruined out of a sense of delicacy to your aunt's husband, so be it. You have a right to judge for yourself, but I have also a right to think of the future prospects of my daughter. When a West India proprietor is once ruined, whether by his own fault or that of his agents, depend upon it he is done for; it will be next to impossible for him to retrieve his fortune. Debts, perhaps small at first, soon accumulate to serious sums, with not merely simple but compound interest to be paid on them. Once get into the toils of these European or American merchants, and you may wake up some fine morning to find yourself minus everything."

Hector felt angry at Mr. St. Clair's dictatorial way of speaking, and especially at his assuming that he had debts. With a flushed face he answered :

"I do not know what should induce you to suppose, sir, that I am in debt. I can only assure you that I did not owe a shilling when I left England, and I have incurred no debts here, that is certain."

"I did not assume that *you* had incurred any debts, my good fellow ; but you may be even largely in debt notwithstanding. Money may have been borrowed on your behalf, transactions may have taken place of which you know nothing—nothing as yet, at least, and I am sorry to see your indolence—you need not frown, Hector—I will add your apathy, in matters of vital importance to your future career in life."

"If by my indolence and apathy, Mr. St. Clair, you mean my perfect confidence in the honour, and integrity, and kind feeling of my uncle, I am willing to lie under the stigma of such accusations."

"Very well, very well, take your own way ; but if it leads to beggary," continued Mr. St. Clair, in rising wrath, "my daughter cannot"—he stopped for a moment, then with forced calmness added—"cannot marry a beggar !"

"If your kind prediction prove true, sir," said Hector, "I should never ask your daughter to make such a sacrifice."

The gentlemen parted, not exactly on their usual friendly terms. Mr. St. Clair ordered his gig, an uncomfortable little conveyance to which he was very partial, and Hector asked one of the men-servants to order his horse, and until it should be got ready he remained pacing up and down the room with hasty strides, and did not attempt to go to the young ladies' morning-room. But he had not paced the apartment long before light steps were heard approaching it, and Minna stole in, her countenance expressive of mingled curiosity and anxiety.

"What have you and papa been closeted so long alone for, Hector ?" she asked. "I just caught a glimpse of papa's face as he was getting into his gig, and I thought he looked as if something had disturbed his serenity. Did you bring any bad news? Anything about our poor dear Adela ?"

"No, dearest Minna, I brought no tidings of poor Adela. But your father and I have had a little—what shall I say?—a little tift."

"A tift! Hector, you surely did not—you would not surely quarrel with my father?"

"I did not quarrel with him, Minna, but he seemed much inclined to pick a quarrel with me. He rated me as if I had been a schoolboy, accused me of indolence and apathy, told me I would be ruined, and, Minna dearest, he ended by saying, that if I became a beggar, he would not let you marry me !"

"But papa must have been struck with a sudden fit of insanity!" exclaimed Minna, in amazement and dismay. "The strange loss of Adela must have affected his poor brain. *You* a beggar! How could that be? You have done nothing to ruin yourself."

"No—but he seems to think that my uncle has been plotting my ruin, and that I shall be brought to beggary through him. I must say I think this is very unfair towards Mr. Craft."

"But, dear Hector, though it is very kind of Mr. Craft to give you a

home in his house, don't you think he ought to have your own house repaired, and let you have the option of living there if you like?"

"I hope he will begin the repairs soon, Minna; but if I am a beggar, or to be a beggar, the house will be of no use. Neither you nor I can live upon air, you know; and if I am ruined, which your father seems to think probable, heart-breaking as it will be to me, my darling Minna, our engagement must be given up. Such is your father's decree, and my judgment, though not my heart, tells me that he is right."

"But he is *not* right!" cried Minna, stamping her little foot passionately on the floor. "Why should he not help you? He is rich enough, and who has such claims on him as his own daughters? Hector, I will not give you up, happen what may. It was not your fortune or your estate that I cared for, it was for yourself, and whether you are rich or you are poor can make no difference in my feelings."

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear, generous girl; but my own feelings for you would prevent my involving you in the misery of extreme poverty. And I could not become a pensioner on your father's bounty. However, let us hope that Mr. St. Clair takes too dark a view of my prospects, and that my uncle has acted honestly by me. We will get as many workmen put in as possible to repair the house; the porch, which your father was so vexed to find in such a state of dilapidation, will look blooming again under your care, my sweet Minna; the terraces for flowers in the sloping-ground behind the house which you project, shall be made; and Silver Dale, I hope, will once more become the abode of happiness and love."

Minna dried her tears and resumed her bright smiles, while she said:

"We will try to persuade papa of all this when he comes home to-day, dear Hector, for of course you will stay and dine with us?"

"No, not to-day, dearest; it would be rather uncomfortable. Your father will soon recover his usual good humour, I dare say, and, in the mean time, I shall attack my uncle vigorously. I hope speedily to come with intelligence that will be pleasant for you and satisfactory to Mr. St. Clair. My love to Linda, and good-bye for the present."

II.

MR. CRAFT'S SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

HECTOR went home fully determined, though in the kindest and most courteous manner, to bring his uncle to book.

"For his own sake as well as for mine," he said to himself, "it necessary that I should have all the mystery that seems to hang over my affairs cleared up. It is a great pity Mr. Craft did not have the dwelling-house in Silver Dale kept in habitable order. Mr. St. Clair is right in saying it would not have cost much to have done that; *now*, the estimate may be very high."

Such was the tenor of his thoughts as he rode homewards. On arriving at Mr. Craft's house he was met by his aunt, who did not seem in her accustomed placid humour, but looked fretted and annoyed.

"How glad I am that you have come home to dinner, Hector!" she exclaimed. "I quite dreaded dining alone with Matthew, he is so cross to-day."

"What is the matter?" asked Hector, somewhat anxiously.

"How do I know? He never tells me anything. He told me about an hour ago, however, that he was going to St. Thomas by the packet which is expected this evening, and desired me to give orders that his clothes should be packed, and to see that all was ready for the voyage."

"By the packet which is expected this evening!" echoed Hector, aghast at the information.

"So he said. I asked him to take me with him, for I should like very much to go to St. Thomas for two or three weeks; the stores there are much larger and better than ours here, and I should like to buy a variety of things. But he got quite angry at my asking to go, though I told him I could be ready, short as the time for the preparation is. He never will take me anywhere; it is too bad. When he went to New York, about eighteen months ago, I tried hard to persuade him to let me go too, but he would not. I think it is very unkind; don't you think so, Hector?"

"Well, I think he ought to have taken you to New York, aunt; it would have been a pleasant trip for you. But this appears a very sudden determination of his to go to St. Thomas; he did not mention a word about it to me this morning."

"Oh, catch him do that! He keeps everything very secret; he does not let his left hand know what his right hand does. None but fools babble, he says."

"I will go and speak to him," said Hector. "There are one or two questions which I *must* have answered before he goes."

"You will only be wasting your breath, my boy; you will get nothing out of him that he does not choose to tell."

"There is no reason why he should not tell what I am going to ask," replied her nephew, as he left his aunt to proceed to Mr. Craft's private room.

He knocked at the door, and tried to open it, but it was bolted on the inside. Hector felt surprised at this, for doors are scarcely ever bolted, in fact, scarcely ever closed, in the West Indies. He knocked again more loudly, and called out:

"It is I, uncle. I want to see you for a moment."

The door was unbolted, and Mr. Craft presented himself in the doorway.

"I am extremely busy, Hector, at present, and if you have nothing *very* particular to say, pray excuse me just now. Another time I shall be quite at your disposal."

"But, my dear sir, I have just heard from my aunt that you are going down to St. Thomas by the packet now expected from England."

Mr. Craft's face darkened, and he muttered, in a very low tone, between his teeth:

"Chattering idiot!"

The exclamation seemed to have almost forced itself from him; perhaps he thought Hector would not have caught the words, but his look of extreme surprise convinced Mr. Craft that his nephew had heard them. He took his resolution accordingly, and throwing the door open, he said, dryly:

"Come in."

Hector went in, and found the writing-table covered with papers, some single, some tied up into bundles; his quick eye discerned on the label of one batch of papers, "Silver Dale Estate," but Mr. Craft immediately pushed it aside, and threw a sheet of foolscap, covered apparently with calculations about lumber and tiles, over it. As he did so, he glanced uneasily at Hector, and perceived from the expression of his countenance that the little incident had not passed unobserved by him.

"I am very sorry to trouble you, uncle, when you are busy, but I really must beg you to give me some little insight into my own affairs. I am the more anxious for this as you are going to St. Thomas, on business, of course, and may be detained some time there."

Mr. Craft remained silent, but began turning over some papers, as if he wished to find some particular one."

"How provoking! I cannot lay my hand on it!" he exclaimed. "I had made out a statement to give you, but you see it is, unfortunately, mislaid—got mixed up with other documents, no doubt. That comes of being in such a confounded hurry."

"I saw a packet of papers labelled 'Silver Dale Estate' a minute ago; perhaps you are looking for that?"

"No, no," replied Mr. Craft, impatiently. "That packet merely contains the manager's and overseer's returns; you could not make head or tail of these without a great deal more elucidation than I have time to give you at present. No, it was a brief but clear statement of your affairs, to let you know how matters stand until I could go into all the particulars with you, which I intend to do when I return from St. Thomas."

"Thank you, sir. I shall be quite content to wait for the particulars, if I can only be made acquainted now with two or three facts."

"What facts?" demanded Mr. Craft, placing his elbows on the table, and supporting his head with his hands.

"In the first place, I wish very much to know if 'Silver Dale' is in debt?"

"In debt!" echoed Mr. Craft. "What put that into your head?"

"The dilapidated state of the dwelling-house suggested such an idea," replied Hector.

"I think what you call 'the dilapidated state of the dwelling-house' should rather prevent such an idea, as this shows that no expenses have been incurred which could be avoided."

"I should like to have an idea of the value of the estate, and what rental I may, on an average, expect to derive from it."

"You speak like a tyro in West India affairs, Hector. The value of landed property is always changing here. To know what Silver Dale is worth at present, you must get a certain number of experienced planters to put a valuation on it. That can't well be done to-day, I should think," said Mr. Craft, with a slight sneer; "and as to the rental you may reckon upon, as that depends upon the crops, and the crops depend upon the amount of rain necessary for the growth of the sugar-canes, your rental depends upon the clouds. Who can question them? I don't pretend to have any superhuman knowledge."

Hector felt he was baffled. Mr. Craft either could not or would not answer his questions. He could not press them further on one who had

been his guardian, who was his uncle, and at present his host. He could only hope that Mr. Craft would find the paper of which he had spoken, and hand it to him before the arrival of the packet.

"If you have anything more to say, Hector, you must make haste; time is flying, and I have a great deal to do."

"Can't I help you, uncle, to arrange some of these numerous papers? Can I copy anything for you, or, in short, be of any use to you?"

"Thank you, my dear fellow, for your kind offer," said Mr. Craft. "But it would take me longer to give you work than to do it myself." He looked at his watch. "I shall get it all done, if I am not interrupted."

Hector took this as a hint to go, and accordingly he left his uncle's writing-room not a whit wiser than when he entered it.

The dinner that day was a hurried and silent one. Mr. Craft had to see early in the evening the manager of his own estate, the manager of Silver Dale, and the manager of another estate which was under his charge. The packet arrived about nine o'clock, and sailed again at midnight, and Mr. Craft went on board, without having placed in Hector's custody the "brief but clear statement" of his affairs promised to him.

III.

A THUNDERBOLT.

THE mail-bags were, of course, landed that evening, but the letters were not sorted and delivered until the next morning. They came early enough for the recipients of some of them. There were one or two thick letters for Mr. Craft, and two despatches for Hector. One was from a friend of his, who had been the companion of his schoolboy-days, and with whom he had kept up his intimacy; the address of the other was in a handwriting he did not recognise. He opened the letter from the stranger first, wondering who his unknown correspondent could be. He was standing as he opened it; he glanced rapidly over it, and then, as if he had received a severe electric shock, he sank down, pale as a corpse. A sofa was close by, happily, and he sank on it, or he would have fallen to the ground.

One low groan was all that he uttered, but he sat leaning against the arm of the sofa, with his hands pressed over his eyes, while the swelling veins of his forehead showed how much he suffered.

"Hector, what is the matter?" cried his aunt, who was just finishing her breakfast.

"The matter is, aunt, that I am ruined," replied Hector, with desperate composure. "Silver Dale is deeply in debt, and is to be sold by the creditors."

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Craft. "You cannot have brought your estate into hopeless debt already; you must make a mistake, my dearest Hector, from your ignorance of the stupid slang phrase they use in business letters."

"No, dear aunt, it is all plain and intelligible; but do not let me distress you with my—my misfortunes. God grant me strength of mind to bear them! Yet such an unexpected reverse is terrible—terrible!"

"What a pity Matthew went to St. Thomas last night!" sighed poor Mrs. Craft. "If he had only been here, I dare say he could have put everything to rights."

Hector was silent.

"But never mind, dear; he will be back soon, and then these merchant gentry, who crow so loudly now, will have to sing very small. England is our mother country, and we all like it very much, but still we can't help knowing that there is a deal of grasping and cheating going on in it. Many a fine West India property has been utterly destroyed by these—blood-suckers at home."

Hector allowed his aunt to talk on. He was not listening to a word she said; he was only thinking of Minna, Mr. St. Clair, and himself. No question now of repairing the house at Silver Dale and living there—no matter what average rental the estate could yield; his father's and his grandfather's property would pass into the hands of strangers, be bought, perhaps, by some enterprising manager, who would fit up the house in which his mother had lived and died, for a black woman and her coloured children!

And how had all this misery been brought about? Not by any fault or folly of his own assuredly; but some one was to blame, and that one could hardly be any other than Mr. Craft. That gentleman's going off in such a hurry, and so secretly, to St. Thomas, did not tell in his favour; no doubt he wished to be out of the way when the thunderbolt first fell.

"It is too bad," at length he exclaimed aloud, "to leave me here, in utter ignorance of my own affairs, to meet this storm."

"If you are speaking of Matthew," said Mrs. Craft, "I think it was too bad not to take both you and me with him. But these Englishmen are very selfish."

What was now to be done? That was the question for poor Hector's consideration. Had it not been for his little "tiff," as he had called it, with Mr. St. Clair the day before, he would have gone to him for advice. But after what Mr. St. Clair had said about his daughter, Hector felt he could not apply to him. No, the sentence of separation between him and his beloved Minna had been pronounced beforehand; and as he could not now become Mr. St. Clair's son-in-law, he felt that he had no right to intrude his affairs upon him.

In the letter he had just received from the English mercantile firm with whom Mr. Craft had corresponded, it was said that they had written to him three or four times since his return to the West Indies, and they thought that, as he was of age, he might have taken some interest in his own affairs, and entered into some arrangement with them; that they had no wish to be hard upon him, but when they found that he took no notice of their letters, of their proposals, and no steps to pay his debt, on the contrary, that a further advance of money for his estate had been demanded from them, they considered it was high time to wind up the affairs of Silver Dale, and bring it to sale for its debt to them.

Poor Hector was quite dumbfounded by this most unexpected view of his position. He had never received a single letter—a single line—from the English firm. He had no knowledge of any loan having been ever obtained, or ever asked for, yet he could scarcely doubt the assertions

made in the letter which had just reached him. What had become of the former letters addressed to him? Some one must have secreted them, or destroyed them—and who could that person have been but—Mr. Craft?

“What a fool I have been!” he exclaimed. “Mr. St. Clair charged me with apathy—apathy! It was far worse than that—it was insanity—it was wickedness! Well, what is done cannot be undone, but this will be a lesson for me in future.”

“Are you going out this morning, aunt?” he asked of Mrs. Craft.

“No.”

“Then will you lend me your barouche? I wish to see Mr. Balfour, the agent of these . . . these . . . blood-suckers, as you call them; and, you know, the town where he resides is almost twelve miles from this—rather a long ride on horseback in the broiling sun.”

“Oh! take the barouche certainly, dear Hector, and I hope Mr. Balfour will be able to give you some good news.”

But Mr. Balfour had no good news to give. He was a kind-hearted, amiable man, therefore he felt very sorry for poor Hector. He sympathised sincerely with him, but he could not alter the stubborn facts.

It appeared that Mr. Craft had, from time to time, borrowed money on the security of Silver Dale, for the purpose of improving the estate, he said. He had never paid a shilling either of the principal or the interest, but had always some pretext or other for asking longer credit. When Hector himself returned to the island, the principals of the firm from whom money had been borrowed on his account determined to put themselves in direct communication with himself, as he was of age, and quite competent to take charge of his own affairs. But they found that he never took the trouble even to acknowledge their letters, much less to notice his debt to them; on the contrary, that he had empowered his uncle to ask another loan, seeming to think that they were bound to supply him with any amount of money he chose to have. This conduct naturally annoyed them, and they had resolved to bring the property to sale, to repay themselves.

Mr. Balfour was astonished to find that Hector had not received one of the letters alluded to, that he was quite ignorant of any debt on his estate, and had not empowered his uncle to ask for any advance whatsoever.

“The fact is,” said Mr. Balfour, “your uncle is an unmitigated rascal, and you have been his dupe and his victim.”

“But what can he have done with all the money he borrowed on Silver Dale?” exclaimed Hector.

“Made use of it himself, no doubt,” replied Mr. Balfour.

“How cruelly I have been deceived in that man!” cried Hector.

“He has not been in very good odour here for some time past,” said Mr. Balfour; “but of course you would be the last to hear this. My advice to you is, to follow Mr. Craft to St. Thomas immediately, tell him his villany has been found out, and threaten him with a lawsuit if he does not refund the money he has purloined from you. By-the-by, there is a little sloop to sail from this for St. Thomas to-morrow. The accommodation will not be good, but never mind that, go by it; I will

give you a letter of introduction to a friend of mine, who is a lawyer in St. Thomas ; put yourself into his hands at once, and let him take what steps he may think necessary, without any regard to your near connexion to the culprit. I will put off the sale of your estate as long as possible, and I shall write the house at home the real state of things."

Hector thanked Mr. Balfour most warmly for his kind promise and friendly advice ; he engaged his passage by the little sloop to St. Thomas, and then returned to his aunt's house in better spirits than he had left it in the morning.

Hector thought that Mr. Balfour's kindness was quite disinterested ; and so it was in a great degree, but Mr. Balfour was also, perhaps, unconsciously influenced by other feelings. He was a great admirer of Linda St. Clair, though he had not yet ventured to propose to her. He knew of Hector Graham's engagement to Minna, and he, of course, thought that Linda would be pleased and obliged by his doing everything in his power to benefit Hector.

"We may be brothers-in-law some of these days," he said to himself ; "besides, he is a very good fellow, and, if I can possibly help him out of his difficulties, I shall be very glad. But how could he have been so supine as to let that man Craft keep him in leading-strings all this time !"

That was, indeed, a wonder, and to none more than to Hector himself, when he awoke from his dreams of security.

It was a great act of self-abnegation on Hector's part not to go to Clair Hall, and not to tell all his affairs to Minna and Linda. But he dreaded encountering Mr. St. Clair, and probably being catechised by him. He felt sore and sensitive in his new position of a man ruined and overwhelmed by debt, therefore he abstained from going to take leave of those who were so dear to him. But he wrote a long letter to Minna, and a shorter one to Mr. St. Clair, in which he thanked that gentleman for all the kindness he had shown him, and assured him that, whatever might be awaiting him in the future, he would always remember him and his family with gratitude and warm regard.

These notes were not sent to Clair Hall until late in the evening ; and, at an early hour the next morning, Hector left his home and embarked on board the miserable little vessel that was to take him to St. Thomas.

Mr. St. Clair and his daughters drove over to Mrs. Craft's house immediately after breakfast, but the bird had flown, and Mrs. Craft could only reiterate her surprise at Mr. Craft's and her nephew's sudden departure, and wonder why they had not gone together. She was eloquent also on her disappointment at neither of them having asked her to accompany them, though they both knew that she wanted to go to St. Thomas to buy a lot of things.

Hector's absence made Clair Hall duller than ever, and Mr. St. Clair could get nothing but sullen looks and cross answers from Minna, who believed that her father was to blame for Hector's having gone to St. Thomas.

"And if yellow fever should be raging there !" she exclaimed over and over to poor Linda, who had anxieties enough of her own to bear.

Hector had a tedious voyage in the wretched little sloop ; but he lost no time on arriving at St. Thomas in carrying his letter of introduction

to Mr. Balfour's friend, and making inquiries respecting his uncle. To his great dismay, he found that Mr. Craft had just sailed for New York!

"You must pursue him," said the lawyer; "but first we will call on the agent for a house in New York with which he is known to have dealings."

The agent was very unwilling to give any information, but the lawyer cross-questioned him so skilfully, that it was elicited from him that Mr. Craft had taken a good deal of money with him, and that he had for some time past been in the habit of transmitting money to America.

Following the advice of the Danish lawyer at St. Thomas, and also acting on what he himself thought right, Hector lost no time in pursuing Mr. Craft, for he took the very first opportunity to New York. He was fully determined to arrest Mr. Craft on a charge of embezzlement, and try if he could not be made to refund a portion at least of his ill-gotten money. But poor Hector was again unlucky. He found out the very hotel at which Mr. Craft had stayed the few days during which he had been in New York, but he was no longer there, he had left the city to go somewhere in the interior. The rather disreputable merchants with whom he had been connected either could not, or would not, give any information about him, further than that he had removed a considerable sum of money he had in their hands, and that he intended purchasing land, perhaps among the Mormons, perhaps in the backwoods. After very diligent and searching inquiries, Hector ascertained that his uncle now called himself Mr. Matthews, ignoring the "Craft" altogether. With untiring energy, and with the sagacity of an Indian, Hector found out his trail, and followed it up until he arrived at Natchez.

"Natchez," says an American writer on the history and geography of the Mississippi valley, "is romantically situated on a very high bluff, two hundred and eighty miles above New Orleans. The river business is transacted at the division of the town which is called 'under the hill,' a repulsive place, and unhappily but too often the resort of all that is vile from the upper and lower country."

In such a place Mr. Craft, *alias* Matthews, might have found congenial society—congenial, at least, in want of principles, though probably too vulgar to suit his taste.

Hector arrived at Natchez flushed with the hope of at length catching the delinquent. But no, he was doomed again to disappointment. He could hear of no one of the name of Matthews or Craft, though the waiters at one of the hotels told him that an English gentleman, answering the description he gave of his uncle, had stayed two or three days at the hotel; but they believed his name was Nichols, and at any rate he was gone, whether to the Far West, or down the Mississippi, the waiters could not tell.

Though Hector felt pretty sure that Mr. Nichols was no other than Mr. Craft—as his name happened to be "Matthew Nichols," he considered it would be useless to endeavour further to hunt him up. He might as well "seek for a needle in a bundle of hay," as try to discover Mr. Craft's whereabouts in the savannahs and woods of "the Far West." The pioneers of civilisation in these then wild and uncultivated regions

were spread over such a vast extent of country, that it would have been a hopeless task to have tried to trace any particular individual among them.

And as to going down the ocean-like Mississippi, Mr. Craft might have landed at one of the villages on its banks, had he taken that route; and to proceed to the expensive city of New Orleans on a mere chance—and a very slight chance to boot—Hector found would be impossible. His finances were dwindling down, and there was nothing for it but to make the best of his way to one of the ports in the Atlantic States, and take his passage in the first ship bound to St. Thomas or any of the other small West India Islands.

IV.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

DURING Hector's absence, a visitor, who was by no means welcome to the young ladies, presented himself often at Clair Hall. This visitor was no other than Mr. Dunville, the attorney-general of the island, who was Linda's declared admirer. She had never liked that gentleman, and now she positively disliked him. She was vexed at his forcing his disagreeable attentions upon her, and very much annoyed to find that her father seemed willing to encourage them.

Now that the two patriot officers were gone, Mr. Dunville thought the field was quite open to him. He fancied that Linda must have been mortified that Colonel Mentilla, who had pretended to be so devoted to her, had coolly taken himself off to his own country, leaving her in the lurch, and that she would, therefore, be glad to accept a good offer, as he considered his to be.

"The St. Clairs can't hold their heads so high now as they used to do," he said to himself; "the eldest daughter has either drowned herself or gone off with that Spanish fellow, Don Alonzo Alvaez—a disgraceful proceeding, to say the least of it—and if report speaks truly, young Graham, who is engaged to the third daughter, is all but ruined, over head and ears in debt already; so that if the girl marries him, the father will not only have to support his daughter but her penniless husband, and probably a troop of little beggars by-and-by. Linda should be thankful to get me, and Mr. St. Clair should be rejoiced to get *one* daughter well married."

Such being his sentiments, the attorney-general spent at least four evenings in the week at Clair Hall, regardless of Linda's yawns and Minna's frowns. Mr. St. Clair, too, asked him often to dinner, which, of course, gave him encouragement. At length he thought it was time to speak out, and one day, when he and Mr. St. Clair were alone after dinner, he made his proposal, assuring Mr. St. Clair that the marriage settlements should be such as would perfectly meet his approval.

Mr. St. Clair felt rather disgusted that the marriage settlements should be brought more prominently forward by Linda's admirer than her virtues and attractions, which her father thought might have been dwelt on with a little more unction in an offer of marriage. However, he showed no

sign of disapprobation; he thanked Mr. Dunville for the compliment he had paid his daughter, and assured him that the connexion he proposed would give him great pleasure, but that he had no idea what Linda's feelings and wishes might be, for, as he added, "Young ladies do not take their papas into their confidence in their love-affairs." Linda, therefore, he said, must answer for herself; and if the answer were such as Mr. Dunville would like to receive, he (Mr. St. Clair) would be extremely glad.

Mr. Dunville had a good opinion of himself, and knew that he held a good position in the island, so he did not feel the least timidity in offering himself to Linda, and certainly his surprise was very great when that young lady decidedly refused his proposals. He could not conceive what objection she could have to him, and considered himself very ill used by her not accepting him with *empressement*. What did Miss Linda expect? *He* was about one of the best matches in the island, and how could she do better than to marry him? Inferior sort of men are generally the most presuming, and Mr. Dunville, though the attorney-general, and doubtless very clever in regard to the legal business committed to his charge, did not happen to have the qualifications which please young ladies.

"He is a cross-grained, stupid ass," Minna said.

"He is a heavy, tiresome person," Linda declared.

"You marry *him*, Linda!" cried Minna. "Why, you would die of ennui in a month."

But Mr. St. Clair was rather favourable to Mr. Dunville's suit; his darling Linda would be settled near him; the attorney-general was well off, and she would have every comfort in domestic life.

Yes, every comfort, she said, except in the master of her establishment; he was a wretched bore, and she never could be induced to put up with him.

"But take a little time to think of it," said Mr. St. Clair. "Do not be so peremptory in your refusal, Linda dear; you may change your mind on reflection."

"Never, papa!" replied Linda. "This is utterly impossible."

"Young ladies *do* change their minds sometimes, my dear, and Mr. Dunville may succeed in time in making an impression on your flinty heart."

"Never, I repeat," said Linda, gravely. "I cannot marry Mr. Dunville, come what may. Dismiss the man and the matter from your mind, dear papa. You can't want to get rid of me, do you?"

"Get rid of you, my darling!" echoed her father. "No, that I don't. But I wish you to be well settled in life for your own sake. Poor Minna's prospects, you see, are now very uncertain, and Adela's most extraordinary elopement tells against our family."

"Ah, dearest Adela! would to Heaven we only knew that she were safe and well!" exclaimed Linda.

"I believe that she is quite safe and well," said Mr. St. Clair, "for I do not think that Don Alonzo Alvaez would be such a scoundrel as not to marry her if he induced her to commit the terrible imprudence of going off with him."

"And . . . and . . . papa . . ." almost gasped Linda, "if she were married to Don Alonzo—married without your consent . . . could you forgive her?"

Linda clasped her hands, and looked up beseechingly at her father, while tear-drops trembled in her eyes.

"My darling Linda! what can you think of me to suppose for one moment that I would *not* forgive her? Poor girl—poor deluded girl!" cried the old gentleman, with a faltering voice, and tears in his own eyes.

"Oh, dearest papa! how good, how kind of you! I feel as if a weight were lifted off of my heart. You would really forgive your erring daughter for forgetting her duty to you, the best of fathers—for taking a step of such importance without your knowledge and approbation! Oh, how good—how good!"

Linda trembled with agitation, and tears were now running down her cheeks. She felt impelled to confess then and there her own secret marriage, and the words were almost on her lips, when she suddenly remembered poor Mrs. Rivers, and her extreme dread of her brother's anger. It passed rapidly through her mind that without her aunt's consent she had no right to disclose what had taken place at her house, and in her presence. She ought to obtain her kind aunt's permission before she communicated to her father the tie which now existed between herself and Colonel Mentilla, and the confession so nearly made was withheld.

To have such a secret weighing on her conscience was a great trial to poor Linda, and there was no one to whom she could confide it. She could, of course, speak to her aunt, but she seldom saw Mrs. Rivers alone, more particularly since Hector's departure. One morning, however, that poor solitary Mrs. Craft had begged Minna to come and spend the day with her; Linda seized the opportunity of driving over to her aunt's. She then told Mrs. Rivers how near she had been to making a confession of her clandestine marriage to her father, but that she had remembered she had no right to say a word about that event without her aunt's knowledge, and had checked herself.

"Thank Heaven you did not tell him, Linda!" exclaimed Mrs. Rivers. "He would have been so dreadfully angry at me. And not without cause, for I know I was wrong, very, very wrong. I should not have yielded to Colonel Mentilla's entreaties. It was my duty to let your father know what was going on; but you see, my dear, the poor colonel and you seemed both so miserable, after my brother refused Don Alonzo for Adela, that I had not the heart to thwart Mentilla's plans. I was very foolish, my dear child, and I have repented my folly ever since."

"Then, aunt, let us make the only reparation we can, and tell papa now, and beg him to forgive our . . . at least *my* indiscretion."

"Your father would forgive you fast enough, dear; you are young and inexperienced, and much attached to Colonel Mentilla. Excuses would be made for you, but not for me. All your papa's anger would fall upon me, and justly too. Do you know I blame myself for this misfortune about poor Adela; and if she is dead, I shall look upon myself almost as her murderer. If I had told my brother the state of things between you

and Mentilla it would have been known in the family, and Adela would not have gone on fancying that he cared for her."

"It was a sad mistake!" sighed Linda. "But let us now explain everything to papa, and have no more concealments."

"Explain everything to your father, Linda, without Colonel Mentilla's knowledge and permission?" asked Mrs. Rivers. "Both you and I promised him that the marriage should remain a secret until he could claim you as his wife, and make his own explanation to my brother. You were wrong as a daughter, and I, as your aunt, to make this promise. But your having failed in your duty to your father is no reason why you should fail in your duty to your husband. Colonel Mentilla trusts you; are you to betray his confidence?"

"Not for worlds!" cried poor Linda.

"Then take my advice, and wait to see how things turn up. You can always make your confession, but you can't recal it when once made."

V.

WAILING AND GRIEF AT CLAIR HALL.

THERE were wailing and grief at Clair Hall—grief and remorse in the heart of poor Mrs. Rivers, and great regret and dismay all over the island—when it became known that Adela was not, as so many, including her godmother, Mrs. Sutherland, had supposed, with the patriot officers, and married, or about to be married, to Don Alonzo Alvaez.

Letters had been received both from Colonel Mentilla and Don Alonzo. In the letters to Mr. St. Clair, announcing their arrival in South America, the two gentlemen had sent their kindest remembrances to his three daughters, and Colonel Mentilla enclosed a little note addressed to "Las Señoras Adela, Linda y Minna St. Clair." There was no mention whatsoever of Adela's being with them. Mrs. Rivers had also received a long letter from Colonel Mentilla, and a shorter one from Don Alonzo, the latter evidently written for the purpose of conveying a message to the beautiful damsel he admired so much. Neither of the gentlemen made the slightest allusion to Adela's having paid them a farewell visit on board their sloop before they left the harbour of the little island, on the shore of which they had been driven by the hurricane. Colonel Mentilla, however, wrote both Mr. St. Clair and Mrs. Rivers that the youth, Harry St. Clair, was with him. He did not like the life he was leading in his native island, and had smuggled himself on board their little vessel to get away from it. They did not discover him until early in the morning after they had sailed, when they were too far off to return and put him on shore. Colonel Mentilla added that he and Don Alonzo had taken every care of the boy, that he would keep him with himself as long as he possibly could, and make him learn Spanish. After he had acquired a knowledge of this language, he would endeavour to find some suitable occupation for him at Caraccas.

So it was the coloured lad, Harry St. Clair, who was safe and well with the two patriot officers. Where, then, was Adela?

This was a question which no one could answer; the sea would not give up its dead. The ever-murmuring waves would tell none of its terrible secrets. There was only one clue to her fate—the boat belonging to poor Buckra Jem, which had been found keel upwards, giving evidence that those who had trusted themselves to it had perished among the dark waters on that sad and eventful night!

There was wailing and grief at Clair Hall; and not even Colonel Mentilla's long and most affectionate letter to his dear Linda—which came under cover to her aunt—could comfort the bereaved sister or diminish her sorrow. She had always declared her belief that poor Adela was drowned; but still her father's strong conviction that the missing girl was well and safe, and would soon be heard of, influenced her to a certain degree, and she had imperceptibly begun to imbibe this idea. Not that she ever for a moment thought, like her father, that Adela had gone off with Don Alonzo, or would marry him. She knew Adela's feelings too well for that. But she believed that if Adela had been so wildly imprudent as to follow Colonel Mentilla, much shocked as he might be at the strange step she had taken, he would be her kind friend and protector, and would place her with some respectable family until she could return to her home.

These dreams were at an end now. Mr. St. Clair, his daughters and his sister, were all forced to admit the deeply distressing truth that she, whom they loved so much, was numbered with the dead. All of them, except Minna, blamed themselves in their own hearts. Mr. St. Clair, poor deluded man, blamed himself severely for not having allowed Don Alonzo Alvaez to marry Linda. Mrs. Rivers took to her bed, and became quite ill, in consequence of reflecting on the part she had acted; Mariana was in despair, howling and crying, and anathematising herself for not having watched "pore Miss Adela" better.

"I might hab seen," she exclaimed to poor broken-down Mrs. Rivers, "dat Miss Adela was out of her mind; and if I had only had de sense to hab watched her well, she could not hab gone and been drowned in dat Buckra Jem's boat. But howeber she could get to go in *it* I cannot tink. Well, de ways of de Lord is wonderful, and p'raps He hab taken her from suffering in dis world. May she be a happy spirit up yonder, aldo she did not hab Christian burial in dis eart. Eamen!"

Linda came to see her aunt, and tried her best to console her.

"You have nothing to accuse yourself of, Aunt Dora," she said. "You did your utmost to undeceive poor Adela, and her infatuation about Mentilla certainly does look as if she had laboured under monomania. I alone am to blame; I ought to have confided the truth to her, and not been so fearful of hurting her feelings as I was. I have been to blame all through. I allowed my unhappy sister to deceive herself; I deceived my poor father, and I fully deserve all this misery. But oh, aunt! pity me, pity me! My dearest Mentilla will soon be in danger; they expect another engagement with those horrid Spaniards, and if he is killed, or severely wounded, how shall I bear it? In putting on this deep mourning for poor Adela, I feel as if I were putting it on for him too. My heart is full of mourning for them both."

"But, my dear child," said Mrs. Rivers, "do not anticipate calamities

that never may arrive. 'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof,' I am sure."

"Ah, what changes in so short a time!" cried Linda. "Such happy days can never return as when Mentilla and his friend were with us, Adela alive, and charming every one with her grace and beauty, Minna full of hope and joy, and poor Hector the gayest of the gay, without the slightest idea of the ruin hanging over him!"

"Our present distress is a great contrast to those agreeable past days, certainly," replied Mrs. Rivers; "but, with the exception of the loss of our dearest Adela, all may go well yet. Colonel Mentilla may return to explain everything to my brother, and claim you; Hector's affairs may be got into some sort of order, so as to let him and Minna marry. So try to keep up your spirits, my dear girl. Indeed you must do so, in order to cheer your poor father."

Everybody in the island, with the exception of one individual, sympathised with the St. Clairs, and regretted the loss of the beautiful Adela. Only one individual was so hard-hearted as not to feel for them, and that person was the attorney-general, who could not forgive Linda for having declined his matrimonial overtures.

"Adela," he said, "was desperately in love with one of those Spanish fellows, and drowned herself, no doubt, because he would not be bothered with her. Linda, of course, fell in love with the other one, and some day we may hear, as he has decamped without her, that, like 'unfortunate Miss Bailey,' she has 'hanged herself with her garters.' The youngest girl, who will also be disappointed in her projected love-match, may take the lover's leap, and throw herself from the top of the Blue Mountain; there is a flat rock up there, projecting a few feet over the side of the hill, that would be just the very place to enact such 'a thrilling tragedy,' as the local newspapers would probably call it."

The attorney-general was certainly not a very amiable man. Mr. Balfour, Linda's other admirer, felt very much for her distress and that of her family, and redoubled his efforts in Hector Graham's favour; but Mr. Balfour had not yet received his quietus, therefore he had no reason to be spiteful or angry, as Mr. Dunville had.

ENCHANTMENT-LENDING DISTANCE.

A CUE FROM CAMPBELL.

BY FRANCIS JACOB.

CAMPBELL opens his favourite poem with a note of interrogation: why, of a summer evening, do yonder cliffs of shadow tint appear more sweet than all the landscape smiling near? And the poetico-philosophical reason is at once at hand:

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.*

Which reflection leads to others on the similar delight with which we anticipate life's promised joys, "each dim-discovered scene" in the future appearing brighter and better than the more definite and familiar objects of time present and past.

Sir Walter Scott, in one of the least popular of his narrative poems, works out another moral from a similar idea:

And now the eastern mountain's head
On the dark lake threw lustre red;
Bright gleams of gold and purple streak
Ravine, and precipice, and peak—
(So earthly power at distance shows;
Reveals his splendour, hides his woes).†

The parenthetical application is one with a *pensée* of La Bruyère's: "La province est l'endroit d'où la cour, comme dans son point de vue, paraît une chose admirable: si l'on s'en approche, ses agréments diminuent, comme ceux d'une perspective que l'on voit de trop près."‡ Wordsworth, again, gives us a parallel passage on the mountain illusion, where he tells of an excursion among

—mountains stern and desolate,
But, in the majesty of distance, now
Set off, and to our ken appearing fair
Of aspect, with aerial softness clad,
And beautified with morning's purple beams.§

Beautified. Things are pretty, graceful, rich, elegant, handsome, but, argues Mr. Emerson, until they speak to the imagination, not yet beautiful. This he takes to be the reason why beauty is still escaping all analysis. "It instantly deserts possession, and flies to an object in the horizon. If I could put my hand on the north star, would it be as beautiful? The sea is lovely, but when we bathe in it, the beauty forsakes all the near water." In short, his doctrine is, that the imagination and senses cannot be gratified at the same time.||

When William Hazlitt was a boy, he lived within sight of a range of lofty hills, whose blue tops, he tells us, blending with the setting sun,

* The Pleasures of Hope.

† Lord of the Isles, canto iii.

‡ Les Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. viii., De la Cour.

§ The Excursion, book ii.

|| Essay on Beauty (1860).

had often tempted his longing eyes and wandering feet. At last he put in execution his project of visiting them, and on a nearer approach, instead of glimmering air woven into fantastic shapes, found them huge jumpish heaps of discoloured earth. "I learnt from this (in part) to leave 'Yarrow unvisited,' and not idly to disturb a dream of good."* His doctrine is one with Emerson's,—that whatever is placed beyond the reach of sense and knowledge, whatever is imperfectly discerned, the fancy pieces out at its leisure, and at its own sweet will. Distant objects please, on his showing, for this among other reasons, that they imply an idea of space and magnitude, and because, not being obtruded too close upon the eye, we clothe them with the indistinct and airy colours of fancy aforesaid. "In looking at the misty mountain-tops that bound the horizon, the mind is, as it were, conscious of all the conceivable objects and interests that lie between; we imagine all sorts of adventures in the interim; strain our hopes and wishes to reach the air-drawn circle, or to 'desery new lands, rivers, and mountains,' stretching far beyond it: our feelings, carried out of themselves, lose their grossness and their husk, are rarefied, expanded, melt into softness and brighten into beauty, turning to ethereal mould, sky-tintured." Where the landscape fades from the dull sight, we fill the thin, viewless space with shapes of unknown good, and tinge the hazy prospect with hopes and wishes and more charming fears.† *Miramur ex intervallo fallentia.*

Cowper, like Campbell, wrote a poem on Hope; and in the course of it he asks, Is hope exotic? grows it not at home? and answers,

Yes; but an object bright as orient morn
May press the eye too closely to be borne;
A distant virtue we can all confess,
It hurts our pride and moves our envy less.‡

We are never more apt, according to Dr. Moore, to be mistaken than in our estimate of the happiness of grandeur. The grove overlooking the precipice, he goes on to say, has a fine effect at a distance; we admire the sublimity of its situation, and the brightness of its verdure when gilded by the rays of the sun; we grudge no labour in scrambling up to this seat of pleasure, which, when attained, we often find cold and comfortless, overgrown with moss, pierced by the winds of every quarter, and far less genial than the sheltered bank from which we set out. "In like manner, many men who are viewed with admiration and envy at a distance, become the object of pity or contempt when nearly approached."§ To quote the most classical of French moralists again: "De bien des gens il n'y a que le nom qui vaille quelque chose. Quand vous les voyez de fort près, c'est moins que rien: de loin ils imposent."|| Or, if they *do* make a noise at close quarters, there is more than a chance of its being as windy as that of Mrs. Browning's windmill:

As a windmill seen at distance radiating
Its delicate white vans against the sky,
So soft and soundless, simply beautiful,—
Seen nearer . . . what a roar and tear it makes!¶

* See Hazlitt's Essay, "Why Distant Objects please."

† Ibid., *passim*.

‡ Hope.

§ Zeluco, ch. xxvi.

|| Les Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. ii., Du Mérite personnel.

¶ Aurora Leigh, book iv.

To sound, by the way, distance usually gives an effect welcome for its mellowness and refinement. Even

—sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet.*

Scottish minstrelsy allows the bagpipes to sound all the better a little way off. The "pibroch proud" played by Roderick Dhu's gallant pipers, the gaudy streamers from their "loud chanterers" fluttering in the breeze, is sensibly "mellowed" by the "taming" effect of distance :

At first the sounds, by distance tame,
Mellowed along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Waived every harsher note away.†

Bigoted Southrons, who never heard the bagpipes unless played under their street windows by an unlovely mendicant, may be forgiven if disposed to apply to that order of music the after-clause of the poet's dictum, "sounds heard are sweet,"—namely, but "those unheard are sweeter." In that sense Mr. Carlyle's pet proclamation, that speech is silvern, but silence is golden, squares to a nicety with the distressed listener's judgment.

Hazlitt, in one of his Winterslow essays, amuses himself with wondering if a born lord can have the same idea that every one else has of a peeress in her own right. Is not distance, he asks, giddy elevation, mysterious awe, an impassable gulf, necessary to form this idea in the mind, that fine ligament of "ethereal braid, sky-woven," that lets down heaven upon earth, fair as enchantment, soft as Berenice's hair, bright and garlanded like Ariadne's crown ?‡ Distance is like futurity, writes Goethe's young Werther ; a dim distance is spread before our souls ; the perceptions of our minds are as obscure as those of our vision,§ and enchantment is the result.

At distance through an artful glass,
To the mind's eye things well appear ;
They lose their forms and make a mass
Confused and black if brought too near.¶

To the same effect as Prior's stanza are Pope's couplets :

Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near ;
Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.¶

Young Werther shall supply us with another illustration,—where he records his greater self-satisfaction ever since he associated more freely with his fellows, and found that they were much more nearly his fellows, and nothing like so much his superiors as, until he thus consorted with them, he had supposed.** At a distance they had rather awed him : seen *vis-à-vis*, conversed with *tête-à-tête*, they were no such sublime

* Wordsworth's Sonnets, Personal Talk, No. ii.

† The Lady of the Lake, canto ii.

‡ On Personal Identity.

§ Werther: June 21.

¶ Prior: To the Hon. Charles Montague.

¶ Essay on Criticism.

** See the opening section of book ii. of the Sorrows of Young Werther.

beings after all.—The author of “Adam Bede” makes Mrs. Glegg cherish a sort of Yarrow-unvisited illusion in favour of distant nephews, “far away in the Wolds,” at the cost of nearer ones who, because nearer, are not so dear. And the shrewd remark follows, that people who live at a distance are naturally less faulty than those immediately under our eyes; “and it seems superfluous, when we consider the remote geographical position of the Ethiopians, and how very little the Greeks had to do with them, to inquire further why Homer calls them ‘blameless.’” Distance, in truth, as Sir Walter Scott has said, produces in idea the same effect as in real perspective: objects are softened, and rounded, and rendered doubly graceful; the harsher and more ordinary points of character are mellowed down, and those by which it is remembered are the more striking outlines that mark sublimity, grace, or beauty. “There are mists, too, in the mental as well as the natural horizon, to conceal what is less pleasing in distant objects, and there are happy lights, to stream in full glory upon those points which can profit by brilliant illumination.”†

Chamfort mentions a Monsieur D——, who, “*faisant sa cour au prince Henri, à Neufchâtel, lui dit que les Neufchâtelois adoraient le roi de Prusse. ‘Il est fort simple,’ dit le prince, ‘que les sujets aiment un maître qui est à trois cent lieues d’eux.’*”‡ Gibbon quotes, verbatim, with applause, a paragraph from “our philosophic historian,” which tells how the name and authority of the court of Rome were more than revered in the remote countries of Europe, which were sunk in profound ignorance, and were entirely unacquainted with its character and conduct; while at home the Pope was so little revered, that his inveterate enemies surrounded the gates of Rome itself, and even controlled his government in that city; insomuch that the ambassadors, who, from a distant extremity of Europe, carried to him the humble, or rather abject, submissions of the greatest potentate of the age, found the utmost difficulty to make their way to him, and to throw themselves at his feet.§—Within the last few years, the reverence of the Irish people for the far-away Pope has been the topic of similar comment. “Distance has hitherto lent enchantment to the Irishman’s view of the Papacy.” For, as a leading writer—which is something more than a writer of leaders—remarks, the existence of ardent reverence for the court of Rome in the extremities of that vast ecclesiastical frame, while contempt and disaffection gathered round the heart, is a phenomenon sufficiently familiar to the student of ecclesiastical history. “The wretched spectacle of the declining monarchy of Leo and Hildebrand—with its Mumbo-jumbo ceremonial, the dastardly and degrading tyranny of its political government, and its abject dependence on the temporal support of the Roman Catholic despotisms—was transmuted, before it reached the Irish mind, into a glorious image of divine beauty and paternal benevolence,” which accordingly made the Irish sword start in genuine loyalty from its scabbard at the look which threatened the Holy Father with insult.|| So Macaulay, long before, in one of the earliest of his historical essays, had

* The Mill on the Floss, book iii. ch. ii.

† Waverley, ch. xxix.

‡ Chamfort, *Caractères et Portraits*.

§ Hume, *History of England*.—Gibbon, *Rom. Empire*, ch. lxix.

|| Modern Crusades.—*Sat. Rev.*, x. 377.

described the people of Italy in the middle ages as too conversant with the whole machinery of the Church—the arrangement of the pulleys, and the manufacture of the thunders—to be enchanted as far-off worshippers were likelier to be. “Distant nations looked on the Pope as the viceroy of the Almighty, the oracle of the All-wise, the umpire from whose decisions, in the disputes either of theologians or of kings, no Christian ought to appeal. The Italians were acquainted with all the follies of his youth, and with all the dishonest arts by which he had attained power.”* Familiarity of that kind is inevitably the breeder of contempt.

The Russians, according to one British sojourner among them, have about the same liking for their winter as for their government. “Both are very splendid; but it is uncommonly hard lines to bear either; and distance (the greater the better) lends wonderful enchantment to the view both of the frozen Neva and the frozen government.”†—But indeed on what soil of either hemisphere—in what *revue, des deux mondes*—might not similar reflections be excogitated, à discrétion?

After emerging from the literary nest of honest Dribble, the *pauvre diable* hack author, and passing safely through the perils of Breakneck-stairs, and the labyrinths of Fleet-market, Geoffrey Crayon expresses his lively sense of disappointment and disenchantment at the peep of literary life thus afforded him by his guide, Buckthorne. To his expression of surprise at finding it so different a world from what he had imagined, Buckthorne replies: “It is always so with strangers. The land of literature is a fairy land to those who view it from a distance; but, like all other landscapes, the charm fades on a nearer approach, and the thorns and briers become visible.”‡ Madame de Sévigné calls it very good of her daughter to confess something like fear for wits—“que vous avez peur des beaux esprits: hélas! si vous saviez qu’ils sont petits de près, et combien ils sont quelquefois empêchés de leurs personnes, vous les remettriez bientôt à hauteur d’appui.”. . . Prenez garde que l’éloignement ne vous grossisse les objets; c’est un effet assez ordinaire.”§ To cite a couplet from one of our old dramatists:

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off, shine bright;
But, look’d at near, have neither heat nor light.||

When Sir Walter Scott’s trusty adherent, William Laidlaw, buried a favourite child, Scott records in his Diary that he witnessed the funeral at a distance; and goes off at that word. “Ah, that *Distance*! What a magician for conjuring up scenes of joy or sorrow, smoothing all asperities, reconciling all incongruities, veiling all absurdities, softening every coarseness, doubling every effect by the influence of the imagination.” A Scottish wedding, he pronounces, should be seen at a distance;—the gay band of dancers just distinguished amid the elderly group of spectators—the glass held high, and the distant cheers as it is swallowed,

* Macaulay’s Essays: Machiavelli.

† Sala, A Journey Due North, ch. vii.

‡ Washington Irving: Buckthorne and his Friends.

§ Mdme. de Sévigné à Mdme. de Grignan, 13 janvier, 1672.

|| Webster, The Duchess of Malfi, Act IV. Sc. 1.

should be only a sketch, not a finished Dutch picture, when it becomes brutal and boorish. Scotch psalmody, too, he goes on to say, should be heard from a distance: the grunt and the snivel, and the whine and the scream, should all be blended in that deep and distant sound, which, rising and falling like the Æolian harp, may have some title to be called the praise of one's Maker. "Even so the distant funeral: the few mourners on horseback, with their plaids wrapt around them—the father heading the procession as they enter the river, and pointing out the ford by which his darling is to be carried on the last long road—none of the subordinate figures in discord with the general tone of the incident, but seeming just accessories, and no more;—this *is* affecting." What Sir Walter found not affecting—or at most, affecting rather his spleen than any other organ,—was the "assisting" at a funeral itself. "I hate funerals—always did;—there is such a mixture of mummery with real grief—the actual mourner perhaps heart-broken, and all the rest making solemn faces, and whispering observations on the weather and public news, and here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine."* Proximity sometimes lends contempt and disgust to the view, not less efficiently than distance does enchantment.

Viewed at a distance, ancient London, as Lord Lytton has observed, was incalculably more picturesque and stately than the modern; but, when fairly within its tortuous labyrinths, it seemed to those who had improved their taste by travel, the meanest and murkiest capital of Christendom.† Sir Walter Scott, in sending Simon Glover to the wild and silvan region below and around Ben Lawers, makes him see hamlets half hid among the little glens that pour their tributary streams into Loch Tay—of which he says, that, "like many earthly things, [they] made a fair show at a distance, but, when more closely approached, were disgusting and repulsive, from their squalid want of the conveniences which attend even Indian wigwams."‡ The wild Irish hamlet and hovel of yesterday, if not to-day, answers to the picture but too well. As Mr. Thackeray, in his Irish Sketch-book, writes of the picturesquely situated town of Bantry—a town of cabins, than which "an ordinary pigsty in England is really more comfortable,"—go but a few score of yards off, and these wretched hovels lying together look really picturesque and pleasing; but diminish the interval, and "I declare I believe a Hottentot kraal has more comforts in it: even to write of the place makes one unhappy."§ In one of Mr. Kingsley's characteristic sallies against mountain scenery and mountain *mores*—translate it manners, or morals, which you will—we find the remark that mountaineers look well enough at a distance; but that seen close at hand you find their chief distinctions to be starvation and ignorance, fleas and goitre, with an utter unconsciousness—unless travellers put it into their heads—of the "soul-elevating glories" by which they have been surrounded all their lives.||

Mr. de Quincey was walking one day, with Wordsworth, in the sequestered valleys of Cumberland, when there broke upon them the

* Diary of Sir Walter Scott, April 8, 1826.

† The Last of the Barons, book ii. ch. i.

§ Irish Sketch-book, ch. viii.

‡ The Fair Maid of Perth.

|| Chalk-Stream Studies.

view of a little pastoral recess, within the very heart of the highest mountains—where a hamlet was seen of seven cottages, “clustering together, as if for mutual support, in this lovely, but still awful, solitude.” A solitude, indeed, so perfect, Mr. de Quincey—at that time new to the Lake country—had never yet seen; nor had he supposed it possible that, in the midst of populous England, any little brotherhood of households, as he expresses it, could pitch their tents so far aloof from human society, from its noisy bustle, and (he ventured to hope) its angry passions. His guide, philosopher, and (at *that* time) friend, appears to have guessed his thoughts, and thus disenchanted him of a fond illusion. “Yes,” said the poet, “nature has done her part to create in this place an absolute and perpetual Sabbath. And doubtless you conceive that, in those low-roofed dwellings, her intentions are seconded. Be undeceived then: lawsuits, and the passions of lawsuits, have carried fierce dissension into this hidden paradise of the hills; and it is a fact, that not one of those seven families will now speak to another.”* Sad type of many a seeming paradise here on earth, that—trust not to seeming—becomes, on a nearer view, only a paradise lost.

When Theodore Hook sends the Maxwell family a sea-voyage that ends in Fayal Bay, he describes the pleasant relief they felt at the aspect of the place, after the wearying sameness of the sea; but one of them being, like himself, an old traveller, is proof against the “luring and tempting aspect of the capital of Fayal, as viewed from the brig.” Some experience in Portuguese colonies has prepared this voyager for the horrors that await the sojourner in those parts: “dirt, and filth, and an overwhelming smell of fried oil and garlic; houses like pigsties, and streets choked with mud, with no scavengers save the pigs themselves.”† Portugal’s own capital is subjected to the like strictures by a more distinguished pen:

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,

et cetera, et cetera ejusmodi, as the noble poet sings in one stanza. But how sings Byron in the next?

But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
’Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
For hut and palace show like filthily;
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;
No personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Tho’ shent with Egypt’s plague, unkempt, unwashed; unhurt.‡

In Sir Archibald’s well-worn phrase, “no words can express” the beauty of the city of Constantinople as seen from the waters across the

* See the opening pages of De Quincey’s critical biography of Richard Bentley, D.D.

† Maxwell, vol. iii. ch. v.

‡ Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage, canto i.

Hellespont, with its hundred mosques and minarets, and scenery that "kindles the imagination with the idea of unseen beauties." But a nearer approach "considerably dispels the illusion, and reveals, under this splendid exterior, in a larger proportion than usual, the evils and sufferings of humanity."* For the distant enchantments of glittering domes and cypress groves, stately aqueducts and castellated crags, verdant slopes and umbrageous cemeteries, watered by the meanderings of that sea so brightly, beautifully blue, you have to accept in exchange the squalid sights, smells, and surroundings in general of a confused mass of narrow streets, of the close, and wynd, and back-slum sort,—too often an offence to the five senses all and sundry. So with Trebizond, on the Black Sea,—of which they tell us that few places are more magnificently situated, or have a pleasanter aspect at a little distance, with its red-topped white houses peeping out from rich foliage; but within, there is the disappointment of mean hovels, and ragged beldames, and repulsive-looking beggars. So with Bagdad—charming in the distance, while surrounding groves of date-palms avail to hide the meanness of the dwellings, which are set off too by a profusion of tall minarets and graceful domes, the gaily coloured tiles on which reflect the rays of the sun with a green splendour quite resplendent: but the interior is "a labyrinth of narrow unpaved streets and crooked lanes, rendered noxious by the filth and offal cast into them, which a tribe of half-savage dogs, without owners, alone clear away."

Cowper paints a well-rememberable picture, in his best water-colour style, of a cottage he took a prodigious fancy to,—perched on a green hill-top, but close environed with a ring of branching elms that overhung the thatch: so thick beset with foliage too of dark redundant growth, that he called this low-roofed lodge the "peasant's nest." And hidden as it was, and far remote from such unpleasant sounds as haunt the ear in village or in town, the bay of curs incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels, and infants clamorous whether pleased or pained, oft had he wished the peaceful covert his.

Here, I have said, at least I should possess
 The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge
 The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.
 Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat
 Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
 Its elevated site forbids the wretch
 To drink sweet waters of the crystal well;
 He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
 And heavy-laden brings his beverage home,
 Far-fetched and little worth; nor seldom waits,
 Dependent on the baker's punctual call,
 To hear his creaking panniers at the door,
 Angry and sad, and his last crust consumed.
 So farewell envy of the *peasant's nest*.
 If solitude make scant the means of life,
 Society for me!—Thou seeming sweet,
 Be still a pleasing object in my view,
 My visit still, but never mine abode.†

* Continuation of History of Europe, vol. iii. ch. xiii.

† The Task, book i.

Mr. Dickens's Will Fern, just come from gaol, not for the first time either, or the third even, or the fourth, harangues the fine folks at Sir Joseph Bowley's on the subject of his house and home. "Gentlefolks, I've lived many a year in this place. You may see the cottage from the sunk fence over yonder. I've seen the ladies draw it in their books, a hundred times. It looks well in a picter, I've heerd say; but there an't weather in pieters, and maybe 'tis fitter for that, than for a place to live in. . . . 'Tis harder than you think for, gentlefolks, to grow up decent, commonly decent, in such a place. That I grewed up a man and not a brute, says something for me—as I was then."* It would no doubt be very pleasant, as a social-essay writer observes, to go on in the sentimental belief that those picturesque hovels at the wood's edge, with their mud walls, and their thatched roofs golden with the stone-crop or green with velvet moss, are the abodes of health and innocence, of primitive manners, and Saxon purity. "These statements have been recited hundreds of times in pretty story-books, and simpered by pretty lips. It is of course not very material to their truth that the parish doctor's reminiscences of those bowers of bliss have not unfrequently a close connexion with malignant typhus, and with an indignant appeal to the inspector of nuisances." It is said to be universally acknowledged that Clovelly, in Devonshire, is a romantic spot: that it is like no other place; for no carriage can ever pass up or down it; it is embosomed in oaks; it hangs on the side of a steep hill, and enthusiastic describers go so far as to say that it is the only place in England where the moon can be properly seen, since at Clovelly, and at Clovelly alone, the traveller looks through a lane of overarching oaks, and sees, as in the frame of a picture, the golden line of glory on the sea. So that, altogether, "if any one says Clovelly is not a romantic spot, he ought to be fiercely contradicted." But, adds the anonymous essayist on Romantic Spots in general and Clovelly in particular, there is another side to Clovelly—a side which does not appear in guide-books, but which immediately forces itself on the traveller. "There is much romance at Clovelly, but there is also very much dirt and very much discomfort. It is very curious that the one street should be so narrow, but it is also very unwholesome. It is poetical to have a brook gurgling and leaping down the main street, but it is very prosaic to find that this brook is made to answer all the purposes of a sewer. No free air from land or sea sweeps up this miserable alley. Night and day there is one close all-pervading smell of donkeys, fish, and babies."† It is the old story of Miss Ferrier's picture of a Scottish village, with its first impression on a fair enthusiast from the south. The beauty of the morning, we read—the song of the birds—the sound of the waters—all combined to lull her visionary mind into an Elysium of her own creating; and as she walked along, in all the ideal enjoyment of her Utopian schemes, she found herself at the door of one of those cottages the picturesque appearance of which had so charmed her at a distance. "A nearer survey, however, soon satisfied her that the view owed all its charms to distance. Some coarse, lint-haired, mahogany-faced, half-naked urchins, with brown legs and black feet, were dabbling

* *The Chimes*, pt. iii.

† *Essay on Romantic Spots*, *Sat. Rev.*, xx. 292.

in a gutter before the door; while some bigger ones were pursuing a pig and her litter, seemingly for the sole purpose of amusement."*—Mrs. Gore's dandy *par excellence*, that other Pelham, Cecil Danby, is more than a little bit of a cynic; but it is not sheer cynicism in his town-bred *ton* to avow, as he does, that to him the nut-brown maid is a homely creature,—and your neat-handed Phyllis, with her savoury messes, a kitchen-girl peeling onions. He owns to having no taste for the rural in animated nature. "Its nails are dirty—it wears black stockings—it eschews the toothbrush—it scratches its head—it does a thousand revolting things." Such soulless greensward charmers, he protests, should never be viewed nearer than in one of Gainsborough's pictures, feeding pigs or rabbits.†

Middle-class people, and upper-class, are constantly to be met with who really believe that a life of rural labours and rustic hardships must be the most agreeable of all existences. "Utter folly!" exclaims the author of an English story dedicated to German readers: "They suffer visions of new milk, brown bread, marigolds, and sweet straw beds, to blind them. The iron spoons, the heaviness, the fleas, to say no worse—and alas that I must add it, the too frequently recurring want—are kept out of sight."‡ And that popular "Parson," whose *Recreations* were at first of Country flavour, professed himself long since to have found out that the country, in this nineteenth century, is by no means a scene of Arcadian simplicity; that men lie and cheat there just as in town; and that the country has even more of mischievous tittle-tattle; that sorrow and care and anxiety may well live in cottages grown over with jasmine and honeysuckle, and that very sad eyes may look forth from windows round which roses twine. "People may pace up and down a country lane, between fragrant hedges of blossoming hawthorn, and tear their neighbours' characters to very shreds."§ You must be moderately distant from the village to be quite enchanted. Perhaps at a more than moderate distance.

Below me, there, is the village, and looks how quiet and small!
And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal, and spite;
And Jack on his alehouse bench has as many lies as a Czar.||

(It was in the heat of the anti-Muscovite fever which led to the Crimean war, that Mr. Tennyson thus complimented the august Head of all the Russias on his presumed pre-eminence in powers of mendacity.)

* The Inheritance, ch. iv.

† Cecil, vol. iii. ch. i.

‡ Millicent; or, Our English Homes of the Present Day. Printed and published at Göttingen, 1858.

§ Recreations of a Country Parson, First Series: Concerning Country Houses and Country Life.

|| Tennyson's Maud, iv. 2.

ALEXANDER PETÖFI.*

IN glancing at the taste which prevails at present in relation to literature, it is remarkable how little those works are regarded which demand a refined feeling, and some degree of attention, to be comprehended and enjoyed. Works which cost no labour of thought—in fact, those of mere amusement—rule over the field, and this whether in translation or original composition. Nor does it matter how much such works are out of natural keeping, if they only possess novelty of detail. Then as to the nature of the subjects, those are most approved that are allied to the more familiar topics, to customary modes of thinking, and common-place manners. Often, indeed, a mere repetition of scenes of common life, extravagantly heightened in colouring, is in favour. The value of literary works is estimated by their approximation to pictures of vulgar life, and the language detailed in that walk of life by the way of dialogue. The taste in art partakes of a similar character. There is a total absence of high-mindedness in works of art, which follow instead of lead. The popular judgment rules by the taste of the ignorant many in place of the intelligent few, who judge by study and not by a prevalent fancy. Thus all resembles a picture that is a common-place fac-simile, a copy sufficient to identify, but destitute of elevation and the touches of master genius. Whether this want of elevation in sentiment and a regard for common-place arises from lack of study, or, which is full as likely, from all high aspiration being entombed in the Temple of Mammon, its existence is by no means a subject of congratulation. The disregard of the literature of other countries is a natural result of such a state of things. The poet whose name is at the head of this article has been made known and admired in all the other European kingdoms, and even the United States of America; but England is indebted to the present translation alone for a knowledge of the very name of one of the first poets the world has produced.

We are under an obligation to Sir John Bowring that at last we obtain some knowledge of Petöfi and his works. That they must lose in the best translation is clear, but we welcome that of which we should never else, in all probability, have known a syllable, in the very remarkable, and interesting as well as beautiful, volume of poetry before us—beautiful from its simplicity, its lofty bearing and warmth of patriotism, as well as from love, elevated tone, and high passion. We were before indebted to Sir John Bowring for a volume of the poetry of the Magyars, published in 1830. The volume contained a sketch of the language and literature of that people. We had also from the same source a volume of the Cheskian Anthology, published in 1832. For these works the public is deeply in his debt. Still, what an extensive field is open for England in the literature of the East of Europe. We find that the German people alone have pub-

* Translations from Alexander Petöfi, the Magyar poet. By Sir John Bowring, LL.D., F.R.S., Correspondent of the Hungarian Academy, &c. Trübner and Co
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lished a work containing the productions of the best part of a hundred Hungarian writers.

In a short narrative prefixed in the present volume, we learn that Alexander Petöfi was, in his short career, as remarkable for the incidents of his life, as for his high merit as a poet. His Hungarian name was Petrovich Sandor. He was born in 1823, at Little Körös, in the county of Pesth. His father was in humble life, and by trade a butcher, possessing a little land. His last residence was at Szabadszállás. It does not appear that he showed any marks of precocity at school. His family had been ruined by an overflow of the Danube. He had begun to write verses at the Lyceum of the town of Schemnitz, but he neglected his studies, and was reproved by his father. Soon after this he joined a low German theatrical company, with which he was found, brought home, and committed to the care of a relation to complete his education. There he attended not more assiduously than before, making Horace his only instructor. Soon after, however, he ran away again, and enlisted for a soldier. He now wrote verses on the barrack walls. Serving in Croatia, he became ill, and was invalided. In 1842, he joined some strolling players again; utterly failed, and was reduced to want. At last he contrived to reach Presburg, where he turned reporter, the Diet being then sitting. There he got an introduction to Pesth, and made a little money by translations from the English and French. Once more he attempted the stage, and failed. He now became a contributor to a newspaper at Pesth, for which, two hundred miles distant, he started with two florins in his pocket. He was only twenty years old. He hid a volume of his manuscript poetry in his bosom, and set off, full of high-flown dreams. He then took the appellation of Petöfi—a name destined to be immortal in his native land.

At Pesth he was introduced to Vörösmarty, the first of the Magyar poets, but was coldly received, until he read some of his verses, at which his new friend was enraptured, declaring that Hungary had never produced such lyrics. He soon rose in favour, carried off prizes, publishing his "*Versek*" (Ofen in 1844), volume succeeding volume. Still he hankered after the stage, and, again failing, abandoned the idea for ever.

Petöfi was called vulgar by some, but the popular voice rewarded him. He heard his songs sung in the streets when he arose in the morning; and the audiences in the theatre, even where he had failed, rose on his entrance into the house with an "All hail!" In 1848, when the political storm broke out in Central Europe, and the people of different nations attempted to break the yoke that pressed them into the earth, Petöfi became a representative distinguished by his eloquence. He established the first newspaper that had appeared without a censorship; and the same year, 1849, joined the patriot army under Bem, for whom he conducted the public correspondence. He was present at the sanguinary affair at Segesvár on July 31, in which the Magyar army retreated. Here, it is supposed, he was trampled to death in the confusion, though his body was never discovered. It was most probably flung into an enormous trench among hundreds of undistinguished victims in the contest for freedom. In consequence of this uncertainty, several spurious Petöfis arose, and

published poetry under the same name. Thus perished this remarkable man. He left a widow, married to Professor Horvath, and a brother, named Stephen, who has written poetry. Ten thousand florins have been collected to raise a monument to his memory. He left one son.

His productions were numerous, astonishingly so, for his literary life lasted but six years. Among them are critiques upon Shakspeare, Shelley, and Ossian, and on numerous works in the French and German. The poet's history, too, is full of interest. He left three thousand compositions, many passionate and free, but all, as said of our Thomson, without

*One immoral, one corrupting thought;
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.*

The works of Petöfi were translated into German, in part at least, as early as 1845. In Germany, Heine repeated the praises of the poet, asserting that his rustic song was sweeter than that of the nightingale. Von Arnim declared him the most original lyric poet in the whole world's literature. In the German Album of Hungarian poets Petöfi stands foremost. Humboldt expressed high admiration of him. Grimm ranks him foremost among the great poets of all ages. Béranger declared himself honoured that his name should have been associated with that of Petöfi. German, French, Polish, Italian, Danish, Belgian, and the United States' critics, all save the English, sounded the poet's praises long ago. England left him unnoticed. Her sons have been very differently occupied, absorbed in speculations that confer little glory upon them, by erecting temples to Plutus and seeing them crumble into ruins, and in those ruins displaying too much moral degradation.

In the translations from Petöfi here proffered it is impossible not to discover the ardent spirit of the true poet, the fervor that displays itself in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." It seems as if the following "lines to a friend" had been written in England, if there be a poet there that could have honestly felt his vocation was so much above the heads of the gold-hunting classes:

We live in vile and venal days, and know it;
The world is but a coin of golden dust,
And on it the impression of the poet
Is but a transitory bit of rust—
O no! he is the image of the king
On the world's currency—he, the truest test
Of the pure ore, that makes the metal ring,
Of all the meriting he the worthiest.
Art *Thou* a poet? Ring the music loud,
And of thy great inheritance be proud!

The above lines were addressed to a friend. Some to his lyre show the same lofty feeling, the consciousness of a high vocation:

Lyre, let passion shake thy strings!—
For the songs thy minstrel sings
Are his last—repeat them!
That the eternal mountain's height,
That the ages in their flight,
Never may forget them!

But we have broken in upon the history of this great man. It affords another proof that a poet must be so born, and cannot be made. We have done this because there is too little to communicate more than we have stated, and because his works must stand for himself, the immortal monument of him upon earth.

His first work appeared in 1843, and his last in 1849. Never did poet before him accomplish so much in so short a space of time. His labours now make ten volumes—a precious legacy to his country. The first collection of them contained his portrait, which we should like to have seen. His poems alone were one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Of these, “Janós the Hero” is the longest. His first production was entitled “The Village Hammer,” published in 1843; the last appeared in 1849, with the title of “The Assessor of the Judgment-Seat.” Austrian tyranny suppressed some of his works. He wrote two plays; a romance, “The Hangman’s Rope;” “Rural Tales,” three volumes; two volumes of Travels; Correspondence with Contemporaries from 1843 to 1848; Conversations with Bem; Fragments, and numerous other pieces. He translated works from the German, some of Béranger’s songs from the French, and portions of Shelley, Ossian, and Shakspeare. The list of his labours is almost incredible for extent as comprised within the space of six years. But we have not space to particularise more, and must refer the reader to a book that will amply repay the purchase and perusal of the short memoir attached, if it were for that alone.

Of the few of his works which Sir John Bowring has selected for translation, the poet’s principal labour, “Janós the Hero,” is one, and the longest of all he wrote, consisting of twenty-seven parts. The next is “Istók, or the Fool,” remarkable for the simple beauty of the narration. Both are too long, and extracts would be unsatisfactory. The shorter pieces are numerous, and many very beautiful. We lament not to be able to extract largely, or to give one here and there entire—in other words, to pillage a little because we cannot afford to pillage more. We also regret to sever some of these poems, lest we should commit so many literary murders. The following bespeaks Petöfi, the poet of freedom:

So they suffer—millions! million slaves! They suffer—
And they bear the chain—the intolerable chain—
Has not heaven a hope—a dream of hope to offer?
Shall they pray and plead, and pray and plead in vain!
No, my songs shall wake, while nations shout and wonder,
Liberty and light, in storms of living thunder!

That is in the true spirit of a poet; what poets ever sang otherwise of freedom, save the misérables who sell themselves and principles, and playing the weathercock to courts and courtiers, die into forgetfulness almost before the grave closes over them.

“Istók the Fool” is one of the most bewitchingly simple poems we ever read. It has all that truth and simplicity, all that nature which Wordsworth tried hard to execute, and failed so lamentably in attempting. Petöfi had the vast wild Puszta, or Pampas of Europe, for his scene of action, with their inhabitants and their huts, and he felt the influence of the pictures before him. We cannot analyse the charmingly simple poem of “Istók” for want of space. We must content ourselves with extracting here and there a few striking passages from

different pieces in this delightful volume. It must have lost by translation, and yet, under this disadvantage, they are pre-eminently fine. There are many passages in "Istók" like the following :

Yes, even in this world's midnight, He
Some streaks of light hath given ;
And midst our dark mortality,
Hung up a star in heaven.
And from that star a ray falls down
As radiance fell on Eden.
Bright, all the hills with light to crown—
Sweet, ocean's depth to sweeten.

Again :

A nowhere born, unowned am I,
The cloudland my dominion ;
My ancestors were nobody,
My soul a petrel's pinion !

The poet breathing an inspiring patriotism in many of his works, we can imagine his indignation at his country's yoke. It breaks forth in more than one of these pieces. Thus in a poem entitled "The Hungarian Nation," a stanza or two are as follow :

Is there in Magyar land a single spot,
Unsanctified by hero Magyar blood ?
Has not that blood, which warmed our sires, imbued
Our country's soil !—Alas ! the scathing blot
Of shame is on their sons' ingratitude.
Has falsehood superseded ancient truth ?
Have the old lions given birth to hares ?
O fathers, rich in glory ! through your tears
Can ye forgive the now degenerate youth
That your proud name, but not your glory, bears ?

Thus he patriotically proceeds through some stanzas further, his love of country evident in every line, and concludes :

Shall I be silent ? No !
Whate'er be mine, of suffering, sorrow, shame,
In spite of Heaven itself, my country's name,
Until redeemed, I'll doom to waste and woe—
Till her soul rises, or mine sinks below.

He was susceptible of the kindest impulses as well as of the most patriotic, as we infer from his expressions in numerous places. His attachment to his family, his parental regards, and that affection to her who had won his heart, are all ardent. There is one sweet poem of this last character, entitled "Hope." But all is simple, and therefore more attractive. A little piece, called "The Power of Love," runs thus grandly :

Think not that my fancy comes from stubble under,
No ! 'twas born in lightning—no ! 'twas heard in thunder ;
When a babe I drank the hot milk of the dragon,
When a youth the blood of lions filled up my flagon.
Wild and high its flight—that flight there's no restraining,
Conquering land and land, and revelling and reigning,
Now upon the sea in wildest exultation,
Now 'twixt earth and heaven in comet-like vibration.
With a whirlwind's speed, the wilderness embracing,
Glancing through the fields, among the forests racing ;

Rattling round the oak-trees, pouring out the fountains,
Raising up the valleys, bringing down the mountains.

Where is the wild horse so frenziedly that bore me?—
See, there stands a flower, a smiling flower before me;
Like the exhausted gale, with evening's odours laden,
So I stand subdued before that smiling maiden.

The reader must be referred to the volume itself for the longer poems, to which we have merely alluded. "*Istók*" is delightfully unpretending, and exceedingly attractive. In "*Janós*" there are passages of wonderful power. "*Janós*," says the translator, "is one of the most popular of Petöfi's poems; a peasant separated from *Iluska*, his beloved, makes the tale." He passes through many marvellous adventures, and returns home to find his faithful mistress is no more. From her grave he plucks a rose, which becomes his companion through terrible adventures that he meets with on his way to Fairyland. Then he flings the rose into a lake, with the intention of following it and ending his misery, when his love, *Iluska*, suddenly arises all radiant from the waters, which are the waters of immortality, and he throws himself into her arms. They then become king and queen of Fairyland. No idea of the poem can be given from this bald description, and we cannot afford to extend remarks which, to be more effective, require far more space than we can spare—in fact, we can do no justice to Petöfi in this little notice, nor to the translator, compared to his merits. Then how much is lost in the best translation! The work itself must be perused to be fully felt and understood. The following passage is from "*Janós*," describing a part of the Fairyland:

Winter comes not there, the fruits and flowerets blasting;
But there reigns a spring of beauty everlasting;—
There no suns are seen ascending and descending,
But a gentle light—a day-dawn never ending;
There they fly about on never-wearied pinions,
Death was never known in those divine dominions;
There no thoughts are found of idle earthly blisses,
But they live a life of loves, and joys, and kisses;
Grief has there no tears, if tears are ever falling,
They are only tears, hope, happiness, recalling;
And when tears are dropped, in marvellous transformations
All the tears are turned to diamond constellations;
And the fairy children, amidst their songs and dances,
Heavenly rainbows spin of the gay light that glances
From those radiant eyes, and warp them into fringes
Of the evening clouds, like those which sunset tinges.
There are beds of flowers—sweet violets, scarlet roses—
Where they lay them down, and when the eyelid closes,
Odorous zephyrs fan the senses, and romances
Other than thin air awake their playful fancies;
Ours are dreams—all dreams from fairyland ideal,
Shadowing things at best, all worthless, all unreal!
But the love that binds the virtuous and the youthful,
That indeed is bliss, the truest of the truthful.

This kind of description proceeds yet further. *Janós* is welcomed by the fairy inhabitants, and in a little time is met by his beloved *Iluska*, to whom he is united for ever, as already observed, together with the sovereignty of the Fairyland.

CYRUS REDDING.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

VI.

FRIGHTENED, shrinking, and stupified with grief, the feverish little girl crept shivering into a corner of the coach, nor could articulate a distinct word in answer to the questions addressed to her by a good-humoured-looking old gentleman who sat beside her, and a lady who was opposite, accompanied by a maid and child. The latter, however, with a true mother's heart, continued her gentle attentions to the desolate creature, until she at last won her into a comparative state of calmness; the swiftness with which they whirled along likewise helped to restore her, and when, after some hours' journey, they arrived at the Firth of Forth, she was enabled to go on board the ferry-boat with some degree of composure. It would have been difficult to define her thoughts on that sad day, in such a blended mass of sorrowful images did they crowd upon her. Nanny, her pets, her garden, the familiar faces of the Macintoshes, continually presented themselves to her imagination, and, strange to say, more than all the rest, the remembrance of her mother; for although not quite four years old when she lost her, yet the recollection of that dreadful and sudden death—for it was sudden at the last—continued fresh in the memory of her disconsolate child. It was about a year and a half after Madame San Isidora had been resident at Broombank Cottage that this event took place; she had become gradually weaker and weaker, yet nevertheless as spring advanced, and the weather permitted, she always exerted herself to go into the garden with Christine in order to teach her the names of the shrubs and flowers. On the eventful day in question she had appeared better than usual, and had kept her darling lying in her arms all the morning singing her simple songs, many of which she herself had taught her, besides various wild Highland airs which the child had caught up as if by magic from hearing them sung by the country-people. The day was unusually mild and bright, and the fond mother, holding her little girl by the hand, walked feebly into the garden. A bush of primroses, which Christine had remarked just bursting from the bud the evening before, had opened their dewy petals to the warm noonday sun, and struck the child's eye as she slowly moved along. With an exclamation of delight she sprang forward to gather some, and then ran back to present them to her mother, when, just as she approached her, she perceived her totter, and an instant after fall heavily to the ground. For a moment she gazed on the closed eyes and death-pale face, and in another rushed wildly towards the house, screaming loudly for help. Madame San Isidora was immediately conveyed to bed, and every possible means taken to restore her, but she never revived entirely to the full powers of perception; once only she fixed her eyes wildly on the frightened and awe-struck Christine, who was clinging to the bedpost, and articulated in a choking tone, "My child! my child!" but the pulses of life were ebbing fast, and not long after the doctor arrived she breathed her last. The poor little girl had been taken away when the dreadful moment approached, but when all was over Mrs. Macintosh

thought it right to let her see her mother once again, and that sight never afterwards left her infant mind. The pale still figure that opened its eyes no more, nor stretched forth a hand to greet her, remained for ever engraven on her memory, and saddened all her childish thoughts. She became so pale, thin, and delicate, that her good-tempered aunt was glad to let her roam about with Nanny, and amuse herself in any way that served to distract her from the vulture grief that sat gnawing at her heart, and this was the origin of the plaintive songs and desultory pursuits which had so much struck the ear and arrested the attention of Mrs. Mordaunt. On this painful day the image of her fond parent came back to her recollection in many a varied way during the hours of her dreary journey. The kind lady when tending her child recalled looks and tones of her mother never to be forgotten, and ever and anon arose the bitter remembrance that they would return for her no more. Few so sorrowful hearts ever entered the beautiful town of Edinburgh, or drove through its splendid streets with more agonised feelings. When the coach stopped, an affectionate husband and sister were waiting to receive the gentle Mrs. Stuart and her baby; but not even their affectionate greetings entirely distracted her attention from her lonely little travelling companion, and she only quitted her hand on seeing a finely dressed footman step forward to take charge of "Miss," as he called her, and conduct her to her brother's house. The small trunk which contained poor Christine's simple wardrobe was quickly consigned to a porter, along with the box sent to her by Mrs. Mordaunt, whose precious contents had been carefully packed by herself with many a tear and sob, and then the fine manservant strode quickly away with the pale and exhausted child trotting by his side. It was lucky for Christine that natural elasticity of muscle and constant practice had given her such command of movement, otherwise the rapid step of her conductor would soon have overpowered her diminished strength; even as it was, it required a continual effort to keep pace with him, and she felt relieved when they at last stopped at a handsome mansion in Ainslie-place, and the footman told her that they had now reached his master's house. They had lost sight of the porter who carried all Christine's earthly possessions, and during their rapid progress along the streets she had taken many an anxious peep round for him in vain. Ushered into a spacious lobby, she absolutely trembled at the sound her coarse and heavy shoes made on the glittering wax-cloth with which it was covered; but this cause of fear was lost on ascending the stairs, when her footfall became unheard on the thick rich carpet. The door of the drawing-room was then thrown open, and the footman announced in a loud and distinct voice, "Miss Christine Douglas." The next moment the trembling and overpowered little girl found herself in presence of the dreaded family, who, her naturally quick observation had led her to perceive, were no favourites with the old friends she had left behind.

A pompous, fine-looking man, who appeared elderly to his young sister, was standing with his back to the fire when she entered, and near him, on a sofa, sat a lady, to whom he was in the act of speaking. She was little, thin, and pale, with a peculiarly acid expression of countenance; she had likewise a high prominent build of forehead, which, accompanied by a certain tightness in the upper lip, betokened bigotry and obstinacy,

with not a little tendency to self-esteem. Nevertheless, even as a woman advanced in life, she was extremely pretty, with great refinement of appearance. At a little distance, beside a small table, were placed two sly, demure-looking young ladies, seemingly about sixteen and seventeen, the one busy with worsted work, and the other netting a purse. The gentleman elevated his eyebrows on Christine entering the room, and, taking one of her brown little hands in his, for she had lost her gloves in her travelling agonies, he led her towards the lady, presenting her with these words:

"Bessy, this is our sister."

"You are late in arriving, Christine," said his better-half, in a soft, dulcet tone, but which, nevertheless, struck the acute ear of the young listener as sounding singularly disagreeable and false, and not more so than did the expression of the forced smile with which it was accompanied.

"I don't know," replied the child, nervously, and in a low voice.

It is probable that the accent in which she made this true but simple answer sounded uncommonly broad and coarse, for she observed the two young ladies exchange a meaning glance and smile. Their keen little mother apparently perceived it, too, with displeasure, for the contraction on her brow deepened—she always frowned—and she desired her daughters to shake hands with their father's sister.

"We must not call you their aunt," she continued, with the same false tone and smile, "as my daughters have a decided superiority in respect to age."

This was one of Mrs. Douglas's *pretty* ways of inculcating humility. The young ladies extended each a white hand decked with sparkling rings, and scarcely touched the little one put into theirs.

"You must be tired," pursued this pattern woman, "and had better have some tea with Lucy and George up-stairs, and go early to bed."

So saying, she rang the bell, and ordered the footman to show "Miss Christine" to the schoolroom. Glad to escape from this cold and formal reception, the timid child followed the man-servant to the floor above, and, as he threw open the door, was announced in the same ceremonious manner, with the additional words that his lady requested Mrs. Brownlow to give "Miss" some tea, and send her early to bed. The governess, a rigid-looking elderly woman, was presiding at the tea-table of her two young charges, the one a pretty, blooming, carefully dressed girl about the same age as Christine, and the other a bluff, coarse boy, apparently a year younger. Mrs. Brownlow requested the man to place a chair for the young lady, and then desired her to take off her bonnet and sit down. Trembling with nervousness and sick with fatigue, the poor child obeyed, and tried to eat the bread-and-butter and sip the tea placed before her, but, when she attempted to swallow, the recollection of Broombank Cottage, with its dear familiar objects, presented itself, and she felt choking with suppressed emotion, which was by no means calmed by perceiving the rude boy George making faces at her, and kicking his sister's feet under the table whenever the governess's head happened to be averted. At last Mrs. Brownlow, observing the expression of extreme weariness and grief Christine's pale countenance betrayed, rang the bell for the under nursery-maid, and consigned her to her care to be put to

bed. Murmuring a scarcely articulate "good night," she gladly hastened away with her buxom companion, and was conducted to the attic room intended for her occupation; and here was her first gleam of consolation. The chamber, though small, was elegantly furnished when compared to her humble garret at Broombank, and, what was still more important to her comfort, there she not only beheld her trunk, but Mrs. Mordaunt's much-prized box safely deposited in a corner. She flew to open it with hands trembling with impatience, anxious to convince herself that all her treasures were safe, and continued occupied in joyfully inspecting them during the time the woman was engaged in arranging her scanty wardrobe in a handsome chest of drawers. At last she got into the pretty white bed, kindly wishing the servant good night, and, after saying her accustomed prayer, almost immediately fell asleep. Rest tranquilly, thou grief-stricken child! for thou hast past the sharpest hours of infant sorrow, and although many miserable and weary days await thee, yet thou hast within thee that pure and warm heart, that gay elastic temper, and those germs of genius, the brightness of which will gild thy after-life, and raise thee over the dark and sordid cares that now threaten to overwhelm thy young and brilliant spirit!

It was with a bewildered mind that Christine awoke when summoned to rise next day by Jane, and be conducted to the drawing-room to join in the family worship which was ostentatiously gone through every morning in the household of Mr. Douglas. There are people who must make themselves conspicuous somehow, and Mrs. Douglas, having necessarily ceased to create sensation as the captivating unmarried woman, and in being a pattern young wife and mother, now endeavoured to become remarkable by a rigid observance of propriety and religion. It was with different feelings than those with which Christine used to kneel beside Nanny, saying in heartfelt piety the short and simple prayer taught her in real trust and truth by her humble friend, that she now knelt amongst the gay party assembled in the elegant and luxurious drawing-room of Mrs. Douglas, and listened to the long prayer, long chapter, and still more lengthened and wearisome exposition, read out in a sing-song tone by her brother. It must likewise be acknowledged that she understood but little of what was said, for, besides a great part being quite above her comprehension, her attention was distracted by George and Lucy playing tricks with one another behind their governess's back, so she was much relieved when at length the wearisome ceremony finished, and she and her young companions were permitted to retire to the nursery. Mrs. Brownlow remained behind for a few minutes to receive orders from Mr. and Mrs. Douglas about her new pupil, and no sooner did George and Lucy find themselves alone with their little aunt than they flew at her, as if with the intention of tearing her to pieces. They kicked her, they spat at her, and tumbled her about, tearing her hair all down about her face, seemingly quite delighted to have an opportunity of manifesting their mischievous propensities and of venting their pent-up exuberance of spirits in escaping from the thralldom of the drawing-room and when out of their governess's sight, who had strict orders never to permit them to indulge in any noisy demonstration of activity or merriment. It was not that they positively intended any ill, but it was their manner of showing their new companion that, when they happened to be

alone, she might expect a little romping and rough usage, as they had decided between them that she was an intruder, and must be taught her place in their select circle.

Mrs. Brownlow's approaching step, however, soon put a stop to this new species of welcome, and the frightened child sat down to breakfast, wondering why she had been subjected to such treatment, but without a thought of complaining of it. Breakfast, however, went on very well, until some word, pronounced in a broad accent by poor Christine, drew forth a reproof from the governess, and peals of laughter from Lucy and George, quite overwhelming to her moral courage. It was still worse when she began to read to her new instructress, and it required all the authority of the governess to restrain the hilarity of the other pupils, and which was at last only effected by her subjecting them to a penance. When the tearful reading lesson was ended, Christine was set to write. Here, however, she got off much better, her accurate eye and steady hand enabling her to go on smoothly and firmly, so as far to excel her carefully-taught companions. After some irksome hours of instruction she had her luncheon, and was permitted to retire to her room for half an hour to prepare herself for a walk; but when she reappeared in her coarse bonnet and little cloak before Mrs. Brownlow, her eyes were red and swollen, and she could not breathe without sighing. The chilly heart of the governess was touched with the expression of suffering in her pale, gentle face, so she greeted her kindly, and took her by the hand when they sallied forth. Christine's tender feet suffered much with the hard stones she walked over, and many a bright vision of the broom-clad braes she had quitted rose on her thoughts and dimmed her eyes to the elegant houses they passed, making them appear like grim spectres frowning down upon her. At length they returned, when she had tasks assigned her to learn for the next day's schooling, and obtained permission to con them over in her own apartment, on condition that if she were found deficient, she must remain in the schoolroom for the future, and study them beside Lucy and George.

Safe in her little chamber, with the door bolted inside, poor Christine set herself earnestly to work, and here she found of infinite use the faculty which she had so often exercised for Nanny's amusement. In a very short time she acquired perfectly what she had to learn, and then she rewarded herself by opening her precious box and feasting her eyes on her doll, books, and paint-box. Time flew past, and when summoned to dinner, it appeared as if only half an hour had elapsed. Mrs. Brownlow superintended her pupils' repast, and then retired to dress for the formal meal below stairs, the only time in which she was allowed to present herself in the ceremonious circle; for Mrs. Douglas was one of those who never permitted the governess to enjoy any degree of familiarity or companionship, having her merely in attendance upon her elder daughters when engaged with their masters. After dinner the three children, freshly arrayed, were allowed to make their appearance for a few minutes to partake of the dessert, and then returned with the depressed instructress to the schoolroom.

Time at last habituated Christine to the routine of the house and her lesson duties; her fear wore off, and her progress was remarkable in everything to which her application was required. Her singing she kept

for the pleasant hours of retirement in her own little room, at which times her beautiful voice might be heard by any one on the same floor ringing high, sweet, and softly, in the well-remembered songs acquired at Broombank, or in the new and intricate airs she overheard the elder young ladies hammering at in their private parlour when practising for their teachers. Lucy was being taught the pianoforte, but upon Mrs. Brownlow's suggesting that she thought "Miss Christine had a great talent for music, and would probably profit by taking lessons," she was silenced by Mrs. Douglas, and told "that it would be unwise to have her instructed in an accomplishment which she might afterwards have no chance of keeping up;" and the governess was warned against instilling into her mind any undue estimation of her abilities, as although she was "quick," yet she was by no means "a clever girl." The same thing occurred with the dancing-master, who was in raptures at the extraordinary facility with which she caught up his instructions, and the singular grace displayed in all her movements, in executing everything so easily acquired; he therefore naturally expressed his admiration to the lady of the house when she came to ascertain what progress her children were making. From that time Christine was banished the schoolroom when the dancing lesson was going on, but this did not prevent her retaining what she had already been taught, and also practising all her old steps, whirls, and graceful attitudes before the large and elegant dressing-glass, which she placed in a slanting position to recal to her mind the convex mirror at the cottage. Merrily she balanced, cut, and pirouetted to her own singing during the time that Lucy and George were labouring below stairs, and hopping about out of time in awkward imitation of their wearied and impatient master. Her voice acquired power, fulness, and facility by the very means taken to prevent her becoming a proficient in instrumental music, and her figure and movements singular elasticity and grace from her natural gifts being perfected by secret and constant practice, thus proving how impossible it is to repress the force of decided genius when placed in situations where the bright buoyancy of the spirit, as yet *unbroken*, can gild the surrounding gloom, and shape the very shades that obscure it into fairy forms of embellishment and beauty. Often, too, in the long winter evenings, when her young companions were taken by their mother or elder sisters to some juvenile party, which Christine was never allowed to join, she would sit with her work beside Mrs. Brownlow, and imbibe information from the well-read but melancholy woman, who soon became much fonder of her new pupil than she dared to own, as all commendation of the young people was strictly forbidden in the *well-regulated* household of Mrs. Douglas. In this manner every distinction as to what was right or wrong became confounded in a mass of obscurity, the matchless matron carefully avoiding being enlightened on any points which she *felt* would reduce the apparent superiority of those "burning and shining lights;" for such, she was anxious to persuade the world, were the *well-brought-up* descendants of her husband and her peerless self.

What were the orphan's feelings with regard to her relations it would be difficult to define, except to the extent that she certainly had no affection for them. She was so gentle in temper, so diligent in application, that no complaint could be made against her; but yet Mrs. Douglas's

jealous and lynx eye, seeing perfectly well the immense difference in natural endowments between her husband's sister and her own offspring, allowed this conviction to influence her acid mind to depreciate her on every possible occasion, and Christine rarely came into her presence without some fault being found with her. Thus, though imbibing information, refinement, and command of manner in her new position, and enjoying many hours of tranquil and solitary amusement, yet her natural buoyancy of character in some degree gave way. She became depressed, pale, and delicate; constant colds, arising from the chill easterly winds which prevail during spring in Edinburgh, served also to unstring her nerves, and she in no way recovered her natural elasticity until her brother and his wife, with their two elder daughters, betook themselves to pay visits in the country as soon as the summer weather began. Then her gaiety revived in some degree, and her philosophy became steeled against the tyranny of Lucy and George, who exercised it without control whenever Mrs. Brownlow was out of sight. They would sometimes insist upon forcing their way into her room, tumbling her things all about, dashing her much-prized books upon the floor, and teasing her to open her box to show them her doll and drawings; but although on every other point yielding and uncomplaining, yet here she made a decided stand, not only positively refusing to gratify them, but never neglecting when she went out to lock the door of her chamber carefully and put the key in her pocket. She was well aware that, however strict had been the system pursued in their education, the words discretion, good temper, and truth were not in the least understood or acted upon in a genuine sense by Lucy and George, when the least gratification to any whim of the moment came in the way. Those unfortunate children had, in fact, become systematic liars from the manner in which their childish enjoyments and elasticity of spirits had been depressed by their mother's unsound notions upon the subject of education; and, in consequence of not being permitted any expansion of natural feeling, nor the amusement of merry and free romping, they sought to let their pent-up exuberance evaporate in plotting and mischief, telling falsehoods with the gravest possible face both to their mother and governess. Whether Mrs. Brownlow was aware of their complete corruption in this respect was beyond Christine's young observation to discover; at the same time she was acute enough to perceive that if the governess had complained to Mrs. Douglas, it would have been quite sufficient to have brought upon her a dismissal. So decided was this woman on every subject where her self-conceit was concerned, and so obtuse on points which much less clever people generally see distinctly, that she was, in fact, quite impracticable where her preconceived ideas were called in question; therefore Lucy and George went on in their own way.

Christine about this time received a letter from Nanny, in answer to one she had got Mrs. Brownlow to send for her; this made her very happy, as from it she learnt that her favourites were all well, and her garden kept in nice order by the gardener. She dared not address her aunt or cousin, as in consequence of Mr. Douglas and Mr. Macintosh having quarrelled, she had been positively forbidden ever to hold any communication with the family. Nevertheless, one day early in summer—that the children had been permitted to go to the horticultural garden

to see some show of flowers—when she caught a glimpse of her cousin in the crowd, she had slipped away from the others, and Lizzy's attention had been awakened by feeling little arms twining round her. On looking down she found the poor child beside her regarding her with tearful eyes; a moment after she was gone; and that was the only time that any one of the dear familiar figures of her early home had ever crossed Christine's path. Still it was a comfort to have seen Lizzy for that short space, even though she dared not speak to her; and the letter from Nanny further relieved her depressed spirits.

The summer and autumn at length wore away, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas returned with their young ladies for the winter. George had become so boisterous and rude that it was decided he should go to school in spring, and in the mean time Guy, the second son, was to come home for the Christmas holidays. This was his first appearance in the family circle since Christine had joined it, as, shortly before her arrival, he had been sent from home, in consequence of his uncontrollable and insolent conduct, of which his prolonged absence had been the punishment. She feared his coming, as she easily perceived that his sisters looked forward to it with dread, although his father and mother affected to feel much pleasure in the prospect of having "dear Guy" again under the paternal roof.

VII.

THE dreaded Guy at last arrived, and Christine, along with the others, was summoned to meet him in the drawing-room. She beheld a tall lad about thirteen, who possessed all the personal beauty of his father, with something of the keenness of his mother's physiognomy, and a recklessness of appearance quite his own. He had drawn one of the fine chairs as close as possible to the fire, and was warming his chilled fingers and feet, without the least regard to a certain decorum and rule which Mrs. Douglas always insisted upon being observed in her generally chilly sitting-room. He was in the act of wielding the glittering poker, and smashing the coal, at the moment the children entered, in despite of the deepened frown of his mother. He welcomed Lucy and George very affectionately, however; but upon Christine's being presented to him, he received her with a broad stare and a coarse laugh, at the same time observing, "What a funny little tiny-bit-thing of an aunty he had got." The child shrank back from his bold address, and retired half frightened behind the two elder young ladies, who were, as usual, occupied in netting purses. He caught her by the hand, again pulled her forward, and regarded her attentively, remarking, as he did so, "I say, mother, she will be much handsomer than any of my sisters."

Mrs. Douglas looked severe and offended.

"Do you hear, Christy, Christine, Tiny, or whatever your name is? I tell you that you would be very pretty, if it were not for that colourless lank hair you have got. I hope you like Mrs. Brownlow and mamma, with all their prim-prieties? But I am sure you don't, though you dare not own it." Then suddenly jumping up, he exclaimed, "I must be off to see Tom Carruthers, and will be back by dinner-time."

"Remember, Guy," said his father, solemnly, "that I do not approve of that boy, who teaches you so many bad habits, and that vulgar way of speaking, and positively will not permit him to come here."

"Very well, father, I shall go the more often to see him, then," replied the dauntless and incorrigible youth. "I say, mother," looking back from the half-closed door, "are you and I to have war, like we had before I went away?"

Mrs. Douglas looked much annoyed, and disdained making any reply, but that, "if he were not back in time for dinner, he should not be waited for."

Guy scampered down-stairs, and his exit was known by the loud bang of the street door as he went out. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas exchanged a meaning glance, and the children were dismissed to the nursery. For several days his family saw very little of Guy; he was constantly with his old companions, and any time that Christine happened to meet him in the drawing-room, or after dinner, she was appalled by his free and defying manner towards his parents. He never by any chance made his appearance at prayers, being either in bed or engaged out of doors in skirmishing with snowballs, or off to some skating-party at Duddingstone Loch. If reprimanded for his irregularities, he made a jest of his father's displeasure, or twitted his mother with what he termed her "make-believe;" he tormented his elder sisters, calling them prudes, and alleging that, at the bottom of their hearts, they were dying to be married to get away from home; and to Lucy and George he deigned very little notice. He honoured Christine, however, with much more attention, constantly addressing her as "Tiny" or his "little aunty," both of which expressions were most disagreeable to his mother, who hated undignified familiar abbreviations of names, and never permitted them amongst her children, nor had ever, after the first interview, alluded by any chance to the exact degree of relationship in which Christine stood with regard to her family. Yet with all her formality, cleverness, and despotism, she could in no way restrain this turbulent youth, more particularly if he took it into his head to cajole her, for it was a singular and incomprehensible fact, that of all her children this boy, who braved her authority and often laughed at her to her face, was the only one for whom she experienced any degree of real maternal tenderness. Mr. Douglas was nothing but a handsome cipher in his own house, whose partialities, if he had any, were for his daughters, who, however much they might deceive, never disputed any point. Of Guy he was evidently afraid, and left him entirely to the management of his wife, only showing disapprobation by making a solemn and sententious speech occasionally, accompanied by an elevation of his eyebrows, and a severe glance darted across the bridge of his nose, the only defect in the symmetry of his features arising from his eyes being so nearly set to one another as to approach to a squint. It was odd enough that the most timid and uncomfortable individual in the house soon became the one who feared Guy the least. This was Christine, who, after one day when he caught her alone in the schoolroom, and had led her to talk of Broombank, became great friends with him. She had wept in speaking of her mother, Nanny, and her pets, and the strange rough boy had drawn her affectionately towards him, and had kissed her in calling her his "dear little Tiny," adding, in his Edinburgh slang, that he was sure she was "confoundedly uncomfortable with Mrs. Brownlow, his mother, and their *proprieties*, and those *little limbs of Satan*, Lucy and George." Although he occasionally tormented her, yet he always finished by insisting upon being reconciled;

and as he was abundantly supplied with pocket-money, he very often made her little presents, which materially increased her stock of comforts. I am sorry to say that Christine soon grew very fond of the scapegrace, and always bounded forward with pleasure to meet him, and even went the length of admitting him into her *sanctum sanctorum* to let him see where she had placed a rose-bush and geranium he had given to her. She also showed him her books, doll, paint-box, and submitted to his inspection her poor attempts at drawing, laughing heartily at his criticisms thereon. She was much amused by his coarse, quaint mode of expressing himself, and, although he indulged in this in the evident intention of teasing his father and mother, yet he never placed her in an awkward position by speaking disrespectfully of them behind their backs, as Lucy and George did. In short, she felt happy either in conversing, romping, or dancing with Guy, which pastimes Mrs. Brownlow sometimes permitted in the schoolroom, as she thought it was the best way of preventing his going out in search of amusement, and on that plea had obtained Mrs. Douglas's consent to allow it to a certain extent. The holidays, however, began to draw to an end, and Christine grew sad at the thoughts of parting with her new friend. Within a few days of his departure, Guy tried his influence with his mother to induce her to take a box at the theatre to see an exhibition of mechanism and phantasmagoria, which had come to Edinburgh for the amusement of the youthful part of the inhabitants during their Christmas holidays. Mrs. Douglas resisted for some time, as it was against her principles to enter the door of a playhouse; but the shrewd boy knew his power so well, and employed so many droll arguments and winning ways to gain his point, that he at last succeeded, and ran off to secure the box in case his mother might change her mind after more consideration. Owing to an accidental absence of Mrs. Brownlow's, the children happened to be in the drawing-room when he returned with the joyful intelligence that he had secured one of the best boxes for that evening's entertainment.

"And now, dear Tiny!" he exclaimed, with a countenance glowing with pleasure, "you shall sit on the front row before me."

"You mistake, Guy," said Mrs. Douglas. "I do not permit Christine to go to any amusement of the sort."

"Don't you intend taking Lucy and George?" he asked, with surprise.

"Yes, certainly," she answered, "since you have requested it; but with Christine it is different; she is not *my child*, and I consider such recreations as quite out of her way."

An ominous cloud appeared on Guy's brow.

"Then I tell you what it is, mother," he answered, savagely. "If you refuse me this favour, and will not let Tiny accompany us, I shall go to Tom Carruthers's, and stay there until I go away."

"I repeat, Guy, that upon this point I am decided," insisted his mother.

"Then I repeat that it is a confounded shame, and so I'm off," replied he, at the same time taking up his cap. "I'm off to Tom's, and shall get drunk with him every night till I return to school, and shall not see you again before I go to sea, for I am determined to be a sailor in spite of you, so farewell."

"For Heaven's sake, child, be reasonable!" said Mrs. Douglas, frightened at this threat, which she well knew would put her *amiable maternal* character in a bad point of view.

"Then be *you* reasonable!" urged her son, with quite her own determination, "or assign some good cause for Tiny not accompanying us."

"Christine is not *my child*," replied the judicious parent, "and she will have no opportunity in after years of attending expensive amusements. She is only your father's sister, and, as she is entirely dependent upon his bounty, she consequently will not have it in her power to indulge in habits of luxury, and may be truly happy if his goodness supplies her with the simple decencies of life."

"I am sure my father is rich enough," argued the pertinacious youth, "and, as she is his sister, how comes it that she is not rich likewise?"

Mr. Douglas's face grew ashy white, and a contraction passed over his brow; he looked imploringly at his wife, who appeared unusually disturbed.

"Well, then," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "for this once I shall grant your request; but remember, it must never be repeated, so let us have no more about it."

Guy jumped up and seized hold of Christine, who, frightened and nervous, had listened to the dialogue with breathless attention. She had much wished to see the phantasmagoria, but had scarcely dared to hope that she would have been permitted so great an indulgence, and the discussion that had taken place had brought before her eyes a picture of her poverty and dependence which she never before had realised to her own thoughts. She now knew herself to be an object of charity, a thing she never had been taught to feel by the common-place Macintoshes, and much of unpleasant detail in her situation was explained, which till now she could never rightly understand.

At that moment a deep and intense wish for independence sprang up in her childish mind, accompanied by a lively feeling of gratitude towards her rough champion, and she embraced him with an energy of affection which arose much more from the sense of his kindness than from the pleasure she promised herself in witnessing the desired exhibition. Her caresses were warmly returned by the mutinous boy, and he led her off in triumph, determined in his own mind that she should enjoy everything to the utmost. After dinner, when Christine had retired with Jane to prepare herself for this unexpected treat, she heard a tap at her door, and, on opening it, found Guy in the lobby with a man, whom he introduced as Mr. Horn, a hairdresser, whom he had brought to cut and arrange her hair before presenting herself below stairs. With somewhat of awe Christine submitted to the operation, and, when it was over, had herself arrayed in her best frock. When quite dressed, she looked in the glass, and could scarcely believe her eyes when she beheld herself. Her hair was arranged on her forehead in bunches of glossy curls, and, from its extreme fairness, somewhat resembled spun glass, so soft and lustrous did it appear lying on her singularly white and polished brow. Her frock, which was of a light green, set off her clear complexion, and her large hazel eyes looked brilliantly dark with their rich long fringes reflected on her cheek, which, although generally pale, was now tinged

with a beautiful pink. There was also a charm in her appearance that she herself could not appreciate—the expression of genius and sensibility, which added the distinction of mental superiority, and gave refinement to the slightest of her graceful movements. The triumphant Guy led her down to the drawing-room as his own particular charge, where she looked, in contrast to the others, like some elevated spiritual fairy creature brought in contact with a set of handsome over-dressed milkmaids. The sly boy took good care not to make any observation upon the subject to his mother and sisters, although maliciously enjoying their evident surprise and annoyance, but kept fast hold of his protégée by the nicely-gloved hand, and took good care to be of the first carriage load that set off to the theatre. When they entered the box, he placed Christine in the front row exactly before him, where he listened to her exclamations of delight with great pleasure and much self-congratulation. Never had the poor child experienced such an evening of enjoyment; the music, the mysterious changes of the phantasmagoria, the crowd, and brilliant lights which blazed and faded with the different representations, and, above all, “dear Guy” at her back, to whom she could impart all her thoughts, and obtain information about everything that puzzled her! It was truly a bright night in her hitherto clouded existence, and when she returned home she sank to sleep with a feeling of delicious excitement that brought all the evening entertainment before her in her dreams, blended with the few objects which clung round her heart, and held so pertinaciously their places in her memory. Next morning she rose like a lark, singing to herself snatches of the beautiful airs she had heard overnight, and with much care arranged her glittering curls, which the maid had put in papilottes on her going to bed. She then went gaily skipping downstairs to the schoolroom, in hopes of finding Guy there, to thank him in the fulness of her heart for the delicious treat she had enjoyed. There he was sure enough, though not exactly as she expected to find him. On entering she beheld him elevated on a kind of platform, composed of a chair placed on the large table at the end of the room, with a sheet of written paper in his hand, and his sisters, brother, Mrs. Brownlow, and the nursery-maids all grouped around, seemingly listening with great mirth and edification to what he was in the act of reading with marked emphasis and much gesticulation. The moment Christine appeared there was a shout, “Here she is—read it again, Guy!” upon which, with dignified solemnity, he began anew:

Tiny, like the opening roses,
Fifty thousand charms discloses,
Enough to make the old ones stare
When Barber Horn has dressed her hair.

When foremost seated in the box,
Just like some worthy in the stocks,
On other nymphs look down with scorn,
Who ne’er were dressed by Barber Horn.

There proudly conscious let her sit
And smile contempt upon the pit,
Who, to a meaner fortune born,
Were never frizzed by Barber Horn.

Let older ladies pass their jokes
On infant beauties in their frocks,
Their anger let not Tiny dread,
Confiding in her strength of head.

Let languages yeapt "the dead"
And learning line the scholar's head;
The outside still be Tiny's care,
Her study how to curl her hair.

Let poets leave all other songs,
And sing of combs and curling-tongs,
And hither running, crowd in flocks
To celebrate fair Tiny's locks.

Forgotten be great Nelson's name,
And Wellington's immortal fame;
From both their brows be laurels torn
To make a *wig for Barber Horn.*

Thunderstruck stood poor Christine, her large eyes gazing on the malicious Guy, who, absorbed by this brilliant emanation of his muse, was quite unconscious of the martyrdom suffered by the innocent object of his unprovoked satire.

At the first verse, the faint colour on her fair cheek deepened to crimson at the implied compliment to her beauty—which had, indeed, astonished herself when she looked in the glass the evening before. The second stanza, however, quickly did away anything that might have been pleasurable in the allusion, when she heard herself compared to a culprit sitting in the stocks, besides being accused of looking down with scorn upon people born to humbler fortune; on which subject the dispute of the previous day had left a most painful impression on her mind. The third cut deeper still, in directly charging her with "smiling contempt upon the pit," and large tears rose in her eyes at the injustice of such an accusation. The fourth and fifth verses brought her agony to a climax, and sent her white and slender fingers through her glossy curls, pulling them all down as straight as possible about her face, whilst her bosom heaved with suppressed sobs, although the absurdity of the sixth calmed in some degree her rising agitation. But the winding up of this sublime effusion—in which it was proposed to tear the laurels from the brows of the two great and most renowned heroes of England to make a wig for the honest, jovial-looking man who, with so much conceit and self-complacency, had dressed her hair the evening before—struck in such a manner the vivid fancy of the child of genius—so susceptible of every change from sorrow to mirth—that she burst into a hysterical laugh, at the same time that the tears of mortification and wounded feeling were streaming over her cheeks. Such a storm of mixed emotions entirely deprived her of self-command, and, quite forgetting Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, family prayers, and everything else but the excitement of the moment, off she darted up-stairs, dashed into her room, and throwing herself upon her bed, gave way to an uncontrollable burst of agony. That Guy—"dear Guy"—had become a traitor—had made her so happy for an evening only to turn her into ridicule afterwards—it was dreadful! It was his unkindness that cut her to the soul; and she sobbed and wrung her hands in the bitterness of despair. All at once she found an

arm put round her waist, accompanied by the words, "Tiny, dear little Tiny, you are not surely angry with your own Guy?" She struggled to rid herself from his encircling arm, sobbing out as she did so, "Cruel, cruel Guy, to make me first so happy, and then to mock me!"

"You dear little touchy tiny-bit thing, do you not know that it was all a joke, just to make us laugh in celebrating your first appearance with your hair dressed? Come, kiss and be friends. Why, don't you know, Tiny, that I like you better than all the rest put together; that nobody in the house cares half so much for you as I do? Come, kiss and forgive me, and accompany me down-stairs to breakfast. You know, Tiny, that in two days I shall be no longer here to ask you, and perhaps shall never see you again, as I am determined to go to sea, and my uncle, the admiral, has promised to get me afloat."

This was enough to melt the tender heart of the gentle, affectionate child; she threw her arms fondly round his neck, and wept as much at the thoughts of his departure as she had before done at what she had believed his unkindness. It was, however, some time before she recovered sufficient composure to descend with him to breakfast, and, before doing so, was obliged to bathe her face in cold water, besides swallowing a little to calm her agitated nerves.

"But why are you destroying all your beautiful curls, Tiny?" asked Guy, on seeing her occupied with a wet hairbrush smoothing them all down.

"I shall never wear curls again, Guy," she replied; "for you have made me feel how ridiculous it is to be vain."

And, strange to say, from that time henceforth, she never did wear her lustrous fair hair in any way but in simple bandeaux.

With Guy's departure died away many feelings of pleasure, and her heart grew sad in proportion as the other members of the family became more cold and unkind. Guy had taught them that Christine possessed superiority on many points which they had never before permitted themselves to believe. He had never ceased vaunting her beauty and grace, her dancing, and exquisite voice—to which he had often been in the habit of listening when she was not aware—so that now the pique of jealousy was added to other ungenerous feelings towards the quiet, unobtrusive little girl. No more merry dances were permitted for amusement in the schoolroom in an evening, and a chance note sang when going up or down stairs was reprimanded. The elder young ladies scarcely ever addressed her, and Lucy and George grew unbearable in their tyranny whenever their governess was out of the way.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

A CHAIN for thee,
 Thou haughty and defiant main,
 Chanting Time's anthem with thy wild refrain!—
 Wilt thou laugh no more in thy curbless power?
 Art thou vanquished now in thy nuptial hour?
 Art thou chained at length, proud Sea?
 'Tis the victorious Land,
 That with imperial hand
 Hath forged thy fetters—to her rock-clad side
 She hath enchained thee—thy triumphant bride!
 Proud scorner of control,
 Rave with thy tempest-tone—shriek with thy phantom-wind,
 Thou canst not baffle the immortal mind,
 The clay-encircled soul.
 Man mocks thee; thou art his, and shalt obey—
 Thou thunderest in vain—
 Thy pride must stoop to own a conqueror's sway,
 Born of the human brain.
 Ay, thou with all thy storms
 Must yield thee to the reach of human thought,
 The feeble earth-born worms
 Thou scornedst so, and set'st so far at nought,
 Engulphing myriads in thy mad disdain,
 Have turned upon thee,
 And e'en Thou, the Free,
 Art circled with a chain!

 Didst thou not mark,
 Imperious Ocean, that the fiery spark
 Which hurls the thunder through the darkening heaven,
 Had stooped its dazzling glories to be won?
 Didst thou not dream
 That ere its noblest mission could be done,
 Its glorious gleam
 To curb thee would be given?

 Ay, Ocean, Air, Earth—all
 Shall bend before the shrine of Human Thought,
 Whose deathless lustre hath been caught
 From a celestial source.
 Nor shall it ever pale or pall,
 But with increasing force
 Mount upward, onward through the lapse of time,
 Till mingling with its Origin Sublime,
 Its coruscating ray
 Brighten the brightness of eternal day.

 Hail we its triumph now,
 As harbinger of happier light,
 While round Britannia's—Columbia's brow,
 The laurel and the palm shall twine,
 As they whom kinship, harmony divine,
 Unceasingly unite!

BELLE SAXON.

New York.

IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," "STRATHMORE,"* &c.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

RIEN QUE TOI.

CHAPTER XV.

"I GIVE MY BODY FOR EVER TO INHERIT PUNISHMENT AND PINE."

CONRAD PHAULCON slowly gathered himself from the ground, faint, blind, staggering from the force with which he had been thrown, and looked on her where she had fallen senseless—her proud head sunk on the grey wood-ashes, her face white with the whiteness of death. He thought her dead : and a mortal dread fell on him, a mortal chillness froze his heart. In his own cruel, tyrannous way he loved her still, and he thought that he had killed her. Moreover, she had been faithful to him. Listening and watching there, he had found that she had kept her bond to him, and had not betrayed him. The evil against her died out from him; a shame that was almost remorse stole on him. Senseless there, like some fair statue shattered down by a hand that stayed not for sake of beauty or of genius, she smote his conscience, all dulled, and crushed, and burnt out though it was. Throughout their lives he had betrayed, and oppressed, and goaded, and dishonoured her; throughout them she had done him good for evil, and been true to him against his own untruth. This strength and this fealty pierced him harder, because of their utter unlikeness to the cowardice and the greed of his own nature.

With hands that trembled, and tears that stood thick in his eyes, he touched her, and sought to revive her; his temper was the temper of a child, and he had a child's fleet facile emotions, a child's wanton cruelty and worthless repentance. Like a child, he could wring his bird's throat without mercy, and weep useless tears when the victim lay cold and huddled in death.

"Idalia—Idalia?" he murmured, softly. He feared the sound of his own voice in that stillness.

After a while sense returned to her; her lips parted with slow struggling breaths, her veins grew warm, her eyelids quivered and opened heavily to the glare of the resinous flames. She knew him where he bent above her, and lifted herself with a sudden breathless shuddering force.

"Go, go, go! Never dare come again in my sight!"

He lingered, scared and awed by the words and the gesture that were like an imprecation upon him, by the blaze of her eyes as they unclosed, wide and wild, to the tawny light.

"Go, go!" she cried afresh. "You could hear what he deemed me, and hold your peace! Go—there are wrongs gods themselves could not pardon."

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He knew it ; he turned slowly away, and went from her glance, from her presence.

She rose faintly, and reeling slightly ; her eyes dwelt on the black noiseless gloom and the chequered play of the flames, with that gleam, like the gleam of madness, in them, that had had irresistible terror for the man she banished. She stood awhile looking out at the darkness that closed her in, whilst for all the world without the morning sun was shining. She was like one drunk with alcohol ; her brain was stunned, yet her force intensified ; the power and the vitality in her were strong almost to ferocity—the ferocity of that unbearable suffering which is in itself a madness. Like some lithe-limbed leopardess stung to blood-thirstiness by the dastard shot that has struck it from an unseen hand, she passed swiftly across the depths of shadow to the place where the boy Berto lay sleeping still in the intense slumber of long fatigue.

She laid her hand upon him. "Wake."

He did awaken, and sprang wonderingly from his bed of dry seagrasses.

"Illustrissima! What is there?"

"There is need of you."

"I am ready." The fair, pale, boyish face had the calm keenness of the Napoleonic type. "It is——?"

"Treason."

"Ah!"

His eyes caught the terrible meaning, his mouth he terrible smile, that were on hers.

"Treason—against me ; if to me, so to all ; so to Italy. A traitor never sins *once*. Go seek Lousada and Veni ; seek your brethren, seek any one of our people. They know how to avenge the unpardonable sin. Bid them bring him here ; I will give him his sentence."

The boy smiled ; the smile of a St. Just.

"He has lived his life," he said, in the old Roman idiom. "His name, Eccellenza?"

She stooped and breathed it on his ear : the name of Victor Vane.

Without word or pause he bowed low, took his rifle, and went on her errand ; a child by years, yet already weighted with the weariness and the wisdom of maturity, by reason of the penalty he paid for having let his childish soul brood over the burdens of the peoples, and dream of liberties under the leprous shadow of a dominant priesthood, whilst other children laughed, and played, and only asked of life that the vine should give fruit, and the sleek herds milk, that their gay feet should ply in the tarantala's measure, and the sweet sun dance in their own bright eyes.

She, left there in solitude, and bound by her word to keep the limits of her den, paced to and fro in the fire-lit darkness in that fierce, futile rebellion with which she had paced the dungeon of the Church. Her eyes were burning, her throat was swollen with long thirst, her teeth were looked like a vice. All sense, thought, volition, seemed scorched up and withered in one intolerable misery, one unalterable shame. One thing alone seemed left to her—her vengeance.

She was of the nature which happiness makes sweet, rich, generous, as southern sunlight ; which calamity renders fearless, strong, and nobly calm beneath all adverse fate ; but which wrong and treachery in an instant turn hard, dark, dangerous as the force of iron.

She laughed aloud, in the loneliness.

"He played the traitor!—so! Well, he will learn how we deal with traitors. Fool, fool, fool!"

Then, as that laugh died, the weakness of her bodily frame, the agony of her soul, beat down the false alien strength of bitter passions.

"Oh, my love!" she moaned. "It was for your life, not for mine."

And she sank down amidst the grey ashes by the fire that was slowly dying out, with the stupor of exhaustion stealing on her, and her eyes fastened on the gloom beyond, strained, and senseless, and savage with pain, like those of an animal that is chained to a stake for the torture.

To her, there could have been no martyrdom like the martyrdom of undenied dishonour; borne for his sake, and incurred through the fulfilling of her oath.

Without, the boy Berto passed into the white hot glare of day. His errand was perilous; and he knew what Tedeschi rods were like, how Papal steel could thrust; but he had the firm, silent heart that Nature early gives to those whom she will hereafter make leaders amongst men, and, having a purpose to accomplish, he did it unflinchingly, through to the end. He went swiftly and straightly now over the lonely shore, with the eye of a hawk, with the speed of a greyhound, glancing on every side for those he sought, and going warily, lest he should be seen by the soldiers, whom he knew were out, more or less near, seeking for the proscribed who had escaped them. He ran swiftly, mile on mile; reaching a crest of land, he paused at last for breath. On one side lay the sea, now blue and laughing in the full noonday; on the other, mountain-bounded, the low-lying lands, with their broad sunlit desolate tracks dotted with the herds of swine and grazing buffaloes, with thickets of wild myrtle and green pools of water. There he saw what made him drop suddenly, and hide like a young hare.

What he saw were the barrels of carbines among some acanthus-covered stones that screened a score or so of soldiers, and farther onward the solitary figure of a man in the clothing of the Capri fishers. The soldiers lay close, their heads alone above the fallen blocks of shattered travertine; the tall form of the Capriote, dark and towering against the intense light, came onward, fast, blindly, taking heed of nothing, seeing nothing, in his path, passing straight through the horned cattle as though they were an insect cloud, with his head bare to the heat, and his eyes without sense in them; headlong, as if he were deep in drink, yet with a nameless, terrible madness on him that had as terrible a majesty.

Fascinated by it, the Roman boy watched him as he reeled through the sunlight, while the browsing herds were scattered by the tornado of his course. Others watched him also, as he came nearer and nearer straight across the plain, pausing for no obstacle, breaking through all vegetation, passing like the wind over the width of the country. Then, rapidly as a lasso is thrown, the soldiers sprang upon him as he passed the broken stones; his arms, his limbs, his body, were bound and knotted with cords ere he could cast off one of the score of hands that seized him; fettered, powerless in an instant, with the naked blades flashing round him, he stood like a wild horse netted by guachos, his mighty muscles panting under the close-drawn bonds, his eyes wide-opened on his captors, red and glaring and senseless. There was no escape possible.

He stood a moment, looking vacantly down on his bowed limbs and the savage wolf-eyes of the soldiery. All consciousness seemed dead in him; he had rushed on through the scorching day till, had they not arrested him thus, he would have fallen sun-stricken; he was passive from the sheer intoxication of suffering, and he was weak in his body also, for, from a wound on his shoulder, blood was oozing through his shirt. Yet, as he felt the withes on his limbs, he made one bound, like some magnificent forest animal entrapped; he fought against his captors then on the sheer instinct of combat, with his head dropped like a bull of Aragon when it charges to give to the torreador the fatal blow of the *cogida*, and with his firm white teeth, the only weapon left him, clenched hard and fast at the throat of the soldier nearest him.

For some minutes there was a struggle that made even the bold veins of the Roman boy run chill—weakened, hampered, jammed, powerless as the captive was, he had terror for his assailants, as the bull when its black hide is steeped scarlet with gore, and its flanks are transfixed with the lance-heads, carries death for picador and banderillo still. Then, brute force conquered; the hirelings of Francis were scarce better than brigands, and courage awakened no homage in them. When they fell away a little from each other, and the dust of the parched plain that had risen in clouds above the scene of the conflict sank, they had pulled him down as with a lasso—he was stretched there on the short burnt turf, his eyes distended, his mouth filled with sand, his limbs lashed fast with cords.

To them he was but a Capri boatman, a thing of the people, a scum of the sea, a rebel on whose life a good price was set, an animal to be thrust to the shambles, how roughly mattered little so that out of his heart they should cut that which they sought to know.

They heaved him up, with a kick, by the ropes they had passed round his waist and under his shoulders; they loosened a little the cords binding his ankles, and bade him stand, holding a carbine at his head; then they fastened him by his belt to two of the strongest-built of their band, and, with bayonets fixed in his rear, drove him on in their centre as the Aragon bull is driven on at the point of the lance from pasture to circus.

So they took their way through the white breadth of the sunlight over the brown lonely plains, with their prisoner set in their midst. He had never spoken once.

The child Berto rose slowly from his hiding-place in the low myrtle-bushes; many a time his hand had been on his rifle to send a message of death through these wolves of the Apennines who wore the King's livery, and dishonoured the title of soldier; as many times he had paused, knowing that one shot could avail nothing, and that, were it fired, he would only share the captivity of the man whom he sought to release. As his slight girlish frame rose up out of the leafy screen and against the sunny blue of the sky, his teeth were set tight, his pale features had grown like marble.

"They go to take him to their captain;—they will make him tell where her refuge is. If he will not tell, they have rods, they have the water-torture—drop, drop, drop, ah! till one is mad!" he muttered aloud, in his breathless rage. He knew nothing of this stranger, save that he guessed him by his dress to be the sailor whom he had heard had rescued

her from Taverno—in the cavern his sleep had been too profound to awake to any distant sound—but the sight of the conflict and the capture alone sufficed to rouse all the revolutionary and patriotic soul that was in him. He wrung his hands as he watched the soldiers move over the plain, growing dark and distant as some far-off troop of buffalo.

"Ah, the brigands! the assassins! And I could not fire a bullet for him!" he cried, in his solitude. "Miladi must know of it. She can say whether he will bear the scourge and be silent. If I had thought he would speak, I would have shot him dead before they could have got him. Almost I wish I had. It had been surer."

For the Roman lad knew the means—passing the strength of humanity to endure—by which men who were mute against royal or priestly will were made to find voice in that fair dominion of Naples.

"She must know," he mused;—waited an instant, then with the speed of a lapwing, once having the swell of the hillocks between him and the soldiery, he retraced his way over the lowlands to whence he came, until out of the laughing brilliancy of the noon-sun he came into the darkness of the cave, which now was only lightened by the low flicker of the expiring pine-flames.

Her attitude had never changed. There was that in it, as she sat beside the great heap of silvered ashes and of burnt-out wood, that struck the boy's heart with a sudden awe and fear. The abasement, the subjection, of a fearless life has ever in it a certain terror—the mournful terror of every fallen greatness—for those who look upon it.

He went softly to her, and spoke low in her ear before she saw him by her.

"Eccellenza, the soldiery are out."

She gave no sign that she heard him.

"The soldiers have him! Can you trust him, Illustrissima?"

She still seemed to hear nothing where her gaze was fixed upon the dying fire. The boy touched her timidly.

"The King's people have him, Miladi. Will he be true?"

She started, as though some corpse had been galvanised to life, and turned her face to him.

"True? Will who be true? He whom all are false to? Yes, true to death—true to death!"

He saw that her mind wandered, that she had not aright understood him.

"Eccellenza, hear me," he said, softly. "The soldiers have made that friend of yours their prisoner."

A cry broke from her that woke all the echoes of the cave, and thrilled the lad with its piteous wail; she sprang to her feet, convulsed to passionate energy, to fresh existence.

"Prisoner? The King's prisoner?—*he!*"

The boy's voice sank to a whisper; he had not thought it would move her thus; he knew she was well used to send men out to die.

"They took him on the shore there, by the ruins; they caught a brave man like a snared wolf, the cowards! He fought—*gods!* how he fought; but they threw him like a bull in the lasso. Will he keep silence, think you?"

"*Will he?* He will keep silence till they lay him mute in death."

Ah! God reward you that you came to tell me! Keep silence? He would perish by a thousand tortures ere ever he would betray his darkest foe!"

She knew nothing that she uttered as the words poured from her lips; she put the wondering child aside, and swept across the vault to the chill dense shadow where the Greek had crouched; she stood before him ere he had seen her move.

"I break my word to you. I go from here."

"Go!"—he rose dizzily; the violence of his fall had stupified him.

"Go! Not where I do not follow."

"Follow, if you will."

"Where, then?"

"To the soldiers of Francis."

She laughed aloud as she spoke—the laugh of a breaking heart; she knew that the cowardice of his nature would no more let him pass out where she went than if gates of adamant opposed him. He was startled and bewildered; he felt tenfold fear of her as she stood there in the shadows before him, with that despair on her face and that laugh on her lips; he had thought her dead or dying; a superstitious hesitation held him afraid and irresolute.

"Wait—wait," he said, stretching his hands out to hold her. "What is it you dream of? What mad thing would you do?"

"Save the life you and I have sent out to destruction."

Before he could arrest her she had passed him, and was far out beyond the watch-fire, and lost in the gloom of the entrance-passage; her hand was on the boy Berto's shoulder, and thrust him out down the tortuous passage, swiftly and silently up to the open air. When once more the darkness lay behind her, and on her face was the breath of the morning, she bent to him.

"Which way?"

He pointed to the northward, looking with wistful anxiety in her face.

"Miladi, what is it you will do?"

"My duty—late in the day."

The hound had followed at her side; she stooped and kissed his forehead, then sent him from her back into the shelter of the cavern, reluctant yet obedient.

"Will you not need him?" the boy asked.

"No. Even a dog's life is too noble to perish for mine. See you to him, and cherish him for my sake."

"I! I go with you, Eccellenza."

"No—go rather on the errand I gave you."

"But——"

"Hush! I have said—none go with me. And—for that you came and told me this thing—may the beauty of life rest with you ever, my child."

She passed her hand softly over his fair curls, with the glow of the morning fallen full on her eyes, and the brightness of the sea lying before her.

Then as rapidly and silently as a shadow passes she went from him on her fatal way.

Over the heavy, rugged ground the soldiers forced their prisoner, with his arms lashed behind him, and the carbines held at his temples. They were a dozen men under a corporal, scouts sent out by the commandant of the gendarmerie scouring the shore ; low scoundrels who had been thieves ere they donned the King's uniform, and would be brigands when they had doffed it. So that they dragged him to their captain, and compelled him to tell what they sought from him, they heeded nothing beyond. His bound feet stumbled over the rough declivities, his chest was stifled under the crossed cords till he could barely breathe; with every jerked step that his guards took over the roughness of the ground their shot might be lodged in his brain; the red ants, disturbed in their hills, swarmed up his limbs and clung there; the open wound of his shoulder was cut by the tight-drawn ropes; still he said not one word, but went on in their midst, with his bloodshot eyes staring out at earth and sky yet seeing nothing, and with a heavy, sullen, murderous darkness on his face and on his soul.

Of physical suffering he was insensible; the deadness of despair had numbed in him all corporeal consciousness. There had only survived in him the mere mechanical brute instincts of defence and of resistance. Beaten in these, he resigned himself, passively, dumbly; too vast a ruin had fallen on his life for him to heed what befel his body. So far as thought still was distinct to him, so far as any ray of it pierced the blackness of desolation in which every memory save one was lost, he wished that they would strike him dead upon the plain they traversed.

They wondered that, cramped and bruised as he was, and strong to ferocity as they had found him, he went with them thus mutely and unresistingly; they did not note the keen, hard, ravenous, longing look, as of one starving at sight of food, that his eyes ever and again cast upon the steel tubes of the slanted carbines that carried death and oblivion so near, and yet denied them, to him.

Beyond this he knew nothing; he was dragged over the low-lying country at a pace as swift as the heat of the day and the unevenness of the uncertain paths would allow; whether he had force to bear it, in the sultry noontide of summer, they never heeded. If he had fallen, they would have pulled him on still, as best they might, with his head striking the stones. He knew nothing; the sunlight was like the blaze of fire ever about him; the hard, hot skies seemed to glitter as brass; water, mountain, the darkness of myrtle, the rush of wild birds, the blue gleam of the sea, the brown baked earth beneath his feet, these were all blurred, shapeless shadows to him, while his eyes looked out, straight onward, with the red, dusky, mastiff flame in them that made his guards mutter among themselves that this man was mad, and should be shot like a mad dog.

And they judged right: he was mad, with the Othello madness that believes what it adores dishonoured.

At last their march paused; the silence was broken by the noise of loosened tongues; there were stir, and tumult, and the clash of arms around them; they had joined their comrades, they had brought their prisoner to their captain to be judged. Under some mighty pillars of yellow travestine, the lonely relics of some forgotten temple, four or five score of black-browed, loose-harnessed soldiers, the worst of a worthless

army, were scattered, lying full length in the shade, taking their noon-day meal, or slaking their thirst at a sluggish noxious streamlet stealing by the columns' base amongst the violet-roots. They had been checked a moment in their search by the sea for the fugitives; and lay like hot, panting, ferocious dogs, ready to rise and use their teeth at a moment's tempting.

They swarmed round him like a pack of wolves, but no change came on his face; with a hundred soldiers round him, lean, savage, ruffianly, for the most part, as any Abruzzian banditti, with the glitter of their steel, the muzzles of their carbines, the yelling of their oaths, the clamour of their triumph about him where he stood powerless in their midst, they could not tell that he even saw them there. His eyes never glanced to them; they looked still, straightly, sightlessly, to the low line where sea touched sky; there was no consciousness in them, but there was that reddened light that stilled their riot of exultation with a vague sense of danger in this chained man standing so calmly in their hostile crowd.

They fell back as their commander, told of the capture, came from the nook of shadow, where, with his subaltern, he had been at rest apart. He was little more than a *guerillero*—a coarse, rough, careless, Calabrian-born filibuster.

He glanced over the captive brought him, in whom he, like his men, saw but a fisher of Capri.

"A fine animal," he muttered, as he glanced over a paper of instructions, comparing the details there with the personal appearance of his prisoner. "So! you are the sacrilegious scoundrel who broke into the monastery of Taverno, and used foul violence against the august person of his sacred grace of Villafior?"

"I am."

Erceldoune answered mechanically; his tongue clove to his mouth; his voice was hoarse and savage.

"Basta! you are in haste to be hanged!" swore the Calabrian, half disappointed at an avowal which left him no excuse for the ingenuity of threat and torture. "Since you confess yourself guilty, go further, and tell us—what have you done with the *bona roba* you stole from her prison?"

The word struck like the stroke of lightning.

Life, sense, shame, grief, rage, rushed over his hearer with a torrent's force; the foam gathered on his lips; he strained for a moment like a fettered lion at his bonds;—then he was still as with the stillness of death.

"Speak—where is she?"

He made no answer.

"Have you no tongue? We will make you find it, and use it. Tell me—quick!—where is this woman hidden?"

His vengeance was in his hands; one word, one gesture only, to where the sea-cave lay, and his wrongs would be avenged without the lifting of his hand.

"Speak out," hissed the soldier, whose rage was rising. "Where is this empress-democrat? Where does she hide? She knew how to use that buffalo strength of yours; but she will fool you, once she be free."



We know what Miladi is! Give her to us; and you may save yourself a necklace of hemp, mayhap?"

There was still no answer to him; the great dark eyes of his captive looked out, far beyond him, far beyond all around them, with a dry, vacant, senseless agony in them that never changed.

"Has the sorceress put a spell on you?" swore the Calabrian. "Look you—you are safe to go to the gallows. *Corpo di Christo!*—it will be odds if his Grace do not think a quick twitch of the noose too gentle a punishment for you: Monsignore has a long arm and a heavy hand! You are a fine animal—it were a pity all that sinew should rot in quick lime; we will get your life saved somehow, if you put us this minute on the track of your mistress?"

He might never have spoken for aught by which he could tell that he was heard. The threat that his body would be given to slaughter had little import to the man in whom all life, save the mere breath of existence, had already been slain by worse than a thousand deaths.

"Have you no voice?" yelled the commandant, infuriated that his unwonted offer of mercy met no response. "We will find a way to make you speak, with your will or against it! Once for all—will you show us where this woman is sheltered?"

"No."

The Calabrian gnashed his glittering teeth.

"*Altro!* You defy us, you hound? We will see how long that obstinacy lasts. I have license to deal with you as I see fit; to string you up by the throat to that column if I judge it right in the need of my service. We will soon make you find voice, you dog of a rebel! Here! take him, and lash him to that pillar; there in the full sun."

He was already bound fast, in cords that crossed and recrossed, and left him scarce liberty to draw the air through his lungs; it was an easy matter to fasten him to the shaft of the shattered column that stood in the glare of the noon, unshaded even by a branch or a coil of ivy.

"Strip his shoulders, and let the gnats find him out," laughed the Calabrian, moving away to finish his meal and take a mid-day slumber. "We will see if they and his thirst do not make him give tongue."

He was obeyed.

They stripped the linen from his chest and shoulders, and left him, lashed with cords to the travestine, in the fullest force of the vertical rays; his wound uncovered, and his head bare. At his feet ran the half-dry brook. They went themselves into the shadow, and lay laughing, swearing, mocking, taunting, chanting obscene songs, and holding up to him in the distance the wine-cans they had drained.

The insults passed by Erceldoune unnoted, the jeers unheard; in the desolation of his life they were known no more than the sting of an insect is felt by one whom the smoke and flame of a burning pile is consuming.

Yet they had chained him to a martyrdom.

The intense heat poured upon his brain; the scorching light quivered about him; his veins swelled till it seemed, with every fresh pulse of the blood, they must burst; the innumerable winged insects, humming through the summer hours, attracted one by another, settled on his naked breast, and thrust their antennæ into the bruised skin, and pierced their stings into the opening of the wound. He could not free

his hands to brush one of them away. His throat was dry as leather; his tongue was swollen and black; his thirst was unbearable; and at his feet the shallow water stole, to madden him with the murmur of the cool ripples he could not touch. The moments were as hours; the minutes as years. The earth, the air, the sky, were as one vast furnace that enclosed him; where the jagged and beating nerves had been laid open by the hatchet-stroke, the buzzing gnats alit, and clove, and stung, and feasted. Weaklier men would have had the mercy of insensibility;—with him the vital strength, the indestructible force of life within him, kept every nerve and every sense strung to their keenest under the torture.

Yet when they came to him ever and again and asked him if he would speak at last, his silence remained unbroken. He was faithful to those who had betrayed him.

He could receive release, as he could take vengeance, by the utterance of one word. He could deliver over his assassin to justice, and unloose his traitress to the doom that waited her, by the same sign that should free him from this slow, excruciating death. He could cease to suffer, and become the just accuser of those by whom he was destroyed. He could sever his bonds, and divide those whose guilty union was a worse agony to him than it lay in the power of his torturers to deal. His own fate and theirs rested in his choice.

And he bore his martyrdom and kept silence. The supreme hour of his passion had come to him and tempted him, and found him strong. The purity of his honour would not let him take a traitorous shame even against those who dealt him treachery; the great love in him could not forsake her utterly, although itself forsaken and betrayed.

The bond of his word was as religion to him still; and in his sight, though fallen, lost, dishonoured, she still was sacred.

So far as thought could come to him in his agony, his thought was still to save her.

And he hung there, bound by the waist, with the blaze of the sun in his blind eyes and on his throbbing brain, and the clouds of the booming circling gossamer wings growing darker and larger as his tormentors swarmed down to fasten upon him.

One of the soldiers, whom he had heavily bruised in the struggle for his capture, came out of the shade and dipped a wooden cup in the brook, and held it just beyond the reach of his lips.

“Speak, and you shall have drink!”

His throat was baked like burnt clay, his mouth was full of dust, his tongue was cloven to his teeth; he longed for water with the death-thirst of the desert.

The Italian reached and touched his beard with the rim of the cup, so that the coolness of the draught mocked him close.

“Will you speak?”

He faintly moved his head in denial.

The soldier laughed with taunting mirth, and shook the water from the bowl out on to the herbage at his feet: he knew that every wasted drop would be an added pang.

Still he never spoke.

They left him again to the Tantalus torture. He had his freedom in

his own choice; in the utterance of one word; and he let them do their worst upon him rather than turn traitor to the woman whom he held his traitress.

They came and grouped about the pillar, and looked up in his face again with riotous laughter and foul-mouthed outrage at him in his defencelessness. The brazen sky burned above in pitiless fire; the smiling cruelty of the salt sea mocked him with its tossing sunlit freshness; the red ants were slowly climbing the base of the column, scenting blood, and swarming upward to fasten on him; through the air the first mosquito winged its way, herald of troops to come.

"Will you answer now?" asked the chief.

He turned his aching, scorching eyes on them, while his mouth could scarcely whisper the reply:

"No!"

The Calabrian flung himself round on his men in the rear.

"Take him down, and scourge him till you cut the truth out of his heart!"

They were like a herd of Pyrenean dogs; the sight of prey roused all their ravenous instincts. Men tasting once the power and the pleasure of torture rarely pause till they lose their sport to the king-player, Death.

They unbound him from the column, and fastened him afresh to a low block of stone, stripped to the waist, so that his chest and back should be left undefended for the curling thongs of the lash; his face was set still seawards, so that the fair breadth of the free waters mocked him with its liberty. His head hung heavily downward; throes of pain like the scorching of fire throbbed through his wounded flesh, the rushing of pent-up blood filled his lungs, his brain, his ears, his throat to suffocation. There was a pause of some moments; they were weaving together some cords and some leathern belts into the thing they needed. The chief sauntered near him once more, and looked at him doubtfully; he knew the Capri mariners could be dogged in brainless obstinacy as any Capri mule, but he saw that this man's endurance was far more than the mere mute, contumacious persistence of a sullen ignorance. He struck away, half compassionately, a gnat that was alighting on his prisoner's bare breast.

"You are too fine a brute to be cut in pieces with the lash. Look you, they have tough arms, have my men; they will make their belts lay your lungs open if you keep silent. Do you know how the leather can eat a man's flesh?"

He bent his head in assent; in Russia he had seen a serf die under the scourge.

"You do? Well, that grand frame of yours will not spare you; they will mash it to pulp. Will you not speak—now?"

"I have answered."

"You are a fool and a madman!" swore the Calabrian. "You lose your life for a worthless woman."

A spasm that the bodily torture had never brought there passed over his captive's face. He kept silence still.

The Italian shrugged his shoulders, and strolled away.

There was a moment's longer pause, then two soldiers came to their work; they had the whips that they had made, with the heavy buckles at

the end of the belts serving as the leaden points with which the lash is commonly weighted. The blows would fall from either side as the strokes of the woodman's hatchet fall on a tree. The rest of the band closed round in a semicircle, their commandant slightly in advance.

Then—then only—as he saw the scourges in their hands, and knew the indignity that approached him, the mute calm of his endurance, the apathy of that desolation of the heart in which all bodily suffering passes as nought, changed and broke. All the fire of his nature, all the pride of his race, all the dignity of his manhood, flashed to sudden life; he never spoke, he was bound, motionless, but he raised his head and looked them full in the eyes, with all the haughty passion of his fearless blood once more aflame. It was but one look; his arm could not avenge him, nor his strength resist the outrage; yet before it they paused and quailed. For the instant they stood irresolute, cowed by the challenge of his unshrinking leonine regard; then, savage at their own sense of shame, they threw themselves forward, the metal-weighted thongs swirled round their heads, gathering full force to curl around him like a serpent's folds; the watching soldiery drew deep noiseless breaths in silence, the hot hushed air of noon had not a sound upon it; he stood erect to his full height, the courage of the soul victorious over the torture of the body; before the uplifted hands could fall, a single word echoed down through the stillness—"Wait!"

The scourgers paused; the chief swung round to see who dared bid his men's obedience halt; into their startled crowd came the woman they sought. Against the glitter of the sea and the brown desolation of the plains, they saw Idalia.

From the captive they had bound a long bitter cry rang—a cry that the lash would not have forced from him, though it should have cut his heart in twain.

Breathless as a long-chased stag, she pressed her way to him and fell at his feet, and strove with both hands to wrench apart the knots that held him, and looked upward at his face with the dumb agony of the brutes. The Calabrian seized her, and drew her back; he knew her but by name, and her face was strange to him.

"Woman!—how dare you? Who are you——?"

"I am Idalia Vassalis. Take me—bind me—scourge me. But let the guiltless go."

The rough mountaineer looked at her amazed, awed, dazzled, doubting his own senses.

"You are the Countess Vassalis?" he echoed, slowly.

There in her masque-ropes, with the gold all soiled and blackened, the scarlet aflame against the sun, breathless, worn, exhausted, yet with such command in her eyes, with such misery on her face, with such majesty in her glance, she moved him to fear as the sight of Cleopatra, captive, would have moved a Latin boor of the cohorts.

"Yes, yes, yes! Are there no men here who can swear to me? I am the rebel you seek. Take me; do what you will with me; deliver me up to your masters—but free that man who is innocent!"

The Calabrian shaded his eyes with his hand; he felt giddy before her.

"Is it she?" he whispered a comrade.

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"It is she," said a Lombard from the ranks. "I saw her before Verona; my shot killed a horse under her."

She turned her head to the soldier.

"I thank you for your witness. Now—do your duty. Bind me, and free your prisoner."

"Free him! So!—he has as much guilt as you."

"He has no guilt. You tortured him to discover me;—now that I yield myself to you, what plea have you to hold him longer? Unloose him, I say; fasten me there in his stead; use those thongs upon me; it will not be the first time you scourge a woman. Take him down, and bind me there in his place by every justice in earth and heaven!"

Erceldoune's voice crossed her own, husky and forced with difficulty from his swollen, parching throat.

"Do not heed her. She speaks only to save me——"

The Calabrian laughed coarsely.

"Ah! This fine Capriote dog, is he your love-toy, then, 'llustrissima?"

"He is my victim. May not that better release him?" The coarse outrage had no power to wound her; she had no consciousness except of the man who, for her sake, was bound in the cruel scorching noonday well-nigh to the pangs of a crucifixion. "Is he to suffer for those who have wronged him? He does so when he suffers for me. If I be your enemy, I am tenfold his; will not that quell your rage against him? I have ruined him; that should give him grace in your sight. From first to last he has been wronged by me. Plundered, wounded, left for dead by those who were of my people; used by me, forsaken by me, driven to peril and bondage by me—has he not more to hate me for than you? In the nobility of his heart he shields me still, because he once has pledged me shelter, because his honour still is greater even than his immeasurable wrongs; but he does so only because he is above even his own just vengeance, only because he will not purchase freedom even at cost of lives that are his curse."

She sank down at his feet once more; she strove to rend his bonds asunder;—he seemed to her great as never man were great in that silent martyrdom, endured for those who had betrayed him. He looked down on her, doubting his own senses, doubting that the burning of the sun made him, in delirium, dream the words he heard, the face he saw.

"Free him!" she cried aloud, with that ferocity of unbearable misery which makes the gentlest savage. "What plea have you to hold him? I am here; I surrender to you. Take me to king or priest, as you choose; give me only his liberty for mine!"

Instinctively his heart went out to save her; his consciousness awakened through the feverish mists of pain enough to know that remorse flung her here to perish for him, enough by unconsidered impulse to seek to save her still.

"Do not heed her, I say," his lips breathed hoarsely. "She only speaks to spare me——"

"Ho!" laughed the Calabrian; "how you quarrel for the kiss of the lash! Now we have you we will keep you—both."

She turned on him with her old imperious command:

"You will not dare to take his life! He is of England—not of Italy."

Such things as he has done against your king and your laws he has done never for himself, only at my instance——”

“A likely tale, to screen your fellow-rebels, Miladi! Tell it to more credulous hearers——”

“You think that *I* speak falsely?”

For the moment the old glorious challenge of her disdainful pride beamed from her face;—they who saw it thought, despite themselves, that if this woman were not above a lie, then never truth was uttered in this world.

“It is no matter how you speak,” the Italian made her answer. “You are my prisoners; I shall but give you over to those who will judge you.”

“Give me, then. Am I not here that you may do your worst with me? But by all justice, all mercy, all pity, leave him free!”

“It is impossible!”

She threw herself before him; she let her fallen hair bathe his feet, she poured out the vivid utterances of an eloquence that none ever heard unmoved, she sued to him as never for herself would she have sued an emperor; for the only time in her life she abased herself to supplication—she to whom the praying of such a prayer was worse than the endurance of any chastisement.

The Calabrian heard her, startled, dazzled, shaken, but he would not yield.

“It is too late,” he said, abruptly. “Miladi, why did you not think before what serving you might cost to a brave man? You treated him like a dog: well, he must die a dog’s death. The blame of it is not *mine*.”

There was a certain pathos in the words; he was brave enough himself to honour the courage he had so mercilessly tried; her head sank as though the rebuke of Deity spoke by the rough soldier’s mouth; she crouched, with a low moan like a stricken animal’s, at the foot of the column where Erceldoune was bound.

He turned on her his strained and aching eyes.

“Why have you so much mercy on my body?”

There was an infinite reproach in the infinite patience of the wondering words. Why had she who had slain his soul, his spirit, his hope, all in him that made the living of his life of any peace, of any worth, thus had mercy on the mere torture of limb and nerve and sinew? Why did she who had been so pitiless, so wanton in her cruelty, feel compassion and contrition before the coarse, indifferent doom of merely physical pain?

The Calabrian looked at them in silence, then motioned to his men.

“Take them from the sun-glare, and bind them together.”

In a sense he felt pity, because he felt the homage of courage to courage, for this man whom he had seen so loyal at such awful cost; but for her he had no emotion, save dread of her as a sorceress, save wrath against her for one whose fell temptations had been so fatal and so ruthless.

She made no resistance; she never felt the grating of the leathern thongs upon her wrists; she had lost all consciousness of personal suffering; she had come to deliver up her life for his, and the sacrifice was

given too late; she had no knowledge left her save this, no heed for whatsoever they might do to her, though she had given herself back to a worse captivity than the prison of the grave. As the leash with which the soldiers coupled them like hounds was pulled tighter, drawing her wrists together, and upward where she was sunk on the parched turf at his feet, her hand touched his:—he shuddered as he had never done when the mosquito had thrust its sting into his unshielded breast.

She felt rather than saw that mute agony of the bound, defenceless, powerless limbs; it passed through her in tenfold bitterness. This man, who had held himself unworthy to touch but the hem of her garment, who had deemed himself blessed as with the gift of gods if her eyes but dwelt with a smile on his, now shrank from the contact of her hand as from pollution, from iniquity.

"Take me away," she moaned wearily. "Would you chain him to his murderess?"

They hesitated, and looked towards their chief.

"Leave me, and take him down!" she said, with that vibration in her voice that scared them like startled sheep. "He dies there, and you have not mercy enough even to lift him up one drop of water, even to thrust away one sting that fastens on him. He is dying, I say. If you are men, and not fiends, unloose him!"

They had been as fiends in their sport; the southern cruelty that will rend a bird's wings from its body, or a butterfly's dainty beauty asunder, laughing softly all the while, had been awakened in them; they were loth to quit its indulgence.

He looked as though she said aright, and that he was dying lashed there to the column; his eyes were blood-red, his mouth open and swollen, his forehead purple with suffused blood; his heart beat visibly, great slow laboured throbs, under the cords: he was fast losing consciousness.

She wrenched herself from their hold, and caught the wooden cup the soldier had cast down and filled it with the water of the stagnant stream, and held it upward to his lips; he quivered from head to foot, and shrank from the draught that through the parching heat he had been athirst for with so deadly a longing.

"Do not torture me—more!"

The whisper was almost inarticulate from his dry stiffened lips; the cup fell from her hold. She knew his meaning; she remembered the memory which made the thirst that he endured less torture than that action from her hand. She turned passionately on the nearest soldiers.

"Show some human mercy! Bind me there in his stead, tear me limb from limb as children tear the fire-flies; it will be rarer pastime for you to put a woman to torment! You know what manner of thing is justice? Then if you do, by every law of justice make me suffer, and spare him."

Under their drooping lids his eyes lightened a moment with a gleam of consciousness: his instinct was still for her defence.

"Let me be. So best," he said, faintly. "It will soon end."

She was worthless, she had so declared herself; she was his traitress and another's paramour; yet the loyalty in him survived still—still to lay his life down for her had its sweetness to him.

A shrill wailing cry broke from her like that of some creature perishing in the trough of waves or under billowy flames.

"O Christ! have you no pity? Take him down while there is breath in him, and bind me there in his stead. I will never bid you spare *me* one pang!"

They looked doubtfully at their chief; he signed them to obey her.

"She says justly; it is she who ought to suffer. Loose him, and bring him out of the sun."

They unloosened the knotted cords that swathed his limbs to the column; when they were wholly unfastened he swayed forward, his head fell on his breast, his body bent like a reed, there was foam upon his beard, and his eyes were closed.

A great stillness came then upon the soldiery about the place; through them, under their breath, they whispered that their work was done—that he was dead.

She alone thought not as they thought, that his sacrifice for her was crowned by the last sacrifice of all.

"He is not dead," she said, simply.

There was a strange calmness and certainty in the words that thrilled through those who heard them; they looked at her, neither touching nor opposing her; she had terror for them—terror for them as of some great, fallen, half-shameful, and half-glorious thing. Every intense passion carries its reaction of fear upon those who witness it; hers had such on them now. They dimly felt that if they, in their wanton cruelty, had been the actual murderers of this man, she knew herself far more utterly his destroyer than they could be, who had but harmed his mortal form.

"He is not dead," she said, with that vibration of an exquisite joy crossing the icy desolation of despair, which smote the most callous there to some vague sense of unswerving pain;—as though her voice reached him, he raised himself slightly, where two soldiers held up his sinking frame, his lips gasped for breath, his eyes unclosed to the dazzling gleam of the day, he stood erect, while a loud cry broke from him:

"O God!—I *cannot* die!"

The English words missed the listening southern ears; she alone knew the agony in them of the great imperishable strength that would not let life leave him, that would survive all which strove to slay it—survive to keep sensation, memory, knowledge in him, and to refuse the only mercy he could ever know, the mercy of oblivion and annihilation.

The Calabrian, who had ordered him his torture, looked softened, and went and laid his hand upon his prisoner's shoulder.

"You are a fine brute. I am sorry you provoked us. See here—this woman is the guiltier: she says so: she is come to suffer in your stead."

He heard, though all his senses still were dim—though earth, and sea, and sky, and the ring of the armed men, and her face in the white furnace-heat of the sunlight, were all one misty blaze of colour to him. He heard, and his lips moved faintly.

"She shall not suffer—for me."

So far as thought could be clear to him, he thought that, having sinned so deeply against him, remorse at the last had struck her, and drawn here to bear witness for him; he thought that there yet dwelt in her too much still of native courage, of inborn nobility, to let her rest in

safety and security, whilst through her sin, and to give her freedom, he endured the doom to which she had cast him out; he thought that, so far, she was true to herself, though false with worse than a Delilah's treachery to him. To take vengeance upon her was a poor, vain, wretched quittance that never glanced by him; a grossness, a baseness that could have no place with him; his great tortured passion could no more have slaked itself in such a payment than it could have wreaked its wrong by the bruising and the marring of that mere loveliness of form which had been the lure and instrument of his destruction.

The Italian swore a heavy oath.

"Are you mad? Why, of her own testimony she has been your ruin?"

He saw his captive's breast heave with a mute, tearless, convulsed sob, that no corporeal torment had ever wrung from him.

"Of a woman's compassion she says it—out of her own mouth you would not condemn her?"

It was the sole denial, the sole evasion of the truth that ever his voice had spoken. To save himself, he would not have borrowed the faintest likeness of a lie; but in the dizzy mists of his reeling senses, in the exhaustion of intense pain, this one instinct remained with him—to save her even from herself, to screen her even from the justice that would avenge him.

As she heard, where she stood bound, held back by the guards who had seized her, her eyes met his across the breadth that was between them, of hard, hot, white, cruel light;—guilty or guiltless, faithful or faithless, by that look he knew that she loved him as no woman will love twice.

His head sank, his eyelids closed, he shivered in the scorching day. She loved him, or she had not come thither—she loved him, or never that language had burned for him in her glance. But this love—love of the traitress, of the voluptuous betrayer, of the temptress of sin, of the "queen of evil, lady of lust"—what was this to him?

He could have better borne to see her lie dead at his feet.

Some touch of veneration for the courage they had witnessed, for the self-sacrifice they vaguely understood, had come upon the brigands round him—brigands in their coarseness, their training, and their brutality, though they wore the livery of a monarchy. They had seen that this man could hold his own in contest with the strength, and the rage, and the prolonged resistance of lions; they saw now that he could suffer and submit with the mute-enduring patient self-surrender and self-command of those saints of whom the priests had told them, in their boyhood, dim, pathetic, ancient legends, half forgot and half remembered. They yielded him a certain, reluctant, wondering homage, and they brought him, with more gentle usage, where the thickly woven olive and acanthus made a shadow from the sun, and gave him water to slake his burning throat, and drew the linen folds of his dress over his wounded chest with what was, for them, almost tenderness. To her they had no such pity; they knew her a revolutionist, a rebel, an infidel, as they were told, a woman of evil, murderous, and fearful sorcery, who could revenge with the *jettatura* all those who incensed her by resisting her seductions; they hated her with a great sullen hate, the stronger, because it was the barbarous hatred that is born of fear; but for their commander they would have shot her down

with a volley from their carbines, that those fatal eyes might gaze on them no more with the glance that they believed could wither them like a sorceress's incantation. They bound her arms behind her with ruthless severity, till her fair skin was lacerated and bruised; then they forced her down on to the yellow grasses that grew lank and long among the fallen temple-stones, and passed the ropes that bound her round a block of travestine: from the moment that she had asked for his deliverance she had never spoken.

He was so near her that, stretching her hand out had she been free, she could have touched him where they had laid him down; his pain-racked limbs were stiff and motionless; he could not have stirred one step to save his life; his frame was racked with cramp, and the virus from the insects' teeth seemed to eat like vitriol into his flesh; his face was buried in the grasses as his forehead rested on his arm; he could not bear to look upon her; he could not bear to feel her gaze was on him. To the watching eyes of the soldiers about them, to the certainty of captivity, or worse, that waited them, they were both unconscious; all that either knew was that presence of the other, which surpassed any martyrdom to which military and priestly power could ever bring them.

There was silence for some time around; the chief of the scanty troop had sent the fleetest runner among them northward for orders from the one who, with the warrant of his Grace of Villafior, had the direction of his search, and the disposition of his prisoners. He was uncertain what to do, and whither to take them; in a thing of so much moment he feared to move rashly or wrongly: the people were inflamed moreover, the times were rife with unrest and sedition, the mouths of the populace were whispering tales that made the national blood burn hot against the Bourbon; he feared a riot—even it might be a rescue—if he bore this woman, to whom his superstition gave such spells, and to whom the revolutionists gave such homage, in the full noonday captive towards Naples.

An hour heavily passed by; round them the soldiers were couched, panting, in the heat, but with their look watchful as a dog's, and their cocked carbines slanted towards those they guarded. Where they had fastened her she sat with her head bowed down, and her eyes, that burned like fire under their swollen aching lids, fastened on him where he lay; he never stirred, but every now and then a great shudder shook his whole frame, though he never lifted his face from where it rested on his arms, though his limbs felt dead as with the numbness of Arctic frost. Fettered, she sat and looked on him—this man, who had thought no evil thing could ever come to him, once having gained the treasure of her love. He had lost all actual knowledge that she was near, in the exhaustion that had succeeded to the long strain on every nerve and fibre. Delirious teeming fancies swam before his brain even in that lethargy of worn-out powers; in them he had no sense of the reality of her presence beside him, but in visions he believed he beheld her, the priestess of passion and pain, the goddess of darkness and of the spells of the senses, whom no man shall worship and live.

The messenger returned. The answering command was whispered by him to his officer. There was noise and movement and haste and delay around them under the shadow of the aged silvered olive-trees. Neither knew nor heeded it. Fate had wrought its worst on them.

The soldiers brought a long low waggon, taken from a homestead some way in the interior, oxen-drawn, and commonly used to bear the load of millet-sheaves at harvest, or the piles of purple fruit at vintage-time. They half dragged, half lifted him upon the straw within it—with a kindly gentleness still, for they pitied him insomuch as he had fallen beneath her power, they honoured him insomuch as their uttermost ingenuity of torture had failed to wring from him one moan or oath; and they roughly motioned her to a place beside him, a superstitious terror of her keeping their hands from touching, and their tongues from offering her insult. She stooped over him where he lay, half senseless, on the strewn corn-stalks.

“O Heaven! how you suffer!”

The darkness of his eyes, humid and lustreless, gleamed on her a moment under his half-closed lids; he turned with restless fever on the straw.

“You think *this* pains?”

WANDERINGS THROUGH ITALY IN SEARCH OF ITS ANCIENT REMAINS.

BY CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D.

XVIII.

BEFORE I left Naples I had fixed on Gerace as the most southern point of Italy that I cared to visit, and you will please to observe that I have kept to my determination, a circumstance for which I intend, of course, to take credit. You will wonder what great attraction Gerace possessed; but this is easily accounted for, as it stands not far from the site of Locri, the most southern of the celebrated cities of Magna Græcia. I have now only to continue my course northwards along the coast for two hundred miles, and I shall visit the site of every ancient city that was famous in former times in this part of the world. I have no doubt that you imagined that I was wandering through the country without any definite object; you will now fully understand this part of my plan, and the rest I must leave to be developed by time. You will recollect that I started from Naples on Tuesday, the 29th of April, and I have reached Gerace on Sunday, the 18th of May, having not loitered much on my journey.

Casal Nuovo stands at the foot of that ridge of the Apennines which terminates near Reggio, opposite to Sicily. It rises to a considerable height, though I found that I should have no difficulty in crossing it, mounted on one of the surefooted ponies of the country. This passage of the mountains is called *Il Passo del Mercante*, and, as you will not be surprised to hear, is beset with brigands. I found that the Marquis of Gagliardi had, with a degree of kindness for which I feel deeply grateful to him, given directions to his agent that several of his tenants should be

sent, fully armed, to accompany me across this dangerous pass. I could have willingly dispensed with this attendance, and, indeed, made strong remonstrances against it; my kind host, however, pleaded so strongly his master's imperative orders that I had nothing for it but to submit, and as all with whom I have conversed declared that it would be a miracle if I escaped, I am inclined to believe that there must have been some real danger. My guard consisted of four men, of whom two were mounted on horseback and two were on foot; they were all, I could see, of very different calibre from the armed police, of whom I have spoken with such contempt. They were men of quick eye and firm purpose, on whose effective assistance I might confidently rely if any danger should present itself. They were furnished with long-barrelled rifles, and were not unprepared for a closer onset and a more deadly struggle. As for myself, my only weapon of defence, if weapon it could be called, was my dilapidated umbrella, which I fear the Italian brigand would not be inclined to consider very formidable. If we met them, however, I intended to flourish it in the way we sometimes alarm cattle; and as they are probably unacquainted with such an article, they might imagine it some deadly weapon of war, and take to flight.

As soon as we left the village our ascent of the mountain began, and continued for upwards of three hours without intermission through a thick wood. Occasionally there was an open glade, and then the eye stretched across an extensive plain to the sea, which lay unruffled in the distance, studded with small islands, among which was Stromboli, sending up without ceasing volumes of smoke. Of the island my eye could distinguish nothing; but the lofty peak with the smoke was a remarkable object, and at night my companions said the flames were distinctly visible. As we approached the top a very different scene awaited us, for we got enveloped in so thick a mist that I could have thought myself suddenly transported to my native hills; at last we reached a region where a fearful tempest of thunder and lightning was raging. The wind blew a hurricane, and rain fell in torrents. The climate had completely changed, and I had now to complain of being nearly frozen. I cared little for myself, but my papers and maps stood a great chance of being completely spoiled. I avoided this, however, by transferring them to my companions, who were all furnished with long Calabrese black cloaks, descending to their heels. We were now traversing the territory of the brigands, and though I could not be persuaded that there was the slightest danger from man amidst so fearful a manifestation of the powers of nature, my companions thought otherwise, and took those precautions which their experience of such scenes dictated. Strict silence was enjoined, though I considered this very needless, as the brigands must have had very quick ears to hear even the loudest trumpet amidst the roar of the thunder, as it ran echoing along the mountain's side. One of my guards preceded us by a few yards, and, with his finger on the trigger, kept a sharp look-out on every tree and bush which we passed, while my other companions seemed to be equally on the alert. The beech and the oak were growing in great luxuriance, and the open glades were covered with green grass, reminding me of my native hills. On the summit there was a small piece of table-land, which I was surprised to find partly cultivated, and the grain was just beginning to make its appearance above ground.

showing that the temperature of this high-lying spot must not differ much from our own more northern latitude. Here the wind blew with such terrific fury that it was dangerous to remain on horseback, and we all dismounted, prepared to throw ourselves on the ground to avoid being swept away. I thought of the havoc I had witnessed near Paola, and of the wish that had crossed my mind, that I had been present to see Nature in all her terrors, and it seemed as if I were going to be gratified more speedily than I had then imagined. Sometimes there was a pause in the storm, but we found it was only nature collecting her forces for a grander onset. The lightning was most vivid, and the peals of thunder seemed as if the heavens were rending. Virgil might have been present when he sketched his beautiful description of a thunder-storm (*Georg. i.* 328):

*Ipsæ Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextrâ; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit; fugere feræ; et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor: ille flagranti
Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Dejicit; ingeminant Austri, et densissimus imber;
Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc littora plangunt.*

The father of the gods his glory shrouds,
Involved in tempests, and a night of clouds,
And, from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry god;
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beasts in forests seek abode:
Deep horror seizes ev'ry human breast;
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd,
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows;
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shore;
And now the woods, and now the billows, roar.

I could not help thinking that this was a disagreeable introduction to *Magna Græcia*, on the frontiers of which I was now standing, and if I were inclined to be superstitious I should consider it a bad omen.

Our descent was by a far steeper path than that by which we had mounted, and it was not long before we had left the storm above us. We met a woman with a careworn countenance, and two men, who were completely enveloped in their long cloaks; but, though we stared at each other with suspicion, neither party entered into conversation. As we gradually issued from the dark clouds with which we had been surrounded, the eye rested on the wide expanse of the Ionian sea, with its whitish-blue colour, which not a breath of wind seemed to have ruffled, and on which the sun was shining brightly. We reached a small village, *Agnana*, consisting of only a few houses in the gorge of the mountains, and whose inhabitants were said to act as spies to the brigands, and to warn them if an unprotected traveller attempted to cross the mountain. Here we got some coarse bread, cheese, and execrable wine. About a mile below this village all danger was declared to be at an end, and, though we were still

many miles from Gerace, my guard thought they might return to Casal Nuovo. I wished to pay them for the trouble they had taken, but they refused to accept anything, saying that they were only too happy to be of use to any friend of the Marquis of Gagliardi; and here I took a farewell of my companions, and proceeded on my solitary way, allowing my muleteer to return, that he might have the protection of my guard in recrossing the mountains. I was not sorry to be left alone, as I felt little inclined to keep up a conversation with those with whom I had so few ideas in common. I know not whether the scenes through which I had just passed might not have imparted a feeling of melancholy to the mind, and made everything appear less joyous than it would otherwise have done, but I suffered an oppression of spirits, for which I could not account. Though the sun shone brightly, and not a drop of rain had fallen where I now stood, there was a gloom and melancholy around which pressed heavily on the spirits. The Apennines run here nearly parallel to the shore, and at the distance of about four miles from it. As far as the eye can reach, the intermediate space is intersected by numerous undulating ridges, which run down to the shore, and allow of no plain of any extent. At some distance stood the village of Gerace, on a high point, and the gloomy and dark appearance of its houses seemed well to harmonise with the deserted aspect of the surrounding country. I can scarcely tell in what this eastern side of the Apennines differed from the western, for there was loneliness in both, but it was more striking here. The sides of the hills had no marks of cultivation, and even the footpath along which I was proceeding seemed seldom to be trodden. In fact, I could have imagined myself in the midst of an uninhabited country, if I had not seen the castle of Gerace towering in the distance. After some time I reached Gerace, and inquired for the Sotto-Intendente, to whose care I was recommended by my kind friend the Marquis of Gagliardi. A respectable house was pointed out as his residence, and on entering it I was introduced to an old gentleman of a mild and benevolent countenance, who received me in the kindest manner. I dare say that I was a spectacle well suited to call forth a feeling of compassion, as I had been thoroughly drenched on the mountains, and I must have looked jaded and worn out. His excellency's clothes were scarcely suited to my spare figure, but I was glad of any change, however ridiculous might be my appearance.

I am now at last in that part of Italy which I have long wished to visit. It has been sometimes asked why it should have been called *Magna Græcia*, and various ingenious reasons have been suggested, but the one which is most obvious is probably nearest to the truth—that it was from the importance and power of the Greek colonies, which had at a very early period extended over the whole of this part of the country. The name, indeed, does not seem to have had any very definite application, including sometimes even the island of Sicily, yet it was more usual to restrict it to the portion of Italy lying between Locri and Tarentum. It thus contained eight republics, which were generally independent of each other—Locri, Caulonia, Scyllacium, Croton, Sybaris, Heracleia, Metapontum, and Tarentum. Many other smaller cities might be enumerated, which were included under the appellation of *Magna Græcia*; these, however, were the most important. The shore, of which they had taken possession, was

well provided with spacious bays and gulfs, its fertile plains were watered by numerous streams, and its climate could not be excelled. Everything, therefore, concurred to raise it to as high a degree of perfection as nature could possibly reach without the assistance of art. The activity and industry of man exerted on such a country produced the results that might naturally be expected. Abundance of everything that could gratify the desire was the reward of his industry, and if the same exertions were now made, Nature would pour forth her riches with a not less niggardly hand. The secret spring, however, that called forth these exertions is now wanting. Liberty and independence have left those shores, and I am told that I shall find the whole little else than a barren desert.

Of the Greek cities in this part of Italy, the oldest was Locri, the ruins of which are found at no great distance from Gerace. It is said that it was founded principally by a colony of slaves, who, during the absence of their masters, had carried off their wives. Whatever may be the truth of this tradition, its citizens became in later times famed for their riches and importance, which they owed in a great measure to the wisdom of their code of laws conferred on them by Zaleucus. Their prosperity was injured by what at first appeared calculated to promote their interests. They became intimately connected with Dionysius the elder, who married the daughter of one of its principal citizens, and in consequence of this alliance the city fell into the hands of his son Dionysius, who tyrannised over it in a manner that can scarcely be credited. From that time the prosperity of the city gradually declined, and after it became part of the Roman Empire, it sank into insignificance.

Such was the city the site of which I proceeded, in company with a friend of my host, this morning to visit, and found it to be upwards of four miles distant from Gerace, close to the shore. Its ancient walls can be traced nearly round its whole circumference. A portion of them to the south are in a tolerable state of preservation, and show that they were constructed of large blocks of calcareous limestone, in which the country around abounds. For half a mile on the side next the sea the remains of the wall are visible, so that the sea seems to have undergone no change in this part of the coast for the last two thousand years. The site of the city occupied a space of ground about two miles in length by less than a mile in breadth, extending from the sea-coast, at what is called Torre di Gerace, to the rising ground leading to the Apennines. From the slopes of these hills the city extended towards the sea, and had its harbour, if harbour it can be called, at the mouth of the little river St. Ilario. A French nobleman, the Duc de Luynes, was here a few days ago, and caused the foundation of a building of considerable size to be excavated. The basement is constructed of massive blocks of limestone, placed over each other without mortar, and close by are scattered pieces of immense columns of the same material, which had no doubt decorated the building. It is situated outside the walls, on the brow of a hill of no great height, yet so as to overlook any building lying between it and the sea. All the intervening space is covered with fragments of ancient buildings, of which only one at the north-east corner would appear, from the immense blocks of stone for its foundation, to have been of considerable size. I examined with care every spot close to the shore for the site of the

Temple of Proserpine, which Strabo mentions as the richest and most magnificent that Italy possessed, but not a vestige of it can be seen, if it is necessary to suppose that it was close to the shore. We know that it suffered severely from Pyrrhus, but we can scarcely imagine that its foundations should not still exist. It may possibly be the building which I have just mentioned as having fragments of pillars lying around. There is a hill called Esopis, mentioned by ancient geographers, on which the citadel of Locri was situated. I vainly tried to determine which of several ridges ought to be considered the spot where it stood. There is no hill of a very decided character, though several ridges run down to within a quarter of a mile of the sea. There are three small hills, on one or other of which may have been the fortress; three ruined forts are now seen on them, called Castellaccio, Mantelle, and Sietta. Some have thought that Gerace was the ancient Esopis: this is impossible, as it is at least four miles from the site of these ruins; and, besides, no ancient remains have been discovered in its immediate vicinity. There are, indeed, a few ancient marble pillars in the cathedral and a single inscription; these, however, could easily have been transported from the shore, and we know that this has been often done elsewhere. I have not the slightest doubt that Locri was situated on this site, and did not include Gerace, which had its origin in the middle ages, when the inhabitants took up their residence at some distance from the sea, that they might be in some degree beyond the reach of piratical corsairs. As I was not pressed for time, I wandered away towards the mountains, and stumbled on what must have been the remains of an aqueduct, which had to penetrate through a rock for a considerable distance. Along this shore, in the summer season, water must have been brought from the hills to supply such a population as Locri contained.

Having satisfied my curiosity respecting the ruins of Locri, I proceeded on my return to Gerace, passing through a grove of olive-trees and a vineyard, where that peculiar species of vine, from which the *Vino Greco* is procured, was trained to a trellis-work five or six feet in height. In the vicinity of Naples the vines are trained from tree to tree; it is seldom the case here. We passed also a few mulberry-trees, which supply food for the silkworm, and I find that the manufacture of silk is pursued with considerable success. I expressed a wish to see their cocoons (*bacche di seta*), but I observed from their answer that they were averse to the proposal, and I afterwards found the cause of the refusal to be not particularly flattering to me. They are afraid to expose the silkworm to the gaze of a stranger lest an ill-omened look should destroy them. I am thus subject to the imputation of a *Jettatore*, of whom I have already spoken. They have, however, a mode of neutralising the effect of the evil eye by making use of incense, together with palms that have been blessed on Easter Sunday; olives, too, that have been blessed have the same effect, if they are burned in the room where a *Jettatore* has been. This superstition respecting the evil eye is found everywhere throughout Italy, and seems to be applicable to everything. Sannazaro, who was born A.D. 1458, says, in his sixth eclogue:

L'invidia, figliulo mio, se stessa macera,
E si dilegua come Agnel per fascino.

"Envy, my son, wears herself away, and droops like a lamb under the influence of the evil eye."

This, as you are aware, is merely a continuation of a Roman superstition, as they, too, had evidently some dread of an evil eye. Thus Virgil (*Eclog.* iii. 103) says:

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.

"I know not what evil eye it is that is casting its envious glance over my tender lambs."

This idea of the palm averting the danger is also handed down from the ancients. Pliny (*xiii.* 9, 2), speaking of the dwarf-palm (*chamærepes*), which he says grows in great quantities in Sicily, and which is still to be found in this southern part of Italy, states that the "hard interior of the fruit, when polished by the elephant's tooth" (*dente politum*), has a good effect against the evil eye (*contra fascinantes*).

I told you that spitting in the direction of the person supposed to possess this power was a mode of averting the danger. Pliny (*xxviii.* 7, 1) says the same thing: *Simili modo et fascinationes repercutimus*.—"In the same way, *i.e.* by spitting, we hurl back on the individual the effects of his evil eye."

I was curious to see the contents of the little purse made by the Capuchins, and suspended round the necks of the children, but I found the matter was regarded in too serious a light by mothers to venture on such an examination. It might have cost me dear, as the Italians are of a revengeful nature. It would have been strange if they had been found to contain a representation of the membrane virile, which we know was suspended round the necks of the Roman children. Varro (*de L. L.* vi.) says: *Pueris turpicula res in collo quædam suspenditur, ne quid obsit, bonæ scævæ causâ*. There was lately found at Pompeii, over the mouth of a baker's oven, a stone priapus with this inscription: *Hic habitat felicitas*.—"Here dwells good luck."

In this province there are seventy-two cultivators of the silkworm, but the only silk manufactory on a large scale that I can hear of is at San Leucio, near Naples. It is supported by government, who supply it with children from the poorhouse, called *Alberzo de' Poveri*, paying at the same time fourpence a day for every child thus employed. In the plains of Sorento I found, on inquiry, that there were nearly three hundred persons employed in the manufacture of silk stockings, but they could not compete in colour or fineness with the workmanship of France or England; in strength of material they were far superior. In Penne, a city of the Abruzzi, the nuns of S. Chiara are celebrated for their silk embroidery; and in Teramo there is a manufactory of some importance.

In respect to linen they have made but little progress, if I may judge from the tablecloths and sheets which I have had an opportunity of examining. They are generally coarse and ill bleached. The village of La Cava, near Salerno, has been most successful in its manufacture of linen, and employs about fourteen hundred and sixteen individuals.

I had often heard it positively asserted by some of my learned Neapolitan friends that there were several villages in the remote parts of Calabria whose inhabitants had preserved the ancient Greek language, without much change, from the period when the whole of this coast was

colonised by the Greeks. Bova, about twenty miles to the south of Gerace, was said to be one of them; and you will not be surprised that I was anxious to solve the problem, when it was so nearly within my reach. I had determined to visit it, if I could receive no satisfactory information at Gerace. I made my intention known to my host, when he stated that there were two muleteers from Bova in Gerace at that moment, and he immediately gave directions that they should wait upon me. I have been studying Romaic for the last six months, under one of the few Greeks who survived the fatal siege of Missalonghi, and it occurred to me that they might understand this modernised Greek. They had no difficulty in conversing, though my pronunciation sounded somewhat strange in their ears. In respect to their origin, they understood that they had come from beyond seas a few centuries ago, and I have no doubt that it was a colony of Greeks, that had emigrated from the Morea at the same time that the Albanians came over. Their language appeared, with some slight variations, to be much the same as that now spoken in the Morea. I have thus been saved a journey of forty miles, and however insignificant this may appear to you in your temperate climate, I can assure you that it is a matter of great joy to me.

I give you a few words collected from the muleteers of Bova, which, if you knew Romaic, would satisfy you that I am correct in my belief: *Ψωμί*, bread, *τυρί*, cheese, *κρασί*, wine, *γυνῆκα*, woman, *ἄνδραν*, man, *βοδί*, ox, *ἄλογο*, horse, *πρόβατα*, sheep, *βοσαλί*, cow, *ψικάνια*, shirt, *χοιραδί*, sow, *πούδα*, hen. The words for cow, shirt, and hen seem peculiar, as I do not know them in Romaic.

On my return from the ruins of Locri I visited the cathedral of Gerace, which I found to have suffered severely from the earthquake of 1783, being rendered useless for public worship. The ancient columns of which I spoke, as probably brought from the Temple of Proserpine on the shore, are of white marble, fluted, with the exception of three, which are verd antique, coarse red limestone, and granite. The capitals are of inferior workmanship, and can scarcely be supposed to have originally surmounted them. The great altar remains untouched, but it is in the crypt that divine service is now celebrated.

In the cathedral the inscription to which I alluded was built into the wall, and was to the following effect:

IOVI OPTI
MO MAXIMO
DIIS DEABUS
QVE IMMOR
TALIBVS ET
ROMAE
AETERNAE
LOCRENSES.

THE FATE OF LADY GRACE.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUTH AND EDUCATION OF LADY GRACE.

SELDOM has a more brilliant and beautiful young creature shone for a few brief seasons at Almack's and other fashionable ball-rooms in London, at the opera, at picture-galleries, at botanical fêtes, at breakfasts and archery meetings, or wherever the élite of the upper ten thousand congregate, than Lady Grace, after she appeared as the bride of Sir Gregory Grace, Bart., and M.P. for Itchingpalm.

She was the daughter of a military officer, who, having been constantly on foreign service, had been able to pay very little attention to his children. Her mother, too, though remarkable for her beauty, had very few other qualities to recommend her. She died early, but she lived long enough to tinge her child's mind with most of her own foolish notions, and then left her to all the snares and temptations of the world without the problematical advantage of the protection and advice which even a silly mother, not actually bad, might have afforded. On her death, her young daughter, Eva, was sent to a boarding-school selected at random by those who acted as the guardians of his children in the absence of Major Bertram, while his three boys were left at their respective schools to sink or swim as best they could. An occasional letter from their father, who had seen very little of either his daughter or his boys, and knew nothing of their characters, being the only thing which reminded them that they had any relatives in the world to whom their fate was matter of interest. Mrs. Monsoon, the mistress of the boarding-school at which Eva was placed, was a thoroughly worldly woman, with just principle and sense enough to make her pay her debts and to take care that her elder pupils did not get into actual mischief, but utterly indifferent as to training them for their future struggle in life, while it never occurred to her that she should even hint that during that life they must make preparation for eternity. She saw that Eva, if properly brought out, with her extraordinary beauty, would create a sensation in the fashionable world, and might make a first-rate match, and might probably materially assist in spreading the fame of her school and increasing the number of her pupils. She therefore, for the sake of winning her affection, indulged and petted her in every way, and took especial pains to have her taught the various accomplishments which are supposed to tell most in the world. As her pupil grew a little older, the sagacious lady endeavoured to impress two things on her mind—the first, that her highest virtue would be to show her gratitude for all the acts of kindness she was receiving; and the next was, that unless she was content to throw away the numerous advantages she possessed in her accomplishments and her beauty, she must employ them to secure a wealthy match.

Eva knew and cared very little about money, except that she thought it would be pleasant to have a good supply in her pocket, as many of her

companions had, and therefore, of course, that it would be still more agreeable to have a husband whose chief duty and pleasure it would be to give her as much as she should require. Many of the other girls talked to her on the subject of love, and told her of certain gentlemen who admired them, and of those they thought they should like; but she had never troubled her head much about the matter. Eva's time was to come, however. The girls who learned drawing—Eva was one of them—had gone out one day with their master to sketch from nature, and were seated in a row, he going from one to the other and looking over them, now and then taking a book and giving a touch, now making a suggestion, when a remarkably good-looking young gentleman stood before them with a pleased expression of countenance, as if he expected to be placed as one of the figures in the foreground. The instant he was seen, Fanny Merrivale, one of Eva's companions, started up, and, running towards him, threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"My dear Arthur, where have you dropped from?" she exclaimed, looking affectionately in his face, and utterly regardless of the presence of her schoolfellows or their master.

"Not from the clouds, but from Oxford," he answered. "I came down here with my college friend Willoughby yesterday evening to spend a few days, and, hearing that you were out sketching, I came to look for you, my little sister. There you have my history. The Willoughbys hope that you will come and spend the evening with them, if Mrs. Monsoon will let you; and, as it is a rule of the school that two girls should go out together, that you will bring a companion. I say, Fan, do ask that lovely creature sitting next to you; I was watching her before you saw me—never beheld any girl so near perfection."

Of course all that Arthur Merrivale had said was duly reported to Eva, and, by Fanny's influence, she was permitted to accept the Willoughbys' invitation. They were among the most aristocratic people in the neighbourhood of Itchingpalm, and Mrs. Monsoon was pleased that any of her girls should go to their house. She hoped that she might captivate young Willoughby, who was heir to a title and a large landed estate. She might do better, certainly; but, at the same time, it was not a match to be neglected. Mrs. Monsoon also thought that she herself might probably be invited to the Park—she had never yet been there—she should then certainly secure the patronage of the family; it would be a great thing for her—a very important thing. Eva was therefore permitted to accompany Fanny to the Park as often as the Willoughbys chose to invite her. What might have occurred it is impossible to say; but Frank Willoughby's affections were already set on Fanny Merrivale, so that Arthur had a fair field with Eva Bertram. He made good use of his opportunities, and believed that he had secured a place in her heart. He was young, good-looking, agreeable, ardent, and sincere, honourable and right-minded in all respects. To him she appeared in everything perfect, exquisitely beautiful, sweet-tempered, and amiable. She intuitively avoided discussing matters of high importance; had she done so, she would immediately have got out of her depth. Could it be possible, he would

have asked, that so charming a creature can be otherwise than well principled and virtuously disposed?—he would scarcely have hesitated, in his deep admiration, to have added, pure and holy in all things.

The young people had a delightful time at Stanfield Park. Arthur gladly prolonged his stay at his friend's request, and the two young ladies were invited to spend a week at the Park.

The holidays were near, and, under most circumstances, they would have had plenty to do at school; but Mrs. Monsoon could not bring herself to refuse so advantageous a proposal. While they were at Stanfield a fever broke out in their school. It was arranged that Fanny should not return, and Eva was invited to accompany her friend to the Merrivales' place in the north. Mrs. Monsoon was delighted to hear that Frank Willoughby had followed them there, not being aware that he was now formally engaged to Fanny Merrivale. Arthur before long declared his devoted love to Eva, and she confessed that she loved him in return. But now arose a difficulty neither had thought about. He was a third son, with a very limited income, purposing to be called to the Bar. He was full of high hopes and aspirations, and felt sure that he should before long secure for her that income which she had a right to expect. She had nothing. She was, however, ready to marry him; she was getting tired of being at school, especially now Fanny had left, and she for the time had forgotten all Mrs. Monsoon's instructions. It might have been happier for her had she never returned under that lady's maternal wing. Surely a young devoted husband would have shielded her from the fearful dangers with which she was doomed to struggle.

Eva and Arthur were awoke from their young life's dream of happiness by a letter from Mrs. Monsoon summoning her pupil back. She had got an inkling of what was taking place. "Impertinent, audacious young fellow!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "He will make a fool of that girl, and upset all my plans. If I had thought such a poverty-stricken lad as he is would have made up to her, I would never have let her go from under my charge. However, I must take strong measures to remedy the evil."

"And must you go, dearest?" exclaimed Arthur. "My father is kindness itself; he would be delighted to have you here till you can hear from Major Bertram, and he is so delighted with you, that he tells me he will give me all he can to enable me to marry at once, and that we may live with him as much as we can manage to do."

"Oh, how good and kind!" answered Eva. "But Mrs. Monsoon says that I must come, that my father wishes it, and that he would be very angry if I refused to return under her roof. She is a very kind person, you know, and has always treated me so affectionately. What ought I to do?"

"Write again, and urge her to let you stay," said Arthur.

Eva wrote, but a more peremptory summons was the answer. With a heart foreboding evil, Arthur saw her depart for Mrs. Monsoon's establishment for young ladies. Fanny had let him into some of the secrets of the prison-house.

CHAPTER II.

HOW LADY GRACE WAS WOODED AND WON.

NOTHING could be more kind and maternal than the greeting which Mrs. Monsoon gave to Eva on her return. She inquired affectionately after her dear Fanny, and the excellent old Mr. Merrivale and his fine young sons. It was a pity they were so poor, though the eldest son would have a tolerable fortune. However, if they got economical hard-working wives who knew how to manage a house on two hundred a year, they would do very well. She soon, however, dropped the subject.

"You know, my dear Eva," she continued, "I do not expect you to come back into the schoolroom. You shall be your own mistress as far as lessons are concerned, and you can practise when and as much as you like. I wish you also to enjoy as much society as we can obtain for you. It is desirable that you should go out. The new member will be coming down soon, and people will be entertaining him. He is uncle to little Clare St. Clare, and we intend to ask him ourselves. Indeed, dearest, for your sake we intended to see more of our friends than we have done hitherto."

Mrs. Monsoon had a half-sister, Miss Mott, who ostensibly assisted her on equal terms in the management of the school, and who was always the "we;" but she had no share, no salary, and no voice in the arrangements of the establishment. Mrs. Monsoon was looked upon as a very fashionable person in Itchingpalm itself, whatever the neighbouring gentry might have considered her. She had now the honour of being the first person in the town to entertain the new member at an evening party.

For the sake of their own young ladies and a few others of the élite of the society of Itchingpalm whom they had invited, they made arrangements for dancing. Sir Gregory was a bachelor—a gay bachelor, it was said, and matrimonially disposed. He was very rich, and, it was supposed, had spent some five or six thousand pounds at least in securing the honour of representing the electors of Itchingpalm in parliament. Eva had heard so much about Sir Gregory Grace that she was very curious to see him.

The important evening arrived, and the expected guests came walking and driving up to Mrs. Monsoon's door. A louder knock than ordinary was heard. Mrs. Monsoon bustled across the drawing-room to the door, and a tallish, stout, florid-faced man, with a genial smile and a somewhat pompous manner, appeared. He was warmly greeted by Mrs. Monsoon and many of her guests. He had not been three minutes in the room before his eye fell on Eva. He was struck by her beauty, and desired to be introduced. From the first he paid her the most devoted attention, and thanked Mrs. Monsoon over and over again for introducing him to so beautiful a young creature. What girl under nineteen would not have been flattered by the attentions of so important a person, whom she saw everybody around treating with the most deferential respect? He was good natured and lively, and not bad looking for a man of his age and figure. Mrs.

Monsoon thought him really handsome. Altogether, the evening promised to be a successful one. Mrs. Monsoon was too overwhelmed with pleasure when Sir Gregory begged leave to call the next morning, as he had a trifle or two which he wished to offer her. After he had gone, before Eva retired to rest, Mrs. Monsoon took care to enlarge on Sir Gregory's good qualities, his wealth, his magnificent establishments in the country and in town.

"A happy woman who wins him, but I should say that he is not so easily won," she remarked.

The next morning Sir Gregory arrived. He brought a handsome ornament for Mrs. Monsoon's table, and whispered that he hoped to get her three or four more pupils before long. It was rather too early to begin presenting jewels, but he exhibited some beautiful prints which he begged Miss Bertram to accept, as he thought, from her evident taste, she would value such things. Mrs. Monsoon got Eva next to play and sing. Sir Gregory was enchanted. He came again in the evening. Mrs. Monsoon had asked a few select friends to meet him. They looked upon it as a great honour; he, however, had eyes and ears only for Eva; he could not listen even with patience to others unless they sang her praises.

Among Mrs. Monsoon's chief guests was Miss Blossom, known commonly as 'Tilda Blossom. She would like to have had the baronet for herself, but, as that was evidently out of the question, she was happy to serve her friend Mrs. Monsoon by forwarding his suit with Eva. 'Tilda was in more ways than one a very useful friend to Mrs. Monsoon. She did a good deal in the way of looking for pupils for her, was generally her referee, and was always ready to declare that it would be impossible to find a more eligible establishment for young ladies within the confines of the realm. 'Tilda Blossom accordingly whispered many sweet things into the baronet's ears in favour of Eva, and heard her praises in return. These she duly reported to Eva. She listened, pleased, flattered. It was indeed an honour to be taken notice of by so important a person. Arthur had been kind and gentle and affectionate, but he had never flattered her—never made her presents of value. He had talked of love in a cottage, and she had thought it would be very delightful. Sir Gregory treated her with the utmost deference, complimented her, flattered her, made her magnificent presents, and had a handsome house in town and a fine place in the country. When, therefore, after a high-pressure courtship of three weeks, he proposed, Mrs. Monsoon and 'Tilda Blossom had little difficulty in persuading Eva to whistle Arthur Merrivale down the winds and to accept the wealthy baronet. No time was lost in making preparations for the wedding. Mrs. Monsoon took upon herself to say that she was sure Major Bertram would approve of it—indeed, that he had told her he should not object to his daughter marrying any one whom she considered eligible; "In fact," she observed, drawing herself up, "the parents of my pupils place the most unbounded confidence in my judgment and discretion."

Eva wrote to Fanny Merrivale to tell her of her intended marriage; she could not bring herself to write to Arthur. She made the best excuses in her power for her conduct. She was certain that her

father would never allow her to marry him, that Mrs. Monsoon wouldn't hear of it, and that she should never make a good poor man's wife—she had no art for saving or managing. She never said a truer thing of herself.

Arthur bore the announcement that he was jilted like a true honest man. The character of his love changed. She was not to be his. He would do her all the service in his power—protect her, support her, if need be—and he would go on loving her still. Not a harsh word escaped his lips, not an angry feeling rose in his heart, though he had many sad and bitter ones. From his sister he had gained a tolerable insight into Mrs. Monsoon's character.

"She has been deceived, tempted by that woman—made to fall down and worship at the shrine of Mammon, as her mistress does. Can I yet rescue her? Is she irretrievably lost to me? I will consult Fanny."

Fanny said she would write, and employ all the arguments he might have to offer. She did so, and Eva replied that she had given the matter due consideration; that to act as Arthur proposed would be folly; that people could not live on love and bread-and-butter, and that she had finally rejected him and accepted her wealthy suitor, to whom, at his earnest solicitation, she was to be married in a few days.

"Indeed that letter for ever shuts out hope!" exclaimed poor Arthur, bitterly.

Eva's marriage created as great a sensation as Mrs. Monsoon could possibly manage to produce. She got as much said also as she could in her own praise, and took care that the provincial papers should remark that Miss Bertram was not the only young lady who was making a wealthy match from her establishment—that another was about to be led to the hymeneal altar by the son of one of the largest landed proprietors in the neighbourhood.

Eva, if not happy, was in a flutter of excitement. She had six of the prettiest girls to be found as bridesmaids—three of her own schoolfellows, and three friends of Mrs. Monsoon's, who supplied them with dresses, for which Sir Gregory paid her. The church was highly decorated, and the service choral as it could be made. Mrs. Monsoon patronised the high-ritual style of worship prevalent in Itchingpalm. She said that she considered it not only more fashionable, but more exciting and more suited to people of refinement and sensibility like herself.

Some of the parents rather objected to Mrs. Monsoon's proclivities, but others either thought it all right, or thought it couldn't do much harm if it interested the girls and made them more willing to go to church.

The Reverend Finnikin Fadstool, who acted as father-confessor to Mrs. Monsoon and her young ladies, and was a very frequent visitor at the establishment, performed the ceremony. Alas, poor Eva! No father was present to give her away with an earnest prayer and a blessing, no mother who could afford her advice and counsel, and on whose bosom she could rest her head and weep, had she felt inclined. Her throat was dry, her heart was beating strangely, her eyes were



brilliant, a rich colour was on her cheeks, not a tear escaped her, not a sigh. She had sold herself—she knew that; she braced herself up to go through the work before her with all the composure she could. Her father's man of business had come down to see about the settlements. Two thousand a year had been settled on her; she had reason to be content. The man of business gave her away in a business-like manner. The Reverend Finnikin Fadstool had some conversation with Sir Gregory after the ceremony, and urged on him the importance of allowing her ladyship to follow the style of worship to which she had been accustomed.

"Of course, my dear sir—of course. I don't understand these matters, but Lady Grace is certainly at liberty to do just as she likes."

The carriage drove off amidst admiring crowds, none of the usual ceremonies to ensure a happy marriage being omitted.

CHAPTER III.

THE FASHIONABLE CAREER OF LADY GRACE.

FEW persons have created a greater sensation in the fashionable world of London than did Lady Grace when she first appeared after her marriage, on her return from a rapid tour through France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. Sir Gregory believed himself to be far too much engaged in parliamentary matters to spare a longer time out of England. They remained long enough, however, at several places to make numerous acquaintances, both English and foreign. Everybody was eager to know them. Sir Gregory's wealth and his wife's beauty were sure to attract observation. He wished to be popular, and courted observation and acquaintanceship, and he was vain of his young wife's beauty, and lost no opportunity of exhibiting it. He also had the habit, without consideration, of inviting people to his house, telling them he should be very happy to see them. He had thus issued several curious invitations before Lady Grace found out what he was about, and begged him to consider her before he again asked strangers, who might prove very disagreeable on further acquaintance.

When, early in the spring, the wealthy baronet and his bride came to their town house, they already had a considerable number of acquaintances, which rapidly increased. Among them was the fair Countess of Billicoo, who, though no longer young, retained many personal attractions, and in spite of certain malicious whispers, which added another epithet to her name, she managed still to keep up a very extensive acquaintance among ladies of fashion. Sir Gregory was anxious, as soon as possible, to open his house, and, with the aid of the countess, Lady Grace was able to issue invitations sufficient to fill her rooms to overflowing. Lady Grace had a pleasant, unaffected manner, and at once became, in consequence, immensely popular with the gentlemen portion of his guests. The countess expressed her readiness to do anything and everything for her. Among other things, she secured her a first-rate box at the Opera,

and was always happy to accompany her there, or to the theatre, or to any public place of amusement. The countess's charms were tolerably full blown, and the slight, delicate, refined-looking girl, such as was Eva, very naturally was supposed, by strangers, to be her daughter. Sir Gregory occasionally appeared at these places with his wife, but generally his parliamentary duties kept him fully occupied elsewhere. He did not altogether like the countess, but still she was a countess, and he was flattered by her attention to his wife, and by the compliments she paid him whenever she had an opportunity of being in his company. She thought him a fool and an intolerable bore, but she soon saw how to manage him, and took full advantage of her discovery.

Eva had heard of Fanny's marriage, and had written to her, but received no answer. Fanny could not overlook the way she had treated her brother, and though intending to reply, put off writing from not knowing exactly what to say. Her husband suddenly brought her up to London, where, having many friends and acquaintance, they very constantly, for some weeks, mixed in society; in other words, went to a number of dinner-parties, soirées, balls, and concerts. Fanny thought that it would do Arthur good if he would come up and join them.

Almack's is no longer what it was once supposed to be—the concentrated essence of the *crème de la crème*. Still it is the ambition of aspirants for fashionable fame to be seen at it. Lady Grace had not been there. The countess made some little difficulty, but procured her tickets. Lady Grace was fond of dancing. Of course, she had no want of partners. She was standing up for a quadrille, when she found herself face to face with Arthur Merrivale. In spite of her resolution she felt her hand tremble as she touched his; she bowed and smiled sweetly. A stranger would have thought that they were ordinary acquaintances.

"What shall I do?" thought Arthur. "Shall I speak to her? Yes; of course it must be done, and the sooner the better."

He came up as soon as he had seated his partner. She put out her hand. They were soon engaged in conversation. She told him how glad she was to see him, hoped that he would leave his card and come to her next party, and inquired after Fanny. She was in the room, and soon came up. They met as old friends. No stranger would have guessed what was passing in their hearts. They were all going out of town again directly, so could not accept her pressing invitations. Arthur had to leave her, as he was engaged for the next dance. Eva sat by herself for a few moments, silent and more thoughtful than was her wont, with a pang at her heart. "No; I do not believe he ever did love me," she said to herself. "He would not be so cool and composed. Love, it's nonsense! I do not believe such a thing exists now-a-days."

The countess had been watching her, and now brought up a gentleman, whom she introduced as Count Faucher. He was handsome, aristocratic, and of polished manners. He requested, in excellent English, the honour of dancing the next waltz with her. She had never waltzed with any one who danced so well. He was excessively agreeable. He smiled, and told her that they had met be-



fore at Florence, and that Sir Gregory had given him an invitation to the house. Lady Grace hoped that he would avail himself of it. She soon forgot Arthur Merrivale and her humdrum old friend in listening to his agreeable conversation. The next night he was at the Opera, in the stalls below her box. His glass was frequently turned towards her, so were those of many other men. She had got accustomed to the thing. Sir Gregory, who had accompanied her, had to go to the House of Commons. As soon as the baronet had taken his departure, the count appeared humbly at the box to inquire how Lady Grace was. Lady Billicoo begged him to come in. Nothing could exceed the respect with which he treated the countess, while to Lady Grace he was all gentleness and attention—so lively and so agreeable. She could scarcely believe that he was the man who had fought three or four duels, and killed one if not two of his antagonists; yet such he was reported to have done. Fame reported, so said Lady Billicoo, that one of his duels was in consequence of his having run off with another man's wife.

"If he did, I dare say the lady was to blame," observed the countess. "He is such a nice, agreeable man; besides, you know, my dear, men will do those sort of things sometimes, and we shouldn't be too harsh on them. It's generally when there are dull, stupid, or bad-tempered husbands in the case."

These remarks were made some days before. Eva would have done well to have taken a hint from them; but she did not. The count sat for the remainder of the evening in Lady Grace's box. He had been a great deal in England. Knew everybody, and went everywhere. He had anecdotes about all the people present, singers and dancers included. He had something to say, too, about everything going forward in the great world; and though his remarks were often sarcastic, they made the ladies laugh. The countess had invited Lady Grace to stop at her house to take supper on her way home. She begged that Count Faucher would come also. Sir Gregory had been asked, so Lady Billicoo said, but he did not come, and knew nothing of the matter. The repast was refined. Several very agreeable people were present. Lady Grace enjoyed it exceedingly. Her own parties of the sort, when Sir Gregory presided, though grand, were dull in the extreme. Lady Billicoo requested the count to see Lady Grace to her carriage. It was raining. The count's cabriolet had not arrived. He was afraid there was some mistake, and was anxious to get home. Lady Grace offered to drop him at his lodgings. How respectfully he behaved; how overwhelmed with gratitude he appeared at her condescension! It was a pleasure to be of use to a person who received a kindness so gratefully. She might at any time take him again, if he wished it. She felt sure of that.

Her own ball took place the following evening. It was a very brilliant affair—more crowded than she had expected. She had no reason to complain of that. Arthur Merrivale kept to his resolution and came to it. He was, however, very grave and cold, she thought. Thoroughly unlike the count. He asked her, too, some very extraordinary questions—talked about the vanity of earthly wealth—the

folly of trusting to riches—warned her against the snares of the world, of those especially which surrounded her—entreated her to be careful as to the character of those she admitted as intimates—more than hinted that it would be better if the count was not to be seen at her house. He had to leave town the following day; might not meet her again; owned that the time and place were not fitting for a lecture, but felt compelled to speak as he had done. She at last was annoyed with him, the more so that she felt he was speaking the truth—was glad that he was going. At the best of times he was not half as pleasant as Count Faucher, whom he was so disposed to run down. She was relieved when Arthur took his departure. The count was soon by her side. He soon drove away all thoughts of her former lover. She, however, felt very tired and glad when the rooms began visibly to thin. The count stayed to the last. Sir Gregory had gone to the House; there was a late sitting, and he did not again appear. She said that she should not go out all the next day. The count undertook to bring her some books—the last batch of sensational novels. She had no taste for anything else. She devoured two or three volumes during the day, and took a turn round the Park to recruit for dinner. Some political friends of Sir Gregory's were the principal guests; the count had been invited; Lady Billicoo and two other ladies dined, and a few others came in the evening. They all, however, went on to other parties. The count left the table early. Sir Gregory and his friends sat on and talked politics. The count had begun to touch on another subject to Lady Grace. He was cautious, however, not to alarm her. He did not know what might be her prejudices against listening to that style of conversation. He took care to say nothing that would not bear a double meaning. He would wait patiently till the doses of sensational English novels and ordinary French ones he was administering, and dissipation and weariness, had produced their effect.

Lady Grace had not a vacant day in the week, before the season was half over. She went everywhere, because she did not know what parties to refuse. Balls and dinners, and so-called breakfasts and concerts, and garden fêtes, and returning visits, with the Opera on Saturday, fully occupied every moment of her time. By the time Sunday came round she felt that she greatly needed rest. Still, she had always been accustomed to go to church. She had a sort of fear that things wouldn't fall out right well with her if she didn't go. Besides, it was fashionable to go to church, provided it was of the right sort. Lady Billicoo had, as soon as she came to London, invited her to go to St. Ninan's, the church she patronised.

It was so delightful, she said. The church was so beautifully ornamented, and the music so fine, and the priests so exquisitely dressed, and most of them such good-looking young men. Then they had banners of satin and silk. Lady Billicoo had worked a banner herself, all so superbly adorned with gold and silver, and they had jewelled crosses and vases full of the rarest flowers. "Do you know, my dear Lady Grace, that I sat up one whole night with a dozen girls of my acquaintance preparing wreaths and ornaments to

deck our church for a festival the next morning. We had great fun. One of the party read to us occasionally choice pieces out of the last novel, 'Husbands and Lovers; or, Which will she Choose;' very exciting—two elopements, a duel, and a suicide. Dear Mr. Mickle-brain, our priest, and two of his deacons looked in occasionally to see how we were getting on, as they went from house to house in the parish. I confess to him, do you know? I don't mind it, because he does not inflict very severe penance. I knew something about him when he was a very young man, and he can't say much to me. I would advise you to confess to him. He is very lenient, I assure you."

Of course, after receiving so attractive an account of St. Ninan's, Eva went there every Sunday, and if it did not fully answer her expectations, it was, at all events, amusing and exciting, as there was frequently some novelty introduced in the way of vestments or decorations as the system was developed. The count went frequently. He said that it suited his taste, though not equal in magnificence to the shows and ceremonies which his own church could produce.

Thus passed Lady Grace's first season in London. Towards the end of it she felt a weariness for which she could not account. Of Sir Gregory she saw but little, and every day he seemed to become more and more absorbed in politics. This, however, concerned her but little. She had never felt a sensation of love for him. She now cared nothing for him. She had to confess the fact to herself. As balls and routs became less frequent, she spent many of her evenings with her friend Lady Billicoo. Cards were introduced. Eva had learned games at Mrs. Monsoon's, and how to hold the cards gracefully. She now found an excitement in playing which had hitherto been a stranger to her. Rich wines were frequently handed round. She often drank more than she was aware of. The count, of course, was there generally. Had it not been for him, she would have lost even more largely than she did. As it was, somehow or other most of what her guests lost went into Lady Billicoo's pockets.

Lady Grace went to Scarborough, after the parliamentary session was over, with Sir Gregory. The count appeared for a short time; long enough, however, to obtain an invitation from Sir Gregory to form one of his guests at his country-house during the winter. The count was grateful—would take advantage of it if he could, but his friends were so kind, he scarcely knew how to divide his time among them all. He might be able to spend a few days. He came, however, and instead of days stayed weeks. For a considerable portion of the time Sir Gregory was absent, called away on business.

Lady Grace went up to London for another season. It was spent much as the last had been, but with still more dissipation and excitement.

Arthur Merrivale came up for a short time, and called and went to several of her parties, and met her out frequently. He was pained with what he saw. Twice he saw her at suppers, when he almost felt inclined to warn her, as he observed the quantity of champagne she swallowed. Once he caught a glimpse of her at the card-table. He could scarcely believe that she was the Eva Bertram he once knew and loved. Ay! and still loved so deeply.

Arthur Merrivale's health was said to be failing. He was advised to travel. He took his way across the broad Atlantic to visit Canada and the United States.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FALL OF LADY GRACE.

THE fashionable newspapers announced one morning to the fashionable world, who were thereby greatly interested, if not scandalised, and whose curiosity, if not pity, was aroused to a high pitch, that the young, lovely, and accomplished wife of a certain wealthy baronet had eloped with a foreign count, well known in the leading circles of the beau monde. A large steamer was gliding rapidly and smoothly over the waters of the Atlantic. On her deck sat, apart from the rest of the passengers, a beautiful young creature. She was said to be a bride, the wife of a French gentleman, Monsieur de Conrade. A shade of melancholy was on her brow, and her eyes were often wet with tears. Still, her husband was as devoted and attentive as man could be, so it seemed. She gave herself no airs, but desired apparently to escape from the society of the other ladies on board. The vessel was bound to New York. She was crowded with passengers, Americans, Canadians, French, Germans, and English chiefly, and an individual or two representing nearly every nation under the sun. The young wife's exquisite beauty of course attracted the men; but whispers were afloat about her, and she was treated somewhat coldly by some of the ladies. Not by all, however. Among them was a good-natured looking woman, loud-laughing, and not over-refined, with two daughters and three nieces, all young and remarkably pretty. The party kept very much to themselves, and did not seem desirous of becoming intimate with the rest of the lady passengers. She appeared, however, from the way that Madame Bubaste greeted M. de Conrade on first meeting him on board, that they must have been formerly acquainted. He did not seem over well pleased at the recognition, and for some days afterwards kept aloof from her. He, however, at last, entered into conversation with her and her young charges, as other gentlemen were doing. She had seen a good deal of the world, had travelled through the States, and knew New York very well. M. de Conrade had never been there, and she was able to give him much information. She, in the mean time, had made gentle approaches towards forming the acquaintance of Madame de Conrade. Her keen eyes had read more of the history of that lovely young creature than the latter was aware of. She well knew also the character of M. de Conrade. She put the two together.

"She is no wife of his," she muttered; "and unless he is changed, she never will be. She would create an immense sensation at Saratoga, New York, New Orleans. She would be worth thousands of dollars to us."

Yes; the once innocent Eva Bertram, Lady Grace, had indeed eloped with Count Faucher. Did she love him? or, was it a fearful infatuation made her commit the act? Did he love her? He admired her beauty, and took good care that she should be able to draw for the two thousand a year settled on her. He had promised to marry



her as soon as she should be divorced from her husband; but he had no wish to hurry on such an event. He had, besides, engaged in certain speculations, which had induced him to visit the States. Millions depended on the result. Her paltry two thousand a year was nothing to what he expected, he said, to realise. Yet it was convenient in the mean time.

They took a tour through the States: the count voted the people barbarians. Eva was miserable. She grew low-spirited. Her beauty faded. They returned to New York to expensive apartments at one of the chief hotels. The count had lately got her to sign several papers. She did not know what they were about. She sat expecting his return one evening, but he did not appear. The night passed away. She became alarmed. The following evening a note in pencil reached her from the count. It ran: "I have to start for Europe forthwith. No time to return to wish you farewell. I have asked a friend to look after you." The next morning she received a visit from Madame Bubaste, who, in the most winning manner, invited her to her house. Lady Grace hesitated. Even then she shrank from the woman.

"By what means do you propose paying for these handsome rooms, my dear young lady?" asked madame. "I am afraid that the count has left you no money. He is a great rogue, has behaved in this way several times to my knowledge, though he managed to get into society in England. They are great fools, are those country-people of yours, and they are as bad here: if a man has a title and insinuating manners, they think him perfection."

"I will sell my jewels," said Lady Grace.

"I will help you; but he probably has not left you many," whispered the temptress.

It was too true; Lady Grace was desperate. Was it madness seized her brain? That was on fire. Her heart was cold—cold.

CHAPTER V.

THE CATASTROPHE.

ARTHUR MERRIVALE had been wandering through Canada to the far North-West, to Rupert's Land, up to the Rocky Mountains. He had descended the Red River, and visited the backwoods and prairies of the States. He had seldom seen an English newspaper, and did not often get letters from home. After a sojourn of some months in Boston and other towns of New England, he went to New York. He was there seriously ill, and as he had suffered from the cold of the previous winter, he was advised to try a sea voyage to a southern climate.

"The sooner you are off the better," said his medical adviser, who, as he turned away, thought to himself, "however, it is a matter of a few months more or less, poor youth."

Arthur found a large handsome-looking steamer, the *Evening Star*, just starting for New Orleans. He engaged a berth without inquiring about her sea-going qualities. Had he done so, he might have learned that she had been condemned the previous Christmas as unseaworthy. He went early on board to avoid hurry, and, as others under similar circumstances would have done, sat watching the other

passengers as they came trouping across the deck. They appeared to be a motley crowd. There came a party of negro minstrels with their banjos, and guitars, and cymbals, and bones; and now poured forth from a variety of vehicles the members of an opera company, not long arrived from France, Italians and French, the men vociferating and gesticulating, the ladies dark-eyed, brisk, and active in limb and tongue, with their chests of theatrical costumes and musical instruments; for there were singers, and dancers, and musicians. First violoncello and first trombone and second trombone, some thirty artistes or more. Besides these came another band—women—nearly a hundred there seemed, mostly young and handsome—good-looking beyond the average of good looks, somewhat over-dressed; the laughter of many rather loud and boisterous, though others were retired and quiet, shunning observation—not hardened yet. They were in charge of six women, or, rather, beings in woman's form. Among these latter appeared Madame Bubaste, not improved in appearance since last she had crossed the Atlantic. Her young companions were with her—not all, though. Two had died miserably, the others required a deeper colour for their cheeks; there was a hard look about their eyes which they in vain endeavoured to conceal by forced smiles. Arthur had remarked that woman. He knew enough of the world to guess her calling. He looked at her with intense dislike and abhorrence. Just behind her, almost concealed by her ample form, he caught a glimpse—it was but for an instant—of a face which painfully reminded him of one he had loved with an honest, devoted love scarcely three short years before. Yes, there was Eva Bertram's figure, and height, and form of feature; but the expression of countenance, the costume, the horrible company she was with! It was utterly impossible—the very thought was fearful. Yet why did she turn her eyes away so quickly as his first met them? The features were strangely, terribly like. He felt sick at heart. He was already weak; he nearly fainted, and had to rest his head upon his hand before he could recover. When he looked up, she had disappeared. That face haunted him day after day, and night after night. He scanned anxiously the countenances of those who came on deck, but she was not among them. Could his fancy have deceived him? Earnestly he prayed that such might have been the case. He learned that the opera troupe, the negro minstrels, and that hapless band of fallen ones, the New York summer season being over, were on their way to spend the winter season in the Crescent City. There were a hundred or more passengers—officers in the army, merchants, commercial travellers, bound south in the pursuit of their lawful occupations. Among the passengers was another person, whose face Arthur was certain that he had seen before. He tried to recollect. Surely fancy did not deceive him. It was in Lady Grace's drawing-room he had met him at dinner several times—he had seen him with her frequently; it had pained him—the man he could not like. He had heard strange whispers about him. He suspected his honesty. Yes, it was Count Faucher. He had no wish to renew his acquaintance. In two days after leaving port a strong easterly wind blew, creating a heavy swell which made the vessel roll and kept many of her passengers ill—only sufficiently so to make them appreciate the calm fine weather which followed.

The vessel left New York towards the end of September, 1866. The first day of October broke gloriously over the calm ocean—one of those days of loveliness, not too often met at sea, the air soft and balmy, the water smooth as a mirror, the sun shining brightly. Everybody came on deck; they paced up and down in their fine-weather costumes—as gay as if promenading in Broadway. The minstrels played merrily, and sang their most boisterous choruses. The opera singers were not behindhand in endeavouring to amuse their fellow-passengers; they sang, they played, they laughed, they talked, they told tales of their adventures, they made love, they flirted, they ate and drank, and were merry.

The next day was the same. Seldom could a more lovely morning be met with on the ocean. The passengers congratulated each other on enjoying a pleasant trip, and arriving soon at their destination. As the day advanced, however, a change came over the face of the sky. Clouds began to gather; they grew thicker and thicker, banking up in the horizon with a threatening blackness. Now they commenced chasing each other across the blue vault of heaven. Faster and faster they came—thicker and darker. The wind blew stronger, whistling and moaning in the rigging. The ocean, hitherto so calm, became covered over with white-crested seas, rising rapidly from mere wavelets to mountain billows. The ship, before so steady, began to pitch and roll. The yards were sent down, topgallant-masts struck, the boats and deck hamper secured, sails reduced. The seamen went about their duties steadily and quickly, no joking among them. The officers looked anxious. It was clear that a gale was brewing—more than a common gale—a hurricane, possibly. The vessel was in the region of storms—off Cape Hatteras.

Arthur Merrivale had come on deck. He watched the signs of the rising storm. Many others were collected there, though a line of demarcation had been preserved between the various classes. Again among the group of women he saw one whose likeness to Eva had so startled him. "It cannot—it cannot be her," he murmured. Close to him stood Count Faucher. That moment he remembered him clearly. His eyes, too, were resting on that lovely countenance. It wore an anxious, terrified look. Could he bring himself to address her to ascertain if his now-fearful surmises were true? "Ah! she is there," he heard the count say. Those few words made his fears almost certainties. At that instant the hurricane burst on the doomed ship; the seas broke against her sides, and sent the spray flying in dense blinding showers across her decks. Cries and shrieks arose; again and again the seas rose as she was tossed here and there, and she no longer obeyed the rudder's command. At length a wave, with greater force than its predecessors, cast her, as if she were a mere log, into the trough of the sea. There she lay, helpless, tossed up and down and to and fro, every timber working and straining, her rotten planks opening, the water pouring through every seam. "Hold on—hold on for your lives!" shouted one of the officers. Scarcely had the words been uttered than a sea carried away the hurricane-deck, and with it several of the crew and a few others unable to save themselves. They were the first victims of many. Arthur clung to the mizen rigging; the count was holding on to a

stay near him. The female passengers and many others had rushed frantically on deck, believing that the ship was already sinking. Again Arthur saw clearly, not ten yards from him, that painful likeness of *Lady Grace*. With tears and cries the affrighted females implored the captain and officers to tell them if the ship was in danger. "Not if you go below and remain quiet," was the answer. "If you impede us in our duty, there is." They were forced back into their cabins. Arthur could bear the suspense no longer. "Count Faucher, I adjure you, tell me, do you know one of those unhappy women who just now appeared on deck? You must have seen the likeness."

The count turned a scowling glance on him, but did not reply. The count had good reason for not wishing his name to be known. Arthur was baffled, yet not the less certain that he saw the count before him. Night drew on, and with it a darkness, dense, black, to be felt, came down with it. The rudder-chains broke, or were unshipped; the wheel-house was washed away, the bulwarks stove in, the sea came pouring down into the engine-room, the fires were extinguished. Still the donkey-engine was uninjured. It was set to work to pump the ship. That, however, was soon disabled. The crew and passengers were now called on to bail out the hold. All classes, mingled now, came rushing on deck. Some of the women began to rave, shrieking fearfully; some again fled below—they believed that death was coming, but dared not face its terrors. Frantically they broke into the steward's store-room, carried off the wines and spirits they found there to their cabins, and with men as abandoned, as hopeless as themselves, commenced an orgie such as has seldom taken place on land or sea. With desperate haste they drained off the sparkling liquors, eager to feel the delirium of intoxication stealing over them. Others, bracing themselves up, hoping against hope, joined the men in baling the ship and casting overboard the cargo, cheering and encouraging them by their zeal and energy. Others, again, sat stupefied and overcome with terror. Among which of these was *Lady Grace*? Too weak, it seemed, to labour, she stood on deck, holding to a stanchion, the agony and hopelessness which was at her heart stamped on her countenance. She dared not, like others, attempt to forget her sin; she trembled at the thought of death. Suddenly, with the energy of despair, she sprang forward among the workers, and, seizing a bucket which another, fainting, had relinquished, toiled away with the rest, passing the buckets to and fro from the hold. The grey light of dawning day revealed the pallid countenances of that motley crew as they toiled, but toiled in vain. The captain had done all that man could do; the water was gaining fast; the ship was settling lower and lower in the waves. He entered the main saloon, where the larger number of his hapless passengers were assembled, and, in a husky voice, announced to them that ere another hour had passed away the ship must sink beneath their feet.

The awful intelligence was received in every variety of manner. Some retired to their berths, some lay down in corners to pray, biding their heads; the only prominent group, an officer with his wife and two infant children clinging together on the deck of the saloon, there to await the death they knew was inevitable. Some shrieked or wept, and wrung their hands; others, the Frenchmen

and Italians, the hapless members of the opera troupe, frantically gesticulated—the women in all cases being generally calmer than the men. Some plucked out their hair by the roots, and several rushed madly on deck, where still more fearful things were enacting. There the hapless daughters of sin and misery were crowding hurriedly, some decked in their jewels and finery, as if to take a drive in Broadway; others, maddened by the liquor, which had failed to destroy their consciousness, were tearing off their clothes, were leaping madly into the boiling surf; others raved and shrieked; some few stood calm and collected. The Germans yielded themselves up to the apathy of despair. The crew, meantime, were hurriedly preparing the life-boats on deck. Those which had been lowered were quickly swamped, or dashed to pieces against the sides of the ship.

The boats on deck were ready, and many were crowding into them, the stronger, too, often forcing away the weaker. A huge sea was seen approaching the ship; the sailors watched it, and knew well its purpose. Arthur Merrivale, with a feeling of forlorn hopelessness, with bitter anguish at his heart, had no desire to live, yet at that moment a sense of duty taught him that he ought to make an effort to save his life. He was making his way to a boat, when a cry arrested him: "Arthur, oh help me, save me!" The words were uttered in a tone of agony by Lady Grace. He sprang forward to answer the appeal. It was at this moment that the giant sea had struck the foundering ship. It was sweeping with terrific force along the deck, through the saloons, carrying all before it. Down, down, sank the shattered wreck. Ere Arthur could reach the hapless lady, the foaming, hissing waters rushed between them. He beheld her, with her arms yet stretched out, borne far away. A despairing shriek reached his ears—it was answered by his own death-cry as he sank beneath the surging seas. The count had beheld the death of his victim. Death to his guilty soul seemed doubly terrible. He worked his way on, thrusting aside all who impeded him. He gained one of the boats, and scrambled on board as the ship sank beneath his feet. Around the fragments of the wreck were dashed here and there, destroying numbers of drowning wretches who attempted to clutch them. The life-boat was overturned again and again and righted; still he clung to it. At length, with a few other boats, it got away from the scene of the disaster; no water, no food, scarcely an oar or sail, broken planks only to guide her. "Ah, ah!" thought the count; "no matter, I am saved; I am strong, I shall enjoy life." Hours passed away. "Water! water!" was the cry. A cask was found; it was full, but the water was salt. In the vain hope of quenching his burning thirst, the count and others drank of it. Ere long his brain began to reel—it felt on fire—hotter and hotter it grew. Ten thousand demons seemed to possess him; with a fearful shriek, and a look such as the few survivors among his hapless companions could never forget, he sprang overboard into the still foaming troubled sea and sank from view.

Of the whole number of crew and passengers who left New York on board the *Evening Star*, amounting to nearly three hundred souls, only twenty-four, in four different boats, ultimately reached the shore, the larger number even of those who got away from the wreck having perished from hunger and exposure.

EGYPT: AND A JOURNEY TO PALESTINE, *VIA* MOUNT SINAI
AND PETRA.*

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL R. H. MILES.

XI.

Sunday, March 5. The day was lovely—all that we could possibly have wished for : a blue sky and a bright sun, with a fine light breeze blowing to temper its powerful rays, while the view all around us was grand and sublime, and the very appearance of the spot showed evident proofs of the terrestrial shock which this mountain, as well as the whole of the adjacent neighbourhood, had undergone in days of yore, when "Sinai quaked;" or, as we learn from the truthful words of Holy Writ,

"And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, *and the whole mount quaked greatly.*"

At half-past twelve P.M. divine service, according to the ritual of the Church of England (as I have previously observed), was performed by the five ordained clergymen and ministers of our party on the very summit of Mount Sinai, in the open air, on the north side of the stone-built "accommodation-hut,"† so as to give us the advantage of the shade. A hymn was sung previous to the commencement of the service; no less than three different "persuasions" of men, "calling themselves Christians," assembled, in unity of spirit, to worship and to do honour to the Lord God Jehovah on this celebrated mountain—viz. "Church of England" men, "Church of Scotland" men, and "Quakers," or those appertaining to the "Society of Friends." Three different countries, likewise, had sent these parties forth on this pilgrimage—viz. England, Scotland, and America. The "Lessons" read on this occasion were not those appointed for the day, but those which more particularly related to the scenes which had been "in ages far remote" hallowed by the presence of the one eternal God himself on this same mountain, and which had been handed down to posterity in the pages of the Bible.

Divine service, which I need scarcely say left a most impressive effect on the minds as well as on the thoughts of all present, ended, the two parties, who had united for the celebration of holy worship, adjourned to the different spots which had been selected by their respective dragomen for the discussing of the usual mid-day meal, the younger party, or rather our "Friends," having preferred eating their lunch inside the stone building, whilst our party preferred the enjoyment thereof *al fresco*.

From the summit of Mount Sinai we could not see either the Red Sea or the waters of the Gulf of Akabah; but the white sandy soil adjoining the beach, or sea-shore, on the eastern side of the latter sea, was distinctly visible to the naked eye. On the top of Mount Sinai itself we could

* *All rights reserved.*

† Or, as some travellers hold, a mosque, or house of prayer, for those of the Mahomedan faith.

find no red granite, but from a spot near the summit I brought away a couple of small pieces of that rock, and from the very summit, from the *outside* of the den, or cavity in the rock, which goes by the name of "Moses's Cave," I brought away a few pieces of grey granite; but this same grey rock *inside* the cave was too hard, and resisted all our attempts to break or to chip off small pieces thereof with a large iron hammer; whilst from nearly at the foot of the mountain, when ascending it, I brought away some small pieces of red granite in which were particles of quartz.

We varied our return to camp by branching off to the left hand when about half way down, where, by-the-by, we found some quartz as well as red granite, very beautifully marked with fern-like impressions thereon. I must here stop a moment to observe, that on the top of Mount Saint Catherine no red granite was found by the party who had ascended that mountain the day previous, although, as in the instance of Mount Sinai, some was found near the top of the mountain. Some small pieces of the rock from the very summit, of a greenish-grey colour, were brought away, at my request, and made over to me by some of the "young hands" who had ascended Saint Catherine.

On our ascent of Mount Sinai, when nearly half way up, we passed through a sort of pass in the mountain that seemed as if it had been in ages past a fortified post, the remains of which were still visible in an existing archway, a short distance from which, in an open space of ground beyond, stood a solitary fir-tree, the only tree we met with, and which formed, in such a chaos of rock and in such a dreadful "wilderness," a most conspicuous as well as a most pleasing and refreshing object for the eye to rest upon.

It occupied us upwards of an hour in getting over the intermediate ground before we reached the summit of another, but very much lower mountain (probably about one-half of the altitude of Mount Sinai, for I have not the heights by me to refer to), called "*Jebel Sōōfsāphā*," which formed one of the connecting spurs between Sinai and Saint Catherine, and which has been, according to the most modern interpretation, fixed upon as *the* "identical" site whereon Moses received the two "tables of stone." The labour of the ascent to the summit of this rock, which, when attained, by no means compensated for the time and fatigue spent thereon, was most trying, especially after the steep ascent already undergone of "crowning" Mount Sinai.

The whole scene around, as viewed from the summit of this peak, was indeed a frightful "wilderness"—desolation itself—and "silent as the tomb." Such being the case, it was a very pleasant and agreeable thing for us, fatigued as we were, to stumble upon, all of a sudden, in one of the narrowest, most secluded, and the smallest of valleys, shortly before we commenced this second ascent, a Lilliputian oasis, in which we observed a low and roughly-built stone hut, and a couple of very diminutively-sized fields, wherein the short stubble showed that a slender crop of barley had been raised therein, and that this spot had been selected by the Bédouin husbandmen from its contiguity to a small spring of fresh water, which issued in dribblets from the mountain, and flowed in a sluggish and scarcely perceptible current through this valley.

We were all of us most heartily glad when we got safe back to camp,

for the descent from such a spot as the last mountain we had ascended (Sōōfsāphā), was, if possible, as arduous and as fatiguing as the ascent. This had been a long Sabbath-day's journey, and very considerably more than what was so considered in the time of our Saviour (Acts of the Apostles i. 12).

The one great fact which forced itself, with an overpowering conviction, upon the reasoning faculties of the human mind after a Sabbath spent on the summit of Mount Sinai, was the belief in the *Unity* of the Godhead. Nowhere else did this sublime and incontestable truth come with greater and more irresistible force than on this hallowed spot. "I am the Lord thy God" (Exodus xx. 2); and, again, "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord" (Deut. vi. 4). It is, indeed, a blessed and a happy thing for the more civilised portion of the human race that perfect freedom of thought, as well as of belief in matters of religion, and that the full, open, and undisguised expression thereof is now the "order of the day," and people are no longer, in the said civilised countries (for I hold that Russia, Spain, and Austria are still in the iron bonds of ecclesiastical slavery), persecuted, tormented, and imprisoned for the religious opinions which their enlightened understanding and unbiased conscience have taught them to hold as matters of faith in the way of truth.

Such being my own views, I consider it is not right, on the part of either the Roman Catholic or the Protestant ministers of the Gospel, or of the various missionaries, to attempt to make converts of the Mahomedan population of India to our views of the Christian faith, inasmuch as this particular sect has a very great repugnance, amounting to horror, of our so-called "Trinity," as well as of the worshipping of saints and images, as obtains in the Popish churches and chapels, and which they consider to be but Hindooism (or paganism) consecrated by a baptismal ceremony. This race of people hold with the Israelites, and cling with unswerving fidelity and pertinacity to the *Unity* of the Godhead, as well as to the non-worship of images, and are, consequently, shocked beyond measure at the Christian creed, wherein our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is preached to the world as being not only the Son of God, but also God the Son! I was not in the least astonished or surprised at the Mahomedan population in India rising up in rebellion in the year 1857, on the mere supposition that the government, through the medium of the several different "castes" of Christian missionaries who had spread themselves throughout the whole length and breadth of the "land of Hind," intended (however erroneous the report that was circulated, and which, most unfortunately, obtained credence at that time to the above effect) to convert them to the Christian faith, the basis of which creed consisted of three gods—as the "creed of St. Athanasius holds"—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; which form of doctrine is also espoused by supplicants for mercy at the commencement of the Litany service. It is, after all, but a shallow policy the attempting to force or cram any sort of religious belief down the throats of any particular race of people. Reason and education are the best guides, and form the best preachers, as well as the truest, in combination *with a thorough acquaintance* with the contents of the Protestant version of the Bible. The Mahomedans, in their prayers to Jehovah, which their religion enjoins them to offer up *seven times a day*, and for which pro-

ceeding King David had already furnished them a precedent (Psalms cxix. 164), invoke the Supreme Being with "There is no God but God;" and as they have the authority of God's Holy Writ (Deut. iv. 39, and vi. 4; also Isaiah xlv. 21, 22, 23) for their invocation at Jehovah's footstool, it is both unwise, wrong, and impolitic on the part of the Christian missionaries to teach them any other creed which clashes with their belief in the "oneness" and "unity" of the Godhead.*

Our friends in the other camp took leave of us this morning (March 6) about nine o'clock, and proceeded on their way to "Jebel Nakōōss" (or the Bell Mountain), from whence they were to retrace their steps to Cairo. Our dragoman had succeeded in obtaining the promise of eight or ten fresh camels and dromedaries to replace those that were unable to continue the journey on to Akabah. We had been greatly afraid we should have been detained another day in our present encampment, as "difficulties" were said to exist in the way of speedily procuring these animals, to obtain which a couple of Bédouins had to be sent a day's journey into the "wilderness," where the herd belonging to the Shaikh of the particular Bédouin tribe (the Towara) who was to furnish them, was pasturing. We were, however, so fortunate as to see them arrive in our camp as the "Nakōōss" party were striking their tents, which ensured our own departure likewise the same forenoon.

Whilst the camels are being laden, I will take the opportunity of writing up my "log" (to borrow a nautical phrase), and insert in this place one or two little omissions. We have learnt from the Book of Exodus that Mount Sinai was on fire when the Lord God Jehovah descended upon it. In like manner Horeb, "the Mount of God," when the prophet Elijah stood thereon by command of the Almighty, witnessed portentous signs, and underwent great changes when "the Lord passed by," for a great and a strong wind not only rent the mountains, but brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; that this strong wind was followed by an earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire (1 Kings xix. 11, 12). I have quoted the above extracts from the pages of Holy Writ, to show

* The Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, as administered by the so-called Christian churches of Rome, in every place where that form of religion is held and practised, and wherein the Romish priesthood are strictly enjoined to teach their flocks that it is Christ's *real* flesh and blood of which they (the priesthood) are partaking after the elevation of the host (which, in the French language, is called "*hostie*," from the Latin word *hostia*, which means a "*sacrifice*," either sacred or profane; and as applied to the Romish Eucharist, signifying "the body of Jesus Christ contained, or comprised, or included under cover of, or within the elements of the bread and wine;" or, in the very words of the French language, "*Hostie, ce que veut dire, le corps de Jésus-Christ renfermé sous les espèces du pain et du vin*"), both astonishes and astounds the Mahomedans more than anything else on earth. "What frightful blasphemy is all this!" they exclaim. "These Christians, after having crucified their own God, give out they are *actually* eating his flesh and blood when they perform the holiest rite in their creed!"

Surely it may be permitted me in this place to borrow a most apt quotation (which I really cannot resist *ad-apting* to the sequel of my text) from an ancient pagan author, and to ask, in the words of the celebrated Roman orator, although he had been dead for nearly half a century (or forty-three years) *previous* to the advent of Jesus Christ, "Now, do you think that any human being is so foolish as to really believe that the food he is eating is the Deity (or the Godhead) himself?"—*Cicero de Naturâ Deorum*, iii. 16.

that, as both Sinai and Horeb had undergone great organic changes, how impossible and how futile it is at the present day to endeavour to fix upon the identical and self-same sites which were the scenes of God's wondrous agency some three thousand years ago; and yet, strange to say, there are persons from England, as well as from France, and Germany, and even from America, who are, almost annually, arriving in Egypt to prosecute their own researches into the true history of the past, and to carry out their own preconceived ideas of what is the right and correct view of the case which is still in dispute, and which has been so for several ages past, and which is likely to remain so for ages yet to come—even unto the end of the world.

It was only this last winter (January, 1865) the rector of a large parish in Middlesex arrived at Cairo, fully impressed with the one idea in his head, and with the avowed sole object of endeavouring to trace out, according to his own preconceived idea, what he considered to have been the true and real course taken by the Israelites when they quitted the shores of the Red Sea, after their exodus from the land of Goshen. Now, a reference to the Second Book of Moses (xv. 22, 27) informs us, after the Israelites had passed the Red Sea they went out into the "wilderness" of *Shur*, in which they journeyed for three days without finding water, that from thence they came to *Marah*, and from *Marah* to *Elim*, from *Elim* into the "wilderness" of *Sin* (which was between *Elim* and *Sinai*), and thence to the valley of *Rephidim*, where the children of Israel had to fight for "right of way," or a passage through it, with the *Amalekites*. Before, however, this battle "came off," Moses was commanded to strike the rock *in Horeb*, in order that water should flow therefrom. Here it was, in this very "wilderness," that *Jethro*, Moses's father-in-law, encamped at "the Mount of God," or *Horeb* (Exodus xviii. 5). This quotation shows that Mount *Sinai* and Mount *Horeb* were two distinct mountains, unless it be conceded that *Horeb* applied to the whole of the centre of the *Sinaitic* range of mountains, of which *Sinai* was only one particular peak (Deuteronomy v. 2). The valley of *Rephidim* lay between Mount *Horeb* and Mount *Sinai*, for it was only after quitting *Rephidim* that the Israelites came to the desert or "wilderness" of *Sinai* (Exodus xix. 1, 2). Now the rector I have above alluded to had conceived the idea that the Israelites had not taken the route which has all along been assigned to them—viz. by way of the *Wadies Ghurundul* and *Fēirān*, but that they had journeyed from the "wilderness of *Shur*," straight away *in an easterly direction*, and afterwards turned due south when they came upon *Horeb* and *Sinai*.

In the *Wady Fēirān* (if my memory on this occasion is not at fault), which served us for one of our places of encampment, and to which I have already made a slight allusion, we enjoyed the unspeakable pleasure of being able to procure some delicious goat's milk for our evening tea, as well as for our early breakfast, before resuming our journey.

On our way through this "wilderness" to *Sinai* we passed through the following spots, which are worthy of a far more lengthened notice than I can afford to give them in this narrative. These were the ruins of an ancient town of no mean size, wherein several of the houses (small, stone-built, lower-roomed, "hut-looking" edifices) were still standing, some of which were in a good state of pre-

ervation. Secondly, the numerous "Sinaitic inscriptions" cut on the faces of the rocks high up the mountains' sides, as well as low down, and within a few feet of the roadway; while in several places the roadside was covered with large blocks of rock which had been precipitated from above, from the effects of either the shock of an earthquake, or from the rock having become detached by severe frosts and snow, and so rent asunder. Yet all these huge fragments, lying as they did topsy-turvy, were more or less covered with the "Sinaitic inscriptions." To those who may be particularly curious in such matters, I would suggest a reference being made to the different scientific works wherein "due and honourable" mention is made of these rock inscriptions. Thirdly, the valley in which the "Turquoise" mines were situated, and which Major —, who had been encamped there for some ten years and upwards, was working. This English gentleman had evidently his whole heart and soul embarked therein, although at the period of our visit to his tent and camp, *en passant*, he was a great invalid, and suffering from a sharp attack of intermittent fever.

During our journey to Mount Sinai most of our party complained, and with good and sufficient reason, of the badness of the dromedaries which we were given to ride. Their paces were extremely rough, and, with three or four exceptions, all were bad walkers, so that if two of us wished to keep close enough together to enjoy a conversation, or to exchange observations on the nature of the places or particularly interesting spots we might be passing, one of the party had to keep his dromedary at a "jog-trot" pace to keep up with the fast-walking animal of his companion; and this was felt to be both extremely uncomfortable and fatiguing work under a burning sun, and with the additional torment of flies to boot. The dromedaries on this occasion were, it struck me, far too overladen by their Bédouin owners with a quantity of provender for their animals' use, to the great discomfort of the travellers; but, in a long journey like the one we were prosecuting, such "griefs" are unavoidable, unless, previous to "breaking ground" at Cairo, a stipulation (to be rigidly enforced by a large and sufficiently heavy fine if broken through) is inserted in the "agreement" which is attested at the Consulate, that each riding camel (or dromedary) should on no account, unless with the rider's full consent, be laden with either luggage or provender during the journey.

For those parties, especially ladies, who are both desirous and ambitious to visit Mount Sinai, I would most urgently recommend donkeys in preference to dromedaries, on account of their delightfully easy and comfortable pace, as well as for an almost total immunity from vermin, with which the camels and dromedaries abound to a degree perfectly incredible! Besides, camels are most uncouth brutes for ladies to travel on, and the pace most uncomfortable. Throughout the whole of the "Land of Egypt" donkeys are invariably used by the fair sex to ride or to travel on, as well in the country as in the cities; so likewise in Palestine (see Book of Joshua, xv. 18).

Owing to the scarcity of water to the eastward of Mount Sinai, donkeys are very seldom, if ever, taken on beyond that hallowed spot; but from Suez there is no difficulty in procuring water for these animals, as I need only instance "Moses's Wells," "Ain-Höwāräh," "Wady

Ghurundul," Wady Fēirān, and one or two other places where water is to be had. The only two resting-places or encamping-grounds on the journey to Sinai where this most necessary element is not procurable, are, first, at the second day's encampment from Suez; and, secondly, at the last one previous to reaching Mount Sinai; but to enjoy the great and unspeakable comfort of performing the journey on a donkey rather than on a dromedary, it would be worth the additional expense of hiring an extra camel to carry fresh water for the use of the donkeys.

Should the pilgrim-traveller wish to dismount in search of any particular object, or to cull a peculiar flower by the way, or to stretch his (or her) legs by an occasional walk, he (or the lady) can do so with the most perfect ease if riding on a donkey; whereas, if mounted on a camel, great are the difficulties of managing the brute, for the first thing absolutely necessary is to be able to imitate the peculiar noise which the Bédouins make with their throat and mouth, which the camels perfectly understand, and which has the effect of stopping them; and which sort of "cackling-chuckle" made by the throat, if repeated three or four times, and if at the same time the cord which acts as a guiding-rein is pulled with a forcible jerk or two, the animal then knows what it is required to do. And now comes the moment for great care and prudence, for the beast, bending forward, goes down in an instant on its two fore knees, which sharp and rapid motion, unless the rider is fully prepared for it by holding on to the little wooden post or elevation at the back of the saddle, he will be certain to fall right over the camel's head on to the ground! Moreover, this danger past, it requires the greatest care to get off the animal's back, which should be done as quickly as possible (for they are very impatient, and frequently extremely irascible and savage, and inclined to bite either the rider or their own driver) the very instant the brute is in a recumbent position, with all his four legs under him, as they are in the habit of rising up again *instantaneously* the moment they are down, thereby affording the rider scarcely the necessary time to dismount. This is by no means the only difficulty or impediment in the way of a quick dismount to pick up anything by the way; and it may be as well here to mention that, unless a Bédouin has a "pet" dromedary, which he carefully looks to and feeds as he goes along with "tit-bits" of green food culled here and there, and plucked as chance offers, their owners or attendants do not, either as a rule or even generally, keep alongside of the travellers, whom, once mounted, they leave to their fate, with the necessary caution, however, to keep all close together, and on no account for any one or two of the party to hasten on ahead, or to "dilly-dally" in the rear of the caravan; for instance, supposing the rider to have succeeded in dismounting in safety, he has next to fasten the single cord, or guiding-rein, tightly to the dromedary's near fore-leg, so as to prevent its rising up and getting on its legs again, which it would be sure to do unless it were tied in the manner above described, and walking off, most probably at a trot, in order to regain its comrades, as was more than once witnessed and exemplified on our journey, to the great discomfort, fatigue, and dismay of the unfortunate riders, who, having dismounted, had no alternative left them but to overtake the remainder of the cavalcade on their "ten toes" as best they could, over a heavy sandy road, and through a hot sun and a burning atmosphere!

The object picked up, or the particularly striking sort of flower which had attracted the rider's notice having been culled, his next difficulty is to remount his "steed" in safety, for if careless or indifferent, or unguarded in what he is about, he will be certain to meet with an accident in the shape of a hurt or a "spill." The mode of proceeding, therefore, which old *habitués* have learned to practise in self-defence, when a Bédouin is not at hand to hold the dromedary's head down on the ground while the rider mounts, is to keep up this "gurgling" or *kukr-r-r-r-r*-ing noise in the throat all the while he is preparing for a quick and sudden and instantaneous throwing across the extremely broad saddle of his right leg, which, safely effected, he has to hold on firmly by the small circular wooden post, or rounded and projecting *pommel* of the saddle, whilst the animal, with an instantaneous jerk, sudden and severe enough to throw him off its back, rises to its feet. This danger escaped, the rider loses no time in adjusting his feet in the stirrups, and with a cut or blow of his cane or switch, which he carries in his hand for this express purpose, he makes the brute trot off to overtake the rest of the party. Now all this trouble, inconvenience, and danger is avoided by taking a donkey. Two different but well-known donkey-men at Cairo, on learning I was about to proceed to Mount Sinai, to which spot they had already proceeded more than once, were anxious I should engage the services of their animals and themselves for this journey, but I declined their offer, as I did not intend to return from Sinai to Cairo, and they were unwilling to proceed beyond the "Convent." The riding camels, as well as the baggage ones, are full of vermin, from which plague it is impossible and hopeless to escape! Every traveller must, and, moreover, is sure to, undergo the ordeal of finding, to his unutterable disgust, before he has been many days in the desert, that he has some of these horrid things on his person!

Knowing by former experience such to be the case, I informed my fellow-travellers, previous to our departure from Suez, what they must expect to meet with from a close contact with their dromedaries. None of us, however, suffered any very great inconvenience on this head as far as Sinai, but whilst we were encamped there, as well as on each succeeding day on our journey to Akabah, and especially between Akabah and Hebron, when the thermometer ranged from 15 deg. to 20 deg. higher than it did in the cold and elevated regions of the Sinaitic peninsula, we were greatly annoyed by these vermin, as they caused us to undress oftener than was agreeable to remove them from the inside of our flannel waistcoats, which invariably seemed to be their favourite spot.

I considered myself to have been particularly fortunate, and, comparatively speaking, peculiarly exempt, during this desert journey, on having discovered these insects on three, or at most on four different occasions only, inside my flannel waistcoat, and on each occasion they did not exceed two or three in number. The gentleman who shared my sleeping-tent, however, was not so fortunate in this respect, for, after stripping off all his clothes, one day, on finding the biting of these insects too sensitive, he removed from his flannel waistcoat and trousers and cotton-web drawers between fifty and sixty of these abominable creatures. It was, indeed, a mercy I escaped in the wonderful manner in which I did, and which I can only account for by the vermin not attack-

ing an old Indian when they could feed on younger blood. One of our young "clericos" was terribly upset and "put out" on his first discovery of, and his "initiation" into, the necessity of having to remove the vermin from his under-clothing. To the very best of my belief, every one of us had been "troubled" with the "visitation" of this plague, and no one escaped the torment. Of course, some of the party suffered in this respect more than the others did.

Before concluding this already long notice on the habits of camels, I would observe that camel-riding for eight or ten hours daily, as in our case, was extremely fatiguing to our backs and loins. Camel-men are proverbially short-lived, and this is accounted for by the peculiar motion of the animal's pace acting too sensitively on the kidneys.

I have often thought of that great and most persevering Swiss traveller, Burckhardt, who explored the countries of the Haūrān, Syria, Palestine, Moab, Edom, the Sinaitic peninsula, and also Egypt, and have not only wondered at his persevering endurance of the many heavy trials, both mental and bodily, which he must have undergone in the course of his arduous journeys, but I have likewise sympathised with him in the matter of the manifold and severe abstinences which he had to endure, as well in the great torments and discomforts he had to suffer from the vermin with which he must have been frequently overwhelmed. To enable him to "get along" more smoothly, as well as more comfortably, and with certainly less personal danger to himself, he is said to have embraced the Mahomedan religion. On my second visit to Cairo, I can recal to mind my having asked the Rev. Mr. Lieder if this was really the case, or whether Burckhardt had only taken up this faith as a temporary expedient, with the object of facilitating his researches in these very difficult and still more dangerous countries. On this point, however, Mr. L. could afford me no certain information, beyond that he had always understood, and, if my memory serves me rightly, he had been so informed by Mr. Salt, who had long resided at Cairo, that Burckhardt not only had lived the life of, but had died in the faith of, a Mahomedan, at Cairo, where his remains were interred in a corner of the Mahomedan burial-ground; and that, moreover, on hearing of his severe illness, Mr. Salt had gone to visit the poor sick traveller, and had asked him if he would wish to see the Rev. Mr. Lieder, to administer to him the last consolations of the Christian religion, in which faith he (Burckhardt) had been born and baptised as well as educated, but the dying man replied that as he had lived so long a Mahomedan, he had made up his mind, and was perfectly contented to die in that faith, and that he had therefore no wish or desire to receive the visits of a minister of the Christian religion.

I avail myself of this present opportunity to place the above conversation, which I held with the Rev. Mr. Lieder, who had resided for several years in Cairo, to which city he had been deputed as a missionary by (if I mistake not) the London Church Missionary Society, in the year 1831, on record, in the body of this narrative, inasmuch as, whilst I happened to be travelling several years ago in Switzerland, the name of this great and persevering traveller was brought on the *tapis*, and I related what I had been told at Cairo; but a Swiss, who formed one of the party, and who was a fellow-townsmen of Burckhardt, both of

whom were born at Basle, waxed warm in defence of his deceased country- as well as towns-man, on hearing this report from my lips, and said such could not possibly have been the case, for to his own knowledge Burckhardt had died in the Christian faith. When I found that this Swiss had never travelled out of Europe, I did not hesitate a moment in affixing my seal to Mr. Lieder's version of the matter as being the only correct and truthful one.

On my third visit to Cairo, some years after the above occurrence, I repeated the question to Mr. Lieder, and he gave me the very same answer as he did on the first occasion, not being in the least aware that I had previously asked him to enlighten me on the above head. I again repeated the question in February, 1865, a few days previous to my departure from Cairo for Palestine, and I received, in the presence of one or two other visitors whom I happened to meet at Mr. L.'s house, the very same reply as I did on the two former occasions, together with the additional information that, to the best of Mr. Lieder's belief, there was, *at that present moment*, one person, a Mahomedan, living in Cairo, who could point out the exact site of Burckhardt's grave in the Mahomedan burial-ground, which was situated outside the walls of the city, and not far from the tombs of the Caliphs, or Khaleefs,* and that this man was very old, and was named—(his name has unfortunately escaped me)—but was still to be heard of in Cairo. I had neither time nor opportunity, however, to hunt him up, and so the poor Swiss traveller's grave remained unvisited by me.†

* From the Arabic word Khūlēfā, signifying a title given by the early Mahomedans to their sovereigns and rulers; but which term has been perverted from its proper and original meaning by the natives (Hindoos) of India, and applied out of courtesy, and when practising "the amenities of life," to the race of cooks and tailors who are attached to the household (when these belong to the Mahomedan faith), and who, when called or addressed by one of the former, are hailed with the customary "prefix" of Khuleefa jee—or, as we should say, "Mister Cook," or "Mister Tailor," as the case may be.

† Since these notes were written, poor old Mr. Lieder has been summoned away to his last account, and, it is to be hoped, to a better and to a happier state of existence than he found in this world, and where he is now at rest and at peace after his thirty-four years' "labour of love" (1 Thessalonians, i. 3) in the cause of our Redeemer at Cairo. For the last few months previous to his death his mental faculties had become very much weakened, and his eyesight impaired, whilst his greatest delight was in singing hymns and sacred melodies, in the German language, in the solitude of his own chamber, to the praise and glory of the Almighty. I have often reflected and thought how very much this truly meek, most kind-hearted, and most unselfish Christian missionary—for, although he was considered to be the British chaplain at Cairo, yet, in truth, he was only a missionary receiving his small stipend from the Church Missionary Society's funds—will be missed by future travellers whose errant steps should lead them to Cairo. Ever since I first had the pleasure to make Mr. Lieder's personal acquaintance, which was in February, 1845, I have ever noticed what an obliging disposition he was blessed with. His house was never free from the presence of tourist-visitors and travellers, some of whom had brought letters of introduction to him, whilst others had merely sent up their cards; and on an interview being obtained (which was never refused when Mr. L. was at home), had apologised for their intrusion, but that they wished Mr. Lieder to be so good as to recommend them an honest dragoman—or, to tell them what they ought to pay for the hire of a *dahabieh* to Upper Egypt, together with a thousand-and-one other questions. In short, poor man! he was made a regular "commissionaire" of, by almost every English and American visitor to Cairo. The greater portion of his time latterly (since the infirmities

GUNPOWDER AND THE EGYPTIANS.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS and travellers are earnestly studying the hieroglyphics on the pyramids, in their endeavours to throw added light on the lost culture of the Egyptians, and yet one great source of information on this subject, entirely within our reach and command, is lost sight of and neglected. It would ordinarily appear natural to consult for such a purpose the writings of contemporary nations, and particularly of any most closely connected with the people under consideration, and specially of any one which had been *intimately associated*, as it were placed under their tuition, whose chief was educated by their initiated priests, and proved himself deeply learned in all the learning of the Egyptians. I, of course, refer to the writings of the Old Testament, from several passages of which it is to be proved, not only that the Egyptians were acquainted with gunpowder, or some material of the same nature and properties, available for mining purposes, but that *Moses also possessed the same knowledge*. This statement receives confirmation (if we divest the passage of the miraculous, and read it with open-eyed intelligence) from the text of Exodus xix. 13, where God is said to command Moses that no one shall ascend the Mountain of Sinai, touch it, or approach its borders, lest he should be killed; but the means by which such transgressor should die are of a kind hitherto unmentioned in the Bible. The command is thus recorded: "And thou shalt set bounds to the people round about, saying (explaining to them), Take heed to yourselves that you do not go up the mountain, or touch its borders; whoever touches the mountain will be killed." No hand shall touch it; he that touches it will certainly be stoned, or surely shot through; whether man or beast, he will not live. When the trumpet is sounded, they (the people) may (not "shall") ascend the mountain. In no other portion of the Bible is any allusion made to capital punishment by shooting; and such an act as inflicting death on a beast for ascending the mountain is unparalleled.

The idea presents itself to the thinking mind that the mountain was undermined to frighten the people, who were unable to comprehend the

of old age compelled him to give up his schools, and to accept of the small pension of one hundred pounds *per annum* from the Church Missionary Society, which sum, for the last two or three years, owing to the extreme dearness of food, house-rent, clothing, and servants' wages, but just supported life, and barely enabled him and his wife "to keep the wolf from the door") was taken up in receiving the visits of tourists, and in giving them information as well as advice upon the various questions and subjects on which these persons had called to consult him. He was never absent from his post of duty, and was regarded by travellers as a regular "fixtured" in the Egyptian metropolis. After his retirement from "active service" he took a short holiday, and revisited, after many, many years' exile therefrom, the land of his birth. Few missionaries have toiled so hard as Mr. Lieder; for, in addition to his schools, he conducted two services, morning and afternoon, in the chapel attached to his house, every Sabbath, besides preaching two discourses, and taking the funeral service of every person who died at Cairo in the Protestant faith. This small tribute to a good and honest as well as humble and conscientious missionary's worth I feel sincere pleasure in paying to Mr. Lieder's memory, and which, after an intimate personal acquaintance with him of twenty years, I should consider, and justly so, this slight narrative of the "Land of Egypt" incomplete without putting it on record therein.

spirit of Moses (or Jehovah), and, therefore, unprepared to accept his teaching; who would not listen to reason and common sense, but yielded to the apparently miraculous. On this hypothesis the difficulties respecting the death of the beast, and the introduction, for this occasion only, of a new form of capital punishment, vanish altogether.

Light is also thrown on other passages, which may thus be understood without recourse to the miraculous, indeed, it may be said, without implying that, on any occasion, it was needful for Jehovah to deviate from those natural laws of which He is the author, that His purposes should be accomplished.

The texts referred to are Num. xvi. 29, 30, 31, 32, where it is said by Moses: "If these men (Korah, &c.) die the common death of all men—if they are visited after the visitation of all men—then Jehovah hath not sent me. But if Jehovah create a new thing, and the earth open her mouth and swallow them, with all their possessions, and they go down living into the pit (*schööl*), then ye will understand they have blasphemed (or provoked) Jehovah. And it came to pass, as he finished speaking these words, the earth opened its mouth and swallowed them and their houses, and all belonging to Korah, and all their riches."

It will not now be difficult to understand what was the errand of the spies in Jericho, and why they selected a house, not very respectable, because it was situated conveniently near the fortress of the place. Thus it is easy to comprehend by what means the walls fell down at the blowing of the trumpets on the seventh day, most probably the signal arranged.

No apology seems needful for attributing, if not the invention, certainly the knowledge, of gunpowder to the Egyptians, and considering it proved to have been a power known to and possessed by Moses. The Jews never made great discoveries, nor were the authors of great inventions; their occupation was agriculture; they were a religious people—their destiny to promulgate the truth of the unity of God. They are still the witnesses of the pure and undivided monotheism to the present day. At the end of all the manifold prayers on the day of atonement, the words of Deut. vi. 4 are uttered aloud before the open tabernacle, with the greatest solemnity and devotion. They are the last words uttered by the pious Jew in the closing scene of this world's life; and "The Lord our God is one God" are the last sounds that fall on his ears as he passes into the unknown world beyond. To set apart the Jews for this work, to impress this great truth deeply upon the nation's heart, was the end and aim of Moses; and, to effect his purpose, he used all the learning he had acquired from his intimate association with the Egyptian priests and literature.

A RABBI.

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